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ROBERT, EARL NUGENT

Robert, Earl Nugent.
From a painting by Gainsborough.

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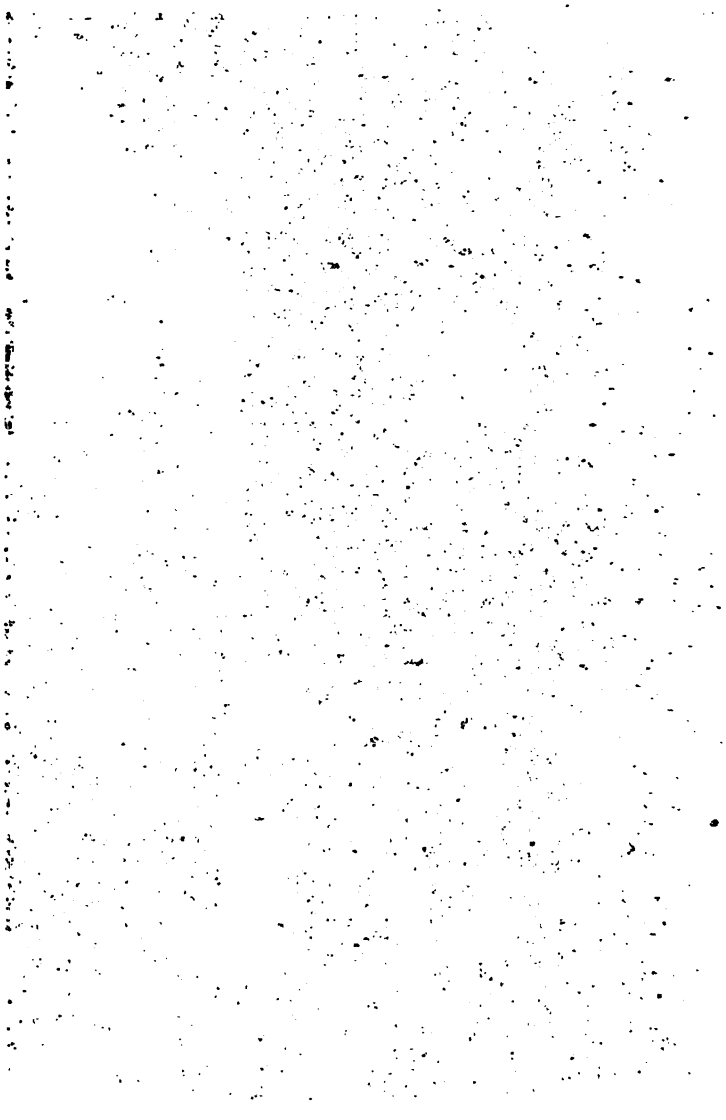

MEMOIR OF ROBERT, EARL NUGENT

WITH LETTERS, POEMS, AND APPENDICES

By

CLAUD NUGENT

WITH TWELVE REPRODUCTIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER, SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH AND OTHERS

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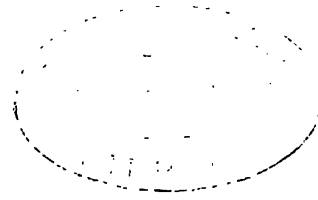

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PREFACE

In presenting a memoir of Robert, Earl Nugent, my purpose is rather to introduce his transactions with men whose names have become famous in history than to give a biography of the man himself. Let it be said at once, that he appears here by reason neither of his virtues nor his faults. With the preponderance of one over the other I have nothing to do. It would be quite easy to represent him as a monster of profligacy; it would not be difficult to picture him in the light of a large-minded, liberal, and judicious politician of high statesmanlike qualities. He has been virulently attacked both on the moral and the political side; but there is considerable ground for suspicion that the onslaught on his morals was prompted by a desire to injure him as a politician. Walpole's invention of the word "Nugentize" (which, it will be observed, applies to the action of the woman and not of the man) is a compliment in so far as it implies that its object was a person of sufficient importance to be worthy of attack. Moreover, it is not necessary to affix undue weight to the eulogium of Dean Tucker to recognize that the man who represented Bristol, then the first port in this kingdom, for twenty years without intermission, and was the associate of Burke in measures for the relief of Ireland, was a living force in the politics of his time. I am placing side by side the impeachment of Lord Nugent by the man who claimed to be his natural son, and the unmeasured praise of the churchman who owed his preferment to the object of his adulation. Both documents were, probably, written for electioneering

purposes. One frankly acknowledges it to be the case, and in the other the coincidences are too strong to be resisted. The indictment and the apologia, however, do not meet on the same plane. I give them simply because I believe that each of them possesses an interest of its own, and with no attempt to examine into the truth of either, although it appears to me quite consistent with an optimism which does not transcend the bounds of reason to attach the higher credit to the political record as given by Dean Tucker. It is in the letters that I venture to believe the main interest will be found. That is to say, not in Nugent himself so much as in those brilliant and distinguished men with whom he was associated. The mere mention of the names of Pope, Goldsmith, Chesterfield, Pulteney, Newcastle, Dunk Halifax, Pitt, Chatham, Hardwicke, Grenville, Horace Walpole, Lord John Hervey, Henry Pelham, Henry Fox (the father of Charles James), Wyndham, not to swell the list any further, is an indication that the correspondence is likely to contain matter of high interest. The speeches, of which I give a few as specimens, clearly show, unless, indeed, it should be contended that another composed them, that he was a man of wide views and deep political insight. That he was garrulous and even foolish in some of his later public utterances does not detract from the force and wisdom of his earlier and many of his later ones. His motives were attacked, it is true; but so were the motives of every eminent man of his day. That he was a great master of opportunity, both in matrimony and politics, is not to be denied, but he was not peculiar in that, notwithstanding Walpole's gibe. Adventures are to the adventurer as well as to the adventurous, and much of Nugent's good luck would not have come to him but for his skill and judgment, allied to other qualities which are usually regarded as commendable or the reverse, according to the success with which they are used. The history of his marriages is a remarkable one, and it is not surprising that "his skill in marrying rich widows" should have excited unfriendly comment. Although he cannot escape the reproach of fortune-hunting, it must not be forgotten that he was of ancient and distinguished birth, and in possession of an income of £1500 a year. Fortune gave the occasion for the exercise of his judgment in dealing with

the Prince of Wales, and although the money Nugent lent the latter was never repaid, the "places, pensions, and peerages" bestowed by George III. upon the lender and his nominees made the speculation an eminently lucrative one. Thus, no doubt, it came about that, on the death of the Prince, Nugent was created a Lord of the Treasury in Pelham's administration, the first of a long series of important offices under different Governments. Hence he was not only a person of high consideration himself, but the constant associate of the leading men in the realm. It is correspondence with them and with others that I reproduce here.

There was also another side to Robert Nugent's character. He was a poet, a *bon vivant* and a wit, and this brought him in contact with some of the brilliant people of the day. As will be seen, his powers as a poet have been doubted, and his principal poetic effort, the *Ode to Pulteney*, ascribed to Mallet, just as "Garth," we are told, "did not write his own 'Dispensary.'" There is nothing more, even in Gray's imputation, than mere suspicion, and it is quite certain that his reputation as a wit could not have been obtained in any such manner. Lord Chesterfield's opinion of him in that regard is clearly manifested in his letters to Nugent, a fact which, with the other contemporary judgments which I have set out elsewhere, will go far to explain why I have thought his correspondence and some anecdotes worthy of a separate place in this memoir.

C. N.

ERRATA

Page 12, line 13, *for* 1760 *read* 1560
„ „ footnote, lines 7 and 8, *for* Sir George Hanley *read* Sir George Stanley
„ „ „ line 11, *for* Henry VIII. *read* Henry VII.
„ 48, line 22, *for* handy shop *read* brandy shop
„ 50, line 10, *for* easy invasion *read* easy evasion
„ 192, line 3 of poem, *for* Brindon *read* Bindon
„ 233, line 2 of second letter, *for* behon *read* before
„ 249, footnote, *for* brother *read* father
„ 276, line 7 from foot, *for* 1882 *read* 1832
„ 287, line 2 of Duke of Wellington's letter, *for* Bakerville *read* Baskerville

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MEMOIR OF EARL NUGENT

CHAPTER I

ROBERT NUGENT of Carlanstown, County Westmeath, came of an ancient and distinguished family, settled in Ireland since the reign of Henry II., when Sir Gilbert de Nugent accompanied Sir Hugh de Lacy in the expedition to Ireland, in recompense for which Sir Hugh gave him his sister Rosa to wife, and with her the Barony of Delvin. This was some time after 1172. Sir Gilbert's sons, however, died before him, the barony devolving upon his brother Richard, whose only child and heiress carried the title in 1180 to her husband, one John or Fitz-John. The title was restored to the Nugent family more than two hundred years later, when, in 1407, Sir William Nugent, a collateral descendant of Sir Gilbert, married the sole heiress of John Fitz-John le Tuit, eighth baron Delvin, and Sir William succeeded his father-in-law as ninth baron, although genealogists often regard the peerage as a new creation. His eldest son, the tenth baron, who died about 1460, was Lord-Deputy of Ireland under the Earl of Ormonde in 1444, and Richard, Duke of York in 1449. In the latter year he convened parliaments in Drogheda and Dublin. The twelfth baron, Richard Nugent, like his grandfather, did the State excellent service, which seems to have been well recognized, and also, like him, held some of the most honourable and responsible offices in the realm. He signed the letter addressed by the Council of Ireland to Wolsey in 1522, thanking him for the care he was taking of Ireland, and begging that five or six ships might be sent to keep the sea between them and the Scots, as they were afraid that, in consequence of the departure of the Earl of Surrey and the King's army, the Irish rebels would receive help from

Scotland and prove too strong. He was more than once Lord-Deputy and Governor of Ireland, and his position in the State may be approximately gauged by the fact, that when in 1524 an indenture was drawn up between the King and the Earl of Kildare, the Earl promised not to "procure, stir, nor maintain any war against the Earl of Ormond, the Baron of Delvin, nor Sir William D'Arcy." It was from his second son, Sir Thomas Nugent, knight, that the subject of this memoir was descended.

Greater variety marked the fortunes of Sir Christopher, the fourteenth baron. He was presented to the Queen when she visited the University of Cambridge in 1564, and on coming of age next year, he went to Ireland with letters of recommendation to the Lord-Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, containing considerable grants of land. In the course of his career he was several times suspected of disloyalty to the Crown, and on one occasion suffered imprisonment for eighteen months during the investigation of a charge of complicity in the rebellious projects of Lord Baltinglas. He was liberated, however, and in a measure was restored to the favour of the Queen, at whose request and for whose use he had compiled *A Primer of the Irish Language*. A serious embroilment with Chief-Justice Dillon again brought his fidelity into disrepute, although he declared that his animosity against Dillon was the result of the latter's having done to death Nugent's uncle, Nicholas Nugent, a Chief-Justice of the Irish Common Bench, who had been hanged in 1582, upon what there is good reason to believe was a trumped-up charge of rebellion and conspiracy to murder the two Dillons, who were respectively Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas and Lord Chief Baron. At all events, the jury had acquitted Sir Nicholas, when the Dillons compelled them to alter their verdict, and Nugent was hanged two days later. The Queen's opinion may be gathered from the reversal of the attainder with a re-grant of his estate to the widow, a daughter of Sir John Plunket, Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, for life, with remainder to her son Richard. Lord Delvin, too, though not until 1593, was appointed leader of the forces of Westmeath at the general hosting on the Hill of Tara, and was warmly commended for his zeal in the disturbed period which preceded the rebellion of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and was also the recipient of further emoluments and honours. In 1600, however, the severities of Tyrone forced him to submit, and although he does not appear to have afforded the rebels any active service, he was arrested on suspicion, and died in confinement in 1602. Richard, the son of the unfortunate Nicholas, who was hanged, was a poet of some note.

Another member of the family, William, a younger brother of Christopher, the fourteenth Baron Delvin, was an open and avowed rebel. He had previously been suspected of rebellious sympathies on two occasions, and, as he was expressly excluded from the general pardon offered to the adherents of Lord Baltinglas, he was driven to take up arms on his own account. He gave the authorities a great deal of trouble for a little while, but the rising failed miserably, and he underwent unspeakable privations, in which an heroic attempt by his wife to succour him was visited with a year's imprisonment. Afterwards he escaped to Scotland, thence through France to Rome. Here and elsewhere on the Continent he engaged in various intrigues against the English Government, especially with regard to an insurrection to take place in Ireland while Spain was invading England. After many romantic adventures, he returned home, took up his old position, the quietude of the remaining years of his life being varied only by an attempt to pay off old scores against Sir Robert Dillon, who had so malignantly persecuted his family. In 1591 he formally accused him of maladministration, and it is generally admitted there was strong presumptive evidence of Dillon's guilt; but the Government were in a difficult position, and in 1593 Sir Robert was pronounced innocent of all the accusations laid to his charge. William Nugent's youngest son, James, became Marshal of the army of the Confederates and Governor of Finagh, and by his rebellion the family estates were finally forfeited.

Although the fourteenth Baron, as we have seen, died in prison under a charge of treason, his death was regarded as a sufficient atonement for his offence, and his eldest son, Richard, was allowed to succeed to the title without opposition. An unexecuted grant of lands to his father, and confirmed to him by James I., turned out not to belong to the Crown, and pressure was brought to bear upon Delvin to force him to surrender them. Exasperated at this treatment, he unluckily in 1606 entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. He appears to have repented of the act as soon as he had committed it, but shrank from disclosing the plot to the Government. Christopher St. Lawrence, Lord Howth, however, denounced the conspiracy, and although he was at first disbelieved, the flight of Tyrone and Tyrconnell in 1607 awoke the Government to the necessity of finding out as much as possible. Delvin, who was implicated by Howth's revelations, was therefore inveigled to Dublin and arrested; but succeeded in making his escape to the Carn Mountains, where he defied all the efforts of Sir Richard Wingfield to capture him. He submitted eventually, and at Court his misconduct was entirely overlooked, and orders

were given for the restitution of his property, together with a grant of certain lands in lieu of those he had been obliged to surrender. Once again, in 1613, he incurred the displeasure of the Government, and was summoned to London. Subsequently, however, he regained the King's favour, and in 1621 was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Westmeath. On the outbreak of the rebellion of 1641, he declined to co-operate with the Catholic nobility and gentry of the Pale. Being compelled to leave his house at Clonyn about February 1642, he was being escorted to Dublin, when he was attacked by the rebels near Athboy. He was in an infirm state of health, being, it is said, blind and palsy-stricken, and did not long survive the injuries he then received.

Richard, the second Earl, was chiefly noted for his adherence to the Royalist cause. He succeeded on the death of his grandfather in 1642. He raised a troop of horse, and a regiment of horse for the King's service, and was taken prisoner at the Battle of Dangan Hill, but subsequently exchanged for the Earl of Montgomery. He was created a Field-Marshal by the Supreme Council, co-operated with the Earl of Clanricarde after Ormonde's withdrawal to France, and in 1650 was appointed General of all the Forces in Leinster. On submission to the Commissioners of the Parliament, on conditions known as the Articles of Kilkenny, he was granted permission under them to raise soldiers for service in Spain, although he was excluded from pardon for life and estate. With the Restoration he recovered his liberty and estates, but withdrew from politics, and died in 1684. It is curious to note that his daughter Anne married Lucas, sixth Viscount Dillon, a kinsman of one of the Dillons who had succeeded in hanging Nicholas Nugent, and generally persecuted the family.

The eldest son of the second Earl, Christopher, Lord Delvin, died in the lifetime of his father, and the title devolved on three of his sons in succession.

Another son of the second Earl, Thomas Nugent, the lineal ancestor of the present Earls of Westmeath, became Chief-Justice of Ireland and titular Baron of Riverston. He seems, although by no means a great lawyer, to have made himself very useful to James II. Henry Hyde, the second Earl Clarendon, who had treated him as a representative of the Irish Roman Catholics, speaks of him as "a man of birth indeed, but no lawyer, and so will do no harm upon the account of his learning." Clarendon also relates of him, that on taking his seat he had a wrangle with another judge about precedence, "as brisk as if it had been between two women." Promotion came rapidly to him. From being a judge of the King's Bench in 1685-6, he was sworn

of the Privy Council in May 1687, and in October of the same year became Lord Chief-Justice. His court was occupied in reversing the outlawries which pressed on his own co-religionists, and generally in depressing the Protestants. His methods of doing this were many and various. One of his first acts was to present the Lord-Lieutenant with a packed list of sheriffs. He revived an act of Henry VII., forbidding the keeping of guns without licence, and interpreted it so as to deprive the Protestants of their arms, and thus leave them at the mercy of the rapparees, for Catholics were not disarmed. Among other precious utterances of Nugent's was one, that robbery of the Protestants was unfortunately necessary for the furtherance of King James's policy. His demeanour on the Bench was far from dignified, and we are told that in a charge to a Dublin Grand Jury, he expressed a hope that William's followers would soon be "hung up all over England" in "bunches like a rope of onions." He took part, with Chief Baron Rice, in the measures for the repeal of the Act of Settlement, and introduced a Bill in the House of Peers for the purpose. He was finally outlawed as a rebel, but his family retained the lands. He died in 1715, and the title of Riverston, though void in law, was borne by his descendants until it merged in the Earldom of Westmeath.

Richard, who became third Earl, entered a religious house in France, and died there in 1714. Thomas, the fourth Earl, had been called by James II. to the House of Peers in Dublin while under age and during the lifetime of his brother. He lived to the great age of ninety-six. His name is chiefly connected with the Battle of the Boyne and the sieges of Limerick, where he served with King James's army. Story mentions him as one of those officers who left the horse camp outside Limerick on September 25, 1691, during the cessation of hostilities, and dined with Ginkel while on their way into the city. On the following day he was sent into the English camp as one of the hostages for the observance of the articles of the capitulation. On December 2, 1697, Viscount Massareene reported from the committee appointed to inspect the journals that "Thomas, Earl of Westmeath, was indicted and outlawed May 11, 3 William and Mary (1691), but hath since reversed his outlawry." He died in 1752, and the title, failing male surviving issue, passed to his younger brother John, who thus became fifth Earl. He also was present at the Battle of the Boyne and at Limerick as cadet in the Horse Guards of James II., but in 1691 withdrew, with the bulk of his Irish swordsmen, to France, and, beginning by serving as lieutenant to the *mestre-de-camp* of the King's regiment of Irish horse, embarked on a brilliant and varied militant career, in the course of which he fought under the French

standard at Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. He quitted the French service in 1748, being then a *maréchal-de-camp*, or Major-General, and succeeded his brother Thomas in 1752. He died in retirement at Nivelles in Brabant in 1754, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, the sixth Earl of Westmeath, who conformed to the established religion, being the first Protestant peer of his house.

There were other Nugents of the same stock whom I have not mentioned, although they were men of notable ability, courage, and distinction. Especially the contributions of this family to the French and other continental armies have been rich and generous. My object, it will readily be understood, in giving this brief historical sketch of the house of Nugent, is to draw attention to the fact, that although it cannot be denied that the subject of this memoir has been justly described as an adventurer, his birth was such as to entitle him to the highest social rank.

Robert Nugent's descent was, as I have said, from Sir Thomas Nugent, Knight, the second son of the twelfth Baron Delvin. Nugent's father was Colonel Michael Nugent of Carlanstown, County Westmeath, where Robert was born, his mother being Mary, youngest daughter of Robert Barnewall, ninth Baron Trimleston. There were four children of the marriage, Robert, the eldest; Edmund, who died unmarried in 1760; Mary, who was married in 1748 to Henry Brown; and Margaret, or Peggy, as she was familiarly called, who died unmarried.

Some uncertainty exists as to the date of Robert's birth. Two dates are given—1702 and 1709. I am strongly inclined to favour the former date, for two reasons. One is, that had he not been born until 1709, he would have been but twenty-one years of age at the time of his first marriage, and even younger when he entered the family of the Earl of Fingall as tutor to his son, not an impossible, but an unlikely age. My second reason is, that very late in life he was referred to as the Nestor of the House of Commons, a title which could only rightly be bestowed upon him on the supposition that he was born at the earlier date, since there were several members living born prior to 1709.

Nugent was educated at Fagan's Academy in Ware Tavern Street, Dublin, and his holidays were spent at Carlanstown, his father's estate, standing four and a half miles north by west of Castlepollard, among the hills of Mullachmeen and Mullachmore, which stretch toward Lough Sheelin and form a strong relief to a bleak and boggy expanse of flat ground. During this period of his life he saw much of and became very intimate with the family of his uncle, Christopher Nugent of Donore, and was a constant

MARGARET, SISTER OF EARL NUGENT

From a Pastel Drawing in the possession of Sir Francis Boileau

visitor at his house, which was a handsome Grecian edifice beautifully situated on the south side of Lough Dereveragh. His cousin Clare, at the time when he first became acquainted with her, was "esteemed scarcely inferior to any in the kingdom for personal beauty, and liberally endowed by nature with every qualification capable of adding lustre to the fair sex;" and being not twenty years of age, could not fail to attract the notice of all the youth of the neighbourhood, in consequence of which several advantageous offers were made, but none were accepted. Among the crowd of lovers enlisted under the fair one's standard was young Robert, who, to put so painful and discreditable a matter as briefly as possible, succeeded, in spite of the dictates of honour and the ties of blood and friendship, in overcoming his cousin's virtue. The intrigue could not long be hid from the parents of the unfortunate girl, and her state becoming evident, Robert was forced to shelter himself from the just anger of his relations by absconding for some time to Dublin. Here one of his cousins tracked him out, and a duel ensued, which might have proved fatal to one of the parties had it not been for the interposition of Lord ——, a near relation, and an equal friend to both, by whose means Robert agreed to repair the breach he had made, and re-unite the two families by an honourable alliance with the fair penitent, whose fortune was to be five thousand pounds. He appears to have had no intention, however, of carrying out his promises, and in a few days he left the kingdom hastily and retired to London.

So great was the grief and consternation of the disconsolate Clare at this unwelcome news, that it was very near proving a fatal stroke to her, and probably would have proved so, had it not been for the tenderness and care which she met with at the hands of her cousins Mary and Peggy, who endeavoured to lighten her heavy burden of disappointment and dishonour. Clare remained with them for some months, until distress and anxiety so preyed upon her mind, that she came to the determination of privately making her way to London in pursuit of the yet too much beloved author of her misfortunes. Accordingly, attended by her Confessor, Father Lynch, and a female servant, she made her escape from her cousins, and reached London in safety. It was not long before she found out Robert's hiding-place, and soon made him acquainted with her being in town; but to her surprise and mortification she found herself disregarded in the most contemptuous manner, and her letters taken no notice of, although she was too well assured of their being delivered into his own hands. Despair and distress now surrounded her, till she was reduced so low as to be under the necessity of pledging her watch

and the few jewels she had with her to defray the expenses consequent on her accouchement. In this dismal situation, without parent, husband, or friend to comfort her, a boy was born in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, in the beginning of the year 1730.

When she had far enough recovered her strength to do so, she sought out a relative residing in London, who supported her both by money and the most friendly advice, and not only persuaded her to return to Ireland, but paved the way for her proper reception by her family, by whom she was welcomed with great affection.

Although Clare was fully pardoned, her sin was visited upon her unfortunate child, whom it was esteemed improper to keep in his family. He was put to nurse, therefore, at a small village called Castle Pollard some miles from Donore, where no other notice was taken of him beyond recompensing from time to time the poor woman who had charge of him for her trouble. When he reached the age of three, he was entrusted to the care of Lynch, the Roman Catholic priest who had attended Clare in her journey to London, and with him remained for a few years in Galway, Lynch being paid by Robert Nugent ten pounds a year for the boy's board, lodging, and tuition.

Nugent had meanwhile married. Of the circumstances under which he is supposed to have become tutor in the family of the Earl of Fingall (Peter, the fourth Earl) we have no record. All that is known is, that on July 14, 1730, he married Lady Emilia Plunkett, the Earl's second daughter, whom he lost a year after, August 16, 1731, in childbed. The son, who became Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Nugent, did not survive his father. His two sons, Charles Edmund and George, whose achievements are chronicled separately, won the highest distinctions which the navy and army respectively could afford; but, unfortunately, under circumstances whose obscurity I have been unable to penetrate, they were not legitimately born, with the result that they were unable to inherit the titles which otherwise would have descended upon one of them from their grandfather. Lady Emilia was by no means ignorant of her husband's previous conduct, and upon her bed of sickness, touched with a deep sense of Clare's misfortunes, laid her dying injunctions upon Robert to repair as soon as decency would permit the injuries he had caused, and to do that justice to himself and family that he had so long disregarded. Nugent therefore wrote to Clare a letter expressing his deep regret for the misery and sorrow of which he had been the author, and stating that he was now quite prepared to offer

the utmost satisfaction he was capable of giving. He followed the letter immediately from Dublin, and drove to Donore House, with a fixed resolution of fulfilling his promise; but on reaching his destination he was received only by his uncle's footman, who expressed the due regards of the house for the honour he intended them, informing him, however, that the following evening had for some time been fixed for Clare's wedding with Mr. O'Byrne, a neighbouring gentleman of considerable fortune and high character.

On March 23, 1736, Nugent married Anne, the daughter of James Craggs, the Postmaster-General, and sister of Secretary Craggs, Pope's and Addison's intimate friend, who were both so deeply involved in the South Sea scheme; the Postmaster-General having been proved by the Committee of Secrecy appointed to inquire into the management of the Company, to have received from the directors a bribe of £40,000 stock. He died in a lethargic fit on the night before the Secret Committee was to report to the House of Commons on his case, and as it was discovered that he had realized no less a sum than £69,000 by his transactions in the South Sea, the rumour was not unnaturally spread abroad that he had taken poison to avert public disgrace.

Secretary Craggs was not convicted of actual fraud, and Pope, one of his staunchest friends, ardently maintained his innocence. "There never lived," he wrote, "a more worthy nature, a more disinterested mind, a more open and friendly temper, than Mr. Craggs. A little time, I doubt not, will clear up a character which the world will learn to value and admire when it has none such remaining in it."[1]

Two years later, however, he died of smallpox, being then in the thirty-sixth year of his age.[2]

[1] It may not be out of place to insert the following amusing dialogue which is said to have taken place between Pope and Secretary Craggs—

POPE. "Since my old friend is grown so great
As to be minister of State,
I'm told, but 'tis not true, I hope,
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope."

CRAGGS. "Alas! if I am such a creature
To grow the worse for growing greater,
Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs."

[2] Pope's opinion of the firm integrity and undeviating rectitude of the conduct of Secretary Craggs is well expressed in his epitaph on his tomb in Westminster Abbey—

Anne Craggs had first married, in 1712, John Newsham of Chadshunt in Warwickshire, by whom she had one son only. Her second husband was John Knight, M.P. successively for St. Germains and Sudbury, by whom also she had one son only, who died in 1727. John Knight, her second husband, died in 1733, bequeathing to her all his estates, including the beautiful seat of Gosfield Hall in Essex, and a very considerable sum of money. She also shared with her two sisters, Mrs. Trefusis and Mrs. Eliot, her father's fortune, which was in itself ample enough, although the executors were compelled by Act of Parliament to refund the £69,000 which he had realized by his transactions with the South Sea Company. She also shared with her sisters the fortune of her brother, the Secretary. Nugent is said to have received with her £100,000 in money and estates, in addition to the seat for St. Mawe's; Nugent's own fortune, it is stated, amounting to £1500 a year.

To his marriage with this "fat and ugly dame" (whose name he took in addition to his own, and who was five years his senior) Nugent owed his first real advancement in life, for her great wealth placed him in an influential position at as early an age as thirty-four, and obtained for him a seat in Parliament for St. Mawe's in Cornwall. He took the name of Craggs as a prefix to that of Nugent.

The marriage seems to have excited some amusement in social circles. The bride was something of an oddity, and was the subject of a good deal of not entirely good-natured laughter. For instance, we find Mrs. Anne Granville, afterwards Mrs. Delany, writing on May 6, 1737, to Mrs. Catherine Collingwood at Bath—"There have been weddings without number this spring, but none so much talked of as Mrs. Knight's, who is most ridiculous. She says that '*she and Mr. Nugent have been in the country attended only by the boy Cupid.*' I could tell you many more of her *bon mots*, but fancy you have enough of them."

Gosfield Hall, though greatly altered, presents an interesting specimen of the domestic architecture that prevailed in the construction of the residences of the nobility during the reign of Henry VII., who still enforced the ancient prerogative of the

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"Statesman, yet friend, to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honour clear,
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title and who lost no friend.
A noble by himself by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd."

GOSFIELD HALL, ESSEX

EARL NUGENT'S COUNTRY SEAT

From a Picture in the possession of Sir Francis Boileau

Crown in prohibiting his subjects from erecting castles; yet here, as in other cases where the restraints of the law proved an insufficient security against the violence of the times, its provisions were evaded, and the houses erected at that period, though not coming into the description of fortresses, were as strong and well secured as many of the baronial castles. This building was a large pile of brick, enclosing a quadrangular court, into which all the lower tier of windows opened, which were strongly barricaded, so that no admittance could be forced but with great difficulty. The house, as originally built, consisted of only one room in thickness, and consequently there was no other communication round the inside but by passing through every room. The first floor was occupied by a gallery one hundred and six feet in length and twelve in width. This gallery is called Queen Elizabeth's, in commemoration of her having twice visited Gosfield.

Horace Walpole has given a good description of the house in his letter of July 25, 1748, to George Montagu, Esq., shortly after a visit there, in which he writes—"I suppose you have heard much of Gosfield, Nugent's seat. It is extremely in fashion, but did not answer to me, though there are fine things about it; but being situated in a country that is quite blocked up with hills upon hills, and even too much wood, it has not an inch of prospect. The park is to be 1600 acres, and is bounded by a wood of five miles round, and the lake, which is very beautiful, is of seventy acres,[1] directly in a line with the house at the bottom of a fine lawn, and broke with very pretty groves that fall down and slope into it. The house is vast, built round a very old court that has never been fine; the old windows and gateway left, and the old gallery, which is a bad narrow room, and hung with all the late patriots, but so ill done that they look like caricatures done to expose them, since they have so much disgraced the virtues they pretended to. The rest of the house is all modernized, but in patches, and in the bad taste that came between the charming venerable Gothic and pure architecture. There is a great deal of good furniture, but no one room very fine: no tolerable pictures. Her dressing-room is very pretty, and furnished with white damask, china, japan, loads of easy chairs, bad pictures, and some pretty enamels. But what charmed me more than all I had seen, is the library chimney, which has existed from the foundation of the house; over it is an alto-relievo in wood, far from being ill done, of the battle of

[1] This was subsequently enlarged by Lord Nugent to the extent of one hundred and two acres.

Bosworth Field. It is all white except the helmets and trappings, which are gilt, and the shields, which are properly blazoned with the arms of all the chiefs[1] engaged. You would adore it."

Most of the family portraits were hung in a suite of rooms called the Green Velvet Apartments: among them were those of Robert Nugent himself by Gainsborough (our Frontispiece), and of James Craggs, Postmaster-General, of the Rt. Hon. James Craggs, Secretary of State, of Mrs. Craggs, his mother, sister of Major-General Richards, and of Major-General Richards.

At a short distance from the hall to the east is the village church, in which is a small chapel or chantry, built by Thomas Rolfe, Esq., and repaired in 1760 by Sir John Wentworth, as a burial place for his family. Adjoining the chantry is a private chapel, in which is a marble monument to the memory of John Knight, Esq., who died in 1733, at the age of fifty. This monument was executed by Scheemaker under the direction of Pope, who also wrote the epitaph as follows:—

"O fairest pattern to a falling age,
Whose public virtue knew no party rage;
Whose private name all titles recommend,
The pious son, fond husband, faithful friend.
In manners plain, in sense alone refin'd;
Good without show, and without weakness kind:
To reason's equal dictates ever true;
Calm to resolve, and constant to pursue:
In life with ev'ry social grace adorn'd;
In death by Friendship, Honour, Virtue, mourn'd!"

[1] This striking piece of work, which represents the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, between Richard III. and the Earl of Richmond, contains twenty-four figures on horseback, with the King lying prostrate under his own charger. Most of the personages introduced are known by the armorial bearings on the shields. Among others are: the Duke of Norfolk, Earls of Surrey and Northumberland, Sir Walter Blount, Sir William Herbert, Lord Stanley, Sir George Hanley, Sir William Brandon, Lord Edward Stafford, Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir R. Ratcliffe, Sir I. Tyrrell, Edward Lord Lovel, and the Earl of Oxford. At the extremities of the chimney-piece are small statues of Henry VIII. and his queen, exactly resembling those on the monument at Westminster Abbey. The date of this sculpture is uncertain, but it is known to be of considerable antiquity, it having been removed in the year 1687 from Bois Hall, a small house belonging to the Earls of Oxford, one of whom was a partisan of the Earl of Richmond.

On the pedestal are short inscriptions in Latin in memory of Robert, Earl Nugent, Lieut.-Col. Edmund Nugent, his son, Margaret Nugent, his sister, and Anne Craggs.

Nugent's second marriage was certainly an unfortunate one. His wife was five years older than himself, and, though she brought him great wealth, she bore him no children, nor did she contribute greatly to his personal happiness. They were both possessed of hasty tempers, and were continually quarrelling in private, though in public they appeared to be the best of friends. Mrs. Nugent seems to have been quite a character, and many amusing incidents relating to her lie scattered over the pages of Walpole. She was worse than plain; she is described as "very ugly," and she was enormously fat. Horace Walpole narrates how that the chairmen who were to drive two pigs to Park Place (of such proportions that he likens them to Ziechi Miechi, the Chinese God of good eating and drinking), got drunk on the way, and in excuse for the delay declared that the creatures got unruly, ran away, and would not be managed. "Do but think of their running!" says Walpole; "it puts me in mind of Mrs. Nugent's talking of just *jumping* out of a coach!"

Mrs. Nugent was very fond of entertaining, both in the country and in London; and her husband's wit, together with her own amiability, rendered her dinner-parties and assemblies most popular. It is amusing to notice in the *St. James's Evening Post* of January 9, 1752, the following extract:—"We are assured that on Tuesday last the surprising strong woman was exhibited at the Countess of Holderness's, before a polite assembly of persons of the first quality; and some time this week the two dwarfs will play at brag at Madame Holman's. N.B. The strong man who was to have performed at Mrs. Nugent's is indisposed."

Walpole gives an amusing account of a visit he paid to Gosfield shortly before this date. "We passed our time," he says, "very agreeably; both Nugent and his wife are very good-humoured, and easy in their house to a degree. There was nobody else but the Marquis of Tweeddale, his new Marchioness,[1] who is infinitely good-humoured and good company, and sang a thousand French songs mighty prettily; a sister of Nugent's,[2] who does not figure, and a Mrs. Eliot,[3] a sister to Mrs. Nugent, who crossed over and

[1] Daughter of Earl Granville.

[2] Peg Nugent.

[3] Harriet, wife of Richard Eliot, Esq., father of the first Lord St. Germains, and daughter of Mr. Craggs, the Postmaster-General, by Miss Santlow the actress, afterwards Mrs. Barton Booth. For a

LADY MARGARET LADY MARY EARL NUGENT COLONEL NUGENT

A Family Group
From a painting by Zoffany.

figured in with Nugent: I mean she has turned Catholic as he has Protestant. She has built herself a very pretty small house in the Park, and is only a daily visitor. Nugent was extremely communicative of his own labours, repeated us an ode of ten thousand stanzas to abuse Messieurs de la Gallerie, and read me a whole tragedy which has really a great many pretty things in it, not indeed equal to his glorious ode[1] on religion and liberty, but with many of those absurdities which are so blended with his parts."

Mrs. Nugent died in 1756, aged 59, and was buried at Gosfield. It is difficult to believe that she was much regretted by her husband, when we find that he married another wife in the following year; but she was lamented by a large circle of friends by whom she had been greatly liked. Alexander Pope, who died some years previously, had been very intimate with her, partly, no doubt, in consequence of his great affection for her brother, Secretary Craggs. "I cannot help," he writes to her, "breaking through the ceremony of the world, and writing as if I had the title of a relation to you." Again, "I shall use no ceremonial with you on no occasion, but take you for what you are pleased to profess yourself toward me, and only assure you I shall think (if ever I found myself tempted to be too complaisant, or in the least degree insincere to you) that I am offending the remains of the sincerest man I ever knew in the world, and growing ungrateful to him after his death. Believe me, therefore, madam, sensible of the obligation of being thought well of, and yet more sensible of that which occasioned your good opinion, your tenderness for him, and your acquiescence in his judgment, which was so favourable (indeed so partial) to me. In a word, I esteem you more for loving him than for liking me; nay, I not only esteem, but love you the more for that very reason; and I will be always, dear madam, yours."

This friendship was continued after Anne's third marriage; and when Nugent was busily employed in repairing Gosfield, Pope writes to her, "I pray that you may be delivered from all evil, and particularly, in the first place, from all evil workers, or workmen, who are as dirty and as noisy as devils, in your house. But you may wish me joy of workmen in my garden, which I think as delightful as the others are dreadful. You may as much expect to see a new garden when you come to Twitnam, as I to see a new house when I go to Gosfield."

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copy of verses addressed by Mr. Pitt to this lady, see the *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 373.

[1] The *Ode to William Pulteney*.

[illegible] Nugent: I mean she has turned C[illegible] Princess. She has built herself a very [illegible] and is only a daily visitor. Nugent [illegible] representative of his own labours, repeated [illegible] to abuse Mesdames [illegible] Gallic [illegible] which has reached a great [illegible] not [illegible] equal to his glorious [illegible] religion and [illegible] with [illegible] so [illegible] so blameless [illegible]

Mrs. Nugent [illegible] so, [illegible], and was [illegible] to [illegible] disposed to believe that she was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

LADY MARGARET LADY MARY EARL NUGENT COLONEL NUGENT

A Family Group
From a painting by Zoffany.

Pope was a constant visitor at Gosfield, and became very intimate with Nugent, to whom he addressed several letters about the year 1740. He usually added a little postscript for the benefit of his old friend, such as "My old-fashioned services attend Mrs. Nugent"; or, "Mrs. Nugent, I know, remembers me, and so do I her, always, and acknowledge her Good Temper towards me, who does not quarrel with me as other ladies have done"; or, "I may remember Mrs. Nugent as one of ye companions of my younger and gayer days, and sigh to be able to live on with y^{m}. But we are no longer Creatures of ye same Element: they are all Air and Fire, and I am Earth: however I admire their Flights, and am their Servant."

Great as was the influence of this marriage upon Nugent's social fortunes, it was of even greater importance upon his political career. At the time (1741) when he, so to speak, took possession of the parliamentary representation of St. Mawe's, Frederick, the Prince of Wales, was holding a Court of Stannary as Duke of Cornwall. "George II.," says Lord Campbell,[1] "who had been disliked by his father, actually hated his own son," and the latter repaid him by scheming against him and the Government, and thwarting them in every conceivable way. He was forming all sorts of imaginary administrations, and his efforts were especially directed against Sir Robert Walpole, whose downfall was nearly approaching. He was not long in need of help in his designs, for the "Country Party," or "The Patriots," as they were called, were not slow to perceive the advantages to be obtained from an alliance with a recalcitrant Prince of Wales, and they eagerly flocked to his side. A substantial part of his grievance against his father consisted of a denial of what Frederick considered an adequate maintenance, and Nugent, with his jovial manners and free command of money, was welcomed as an associate both genial and useful. Hence, at the very outset of his career, he was thrown into the society and shared in the councils of such men as Bolingbroke, Carteret, Chesterfield, Wyndham, and Cobham. The results of this association belong properly to the political side of Nugent's life, and they will be more fully dealt with under that head; but they must also have had considerable bearing upon his social standing.

Amateur performances had become fashionable under the first two Georges, who, notwithstanding their imperfect acquaintance with the language, and their protracted absences from the country, were yet patrons of the national drama. George II. was at

[1] *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, v. 66.

Drury Lane Theatre when the despatches from his darling son, the Duke of Cumberland, brought news of the victory of Culloden. The King stood up with streaming eyes, and loudly thanked God, and announced the victory of his people. The band, by Garrick's orders, at once played "God save the King," the whole audience joining enthusiastically in the chorus. Frederick, Prince of Wales, had steadily encouraged the private performance of plays at Cliftden and Leicester Houses. On January 4, 1749, the children of his Royal Highness, with the aid of some of the younger members of the nobility, represented the tragedy of *Cato*, before a very distinguished audience. This was at Leicester House, and the performance was under the direction of Mr. Quin, the great tragedian. Prince George was *Portius;* Prince Edward, *Juba;* Master Nugent, *Cato;* Master Montague, *Lucius;* Lord Northson, *Syphax;* Master Evelyn, *Sempronius;* Lord Milsington, *Decius;* and Master Madden, *Marcus;* while the Princess Augusta was *Marcia;* and the Princess Elizabeth, *Lucia.* Before the rising of the curtain, Prince George, then eleven years old, delivered an appropriate prologue. After the tragedy an epilogue was spoken by Prince Edward. That Mr. Quin was proud of his pupil, Prince George, we may gather from the well-known story of the actor exclaiming triumphantly, "Ah! *I* taught the boy to speak," when, as George III., the young man was delivering his first speech from the throne.

An amusing incident is related by Walpole as having taken place at an assembly in Mrs. Nugent's house. The French Ambassadress, who was present, was terrified out of her wits at hearing Mrs. Nugent call out "*Un voleur!*" The Ambassadress had heard so much about robbing, that she did not doubt but, *dans ce pais cy*, they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be only a thief in the candle.

In 1757 Nugent married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax of Charborough in Dorset, and relict of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, who had only died two years previously. He thus became possessed of yet another fortune, though he failed to obtain from his third wife any greater degree of happiness than he had done from his second. She survived him, but they were separated many years before his death. She bore him two daughters, Mary and Louisa, only the former of whom, who was destined to become his heiress, he deigned to recognize. The latter left her father's roof with her mother, and was eventually married to a Captain Hervey. Mary was brought up by her Aunt Peggy, together with Nugent's granddaughter Elizabeth, who was only a year or two older.

Of Nugent's tendency to practical joking, Wraxall gives a none

too edifying instance. "While I am on this subject," he writes,[1] "I cannot resist relating a frolick, which rendered Lord Nugent, or rather Mr. Nugent, he being then a Commoner, not a little distinguished, towards the end of George the Second's reign. George, Earl of Bristol, eldest of the three sons of the famous Lord Hervey, whom Pope has, very unjustly, transmitted to Prosterity as 'Lord Fanny,' and as Sporus,—like his father, inclined to a degree of effeminacy in his person, manners, and dress. Probably these characteristics of deportment, while they exposed him to some animadversion or ridicule, led to a supposition that they were connected with want of spirit, and that he would not promptly resent insult. Certain it is, that Mr. Nugent, then a man of consideration, fortune, and fashion, living in the highest company of the Metropolis, being one evening at Lord Temple's house in Pall Mall, where a splendid assembly of both sexes was collected, laid a singular bet with Lord Temple that he would spit in the Earl of Bristol's hat. The Wager was accepted, and Mr. Nugent instantly set about its accomplishment. For this purpose, as he passed Lord Bristol, who stood in the doorway of one of the apartments, very richly dressed, holding his hat under his arm, with the inside uppermost, Mr. Nugent, turning round as if to spit, and affecting not to perceive Lord Bristol, performed that act in his hat.

"Pretending the utmost concern and distress at the unintentional rudeness that he had committed, Mr. Nugent made a thousand Apologies to the Earl for his Indecorum, and entreated to be allowed to wipe off the affront with his pocket-handkerchief; but Lord Bristol, calmly taking out his own, used it for that purpose, besought Mr. Nugent not to be discomposed, assured him that he was not discomposed himself, wiped the inside of his hat, and then replacing it as before, under his arm, asked Mr. Nugent whether he had any further occasion for it in the same way. Having so done, the Earl, without changing a muscle of his countenance, or manifesting any irritation, quitted the place where he stood, sat down to play with the party he usually made at Cards, finished his two or three Rubbers, and returned home. Mr. Nugent, after triumphantly winning his Bet, considered the matter as terminated; but in this supposition he counted without his host. Early on the following morning, before he was risen, he received a note, similar in its nature and contents to that which Gil Blas tells us he delivered to his master, Don Mathias de Sylva; but with the summons contained in which Mr. Nugent did not manifest the

[1] *Hist. Mem.*, 131 *et seq.*

same careless promptitude to comply as the Spanish Grandee exhibited in the novel of Le Sage. The Note acquainted him that Lord Bristol expected and demanded Satisfaction for the insult of the preceding night, without delay; naming time, as well as place. An instant answer was required.

"Mr. Nugent now perceived that he had involved himself in a very serious affair of Honour, where he had only meant to gratify a wanton moment of frolick. However personally brave, he felt that the Exertion of his Courage, in order to cover or justify a premeditated insult, which no Sophistry could warrant or excuse, would only aggravate his offence. Under this impression, having determined therefore to make reparation, he wrote to Lord Bristol, offering every possible Apology for the act committed, which, he admitted, would be inexcusable if it had been meant as any Affront. But, as the best extenuation of so gross a seeming violation of all decorum, he added that it did not arise from the most remote intention of insulting the Earl, the whole Matter having originated in a bet. He concluded by professing his readiness to ask pardon in the most ample manner, requesting that the business might not produce any further consequences. To this Application Lord Bristol replied that though he was disposed readily to admit, and to accept, the proffered Reparation, yet, as the Affront had been committed in public company, so must the exacted Apology be made; and he named the Club-room at White's as the place where he would receive it from Mr. Nugent. Not, however, by any means, Lord Bristol added, from him only; for, as he now understood that the Act itself owed its rise to a wager, it became clear that there must be another person implicated in the Transaction. He insisted, therefore, on knowing the name of that individual, from whom, as a participator in the Frolick, he should equally exact an Apology, and declaring that on no other conditions would he relinquish his right to demand personal satisfaction. In consequence of so peremptory a Requisition, Mr. Nugent owned that Lord Temple was the person to whom he had alluded; and both the Gentlemen were finally reduced to comply with the terms, by asking pardon in the Club-room at White's.[1] Lord Bristol then declared himself satisfied, and the Business was at an end."

[1] *Walpole Letters*, vol. ii. p. 5. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway, March 4, 1756. It is worthy of notice that, although Earl Nugent was not himself a member of White's, his one son, Col. Nugent, was, and a record of this singular bet is now in the possession of the Hon. Algernon Bourke.

LADY MARGARET LADY MARY EARL NUGENT COLONEL NUGENT

A Family Group
From a painting by Zoffany.

all we know is that it took place in consequence of the publication of *The Traveller* in 1764, and was probably very shortly after. On that head I cannot do better than quote Mr. Austin Dobson.

"One of the friends he had made by *The Traveller* was, like himself, an Irishman. This was Robert Nugent of Carlanstown, in Goldsmith's own county of Westmeath (not to be confounded with Dr. Nugent, Burke's father-in-law), who, two years later, was to be created Viscount Clare.[1] Nugent was a poet in his way,—there are a number of his early verses in vol. ii. of Dodsley's *Collection;* and his *Ode to William Pulteney* was good enough to be quoted by Gibbon. His Essex seat became a frequent asylum to Goldsmith, who wrote for his friend a charming occasional poem, to which reference will be made hereafter. But for the present the most notable thing connected with Nugent is, that he introduced Goldsmith to the notice of the Earl of Northumberland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who, says Percy, being newly returned from that country in 1764, 'invited our poet to an interview.' It is supposed, though the 'Percy Memoir' is here a little confusing, that this interview was the same as one of which Sir John Hawkins gives the following account in his *Life of Johnson.* 'Having one day,' he says, 'a call to wait on the late Duke, then Earl, of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room. I asked him what had brought him there: he told me an invitation from his lordship. I made my business as short as I could, and as a reason, mentioned that Doctor Goldsmith was waiting without. The Earl asked me if I was acquainted with him. I told him I was, adding what I thought likely to recommend him. I retired, and staid in the outer room to take him home. Upon his coming out, I asked him the result of his conversation. "His lordship," says he, "told me he had read my poem," meaning *The Traveller*, "and was much delighted with it; that he was going Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and that, hearing that I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness." "And what did you answer," asked I, "to this gracious offer?" "Why," said he, "I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help; as for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men; I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others."' One can imagine what kind of effect this entirely unsophisticated proceeding would have upon the time-

[1] This fixes the date at 1764.

serving narrator of the anecdote; and, indeed, his indignation blazes out in the comment with which he concludes his story. 'Thus,' he exclaims, 'did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him! Other offers of a like kind he either rejected, or failed to improve, contenting himself with the patronage of one nobleman,[1] whose mansion afforded him the delight of a splendid table, and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis.'"

As already stated, the book was issued in December, and from Davies' words it is clear that Goldsmith had already gone to visit Lord Clare before this date. He stayed with him some time, and during the opening months of 1771 was still in his company. "Goldsmith is at Bath, with Lord Clare," writes Johnson to Langton, in March. At Bath occurred that characteristic second visit to the Duke of Northumberland,[2] which, since it is related by Percy on the authority of the Duchess herself, can scarcely be rejected by the courteous biographer, even if it were not, as it is, an incident thoroughly in keeping with what we know of Goldsmith from other sources. "On one of the parades at Bath," says Percy, "the Duke and Lord Nugent had hired two adjacent houses. Dr. Goldsmith, who was then resident on a visit to the latter, one morning walked up into the Duke's dining-room, as he and the Duchess were preparing to sit down to breakfast. In a manner the most free-and-easy, he threw himself on a sofa, and as he was then perfectly known to them both, they inquired of him the Bath news of the day, and, imagining there was some mistake, endeavoured by easy and cheerful conversation to prevent his being too much embarrassed, till, breakfast being served up, they invited him to stay and partake of it. Then he awoke from his reverie, declared he thought he had been in the house of his friend Lord Nugent, and, with a confusion which may be imagined, hastily withdrew; but not till they had kindly made him promise to dine with them.

That Goldsmith referred to his friend as Lord Nugent is scarcely possible, for Lord Clare did not obtain this title until after Goldsmith had been dead two years. This, however, is a trifle which detracts little from the veracity of the story. How much longer he continued to be Lord Clare's guest is unrecorded; but

[1] Nugent, as yet, was only "Mr." But Hawkins wrote his *Life of Johnson* many years after this date.

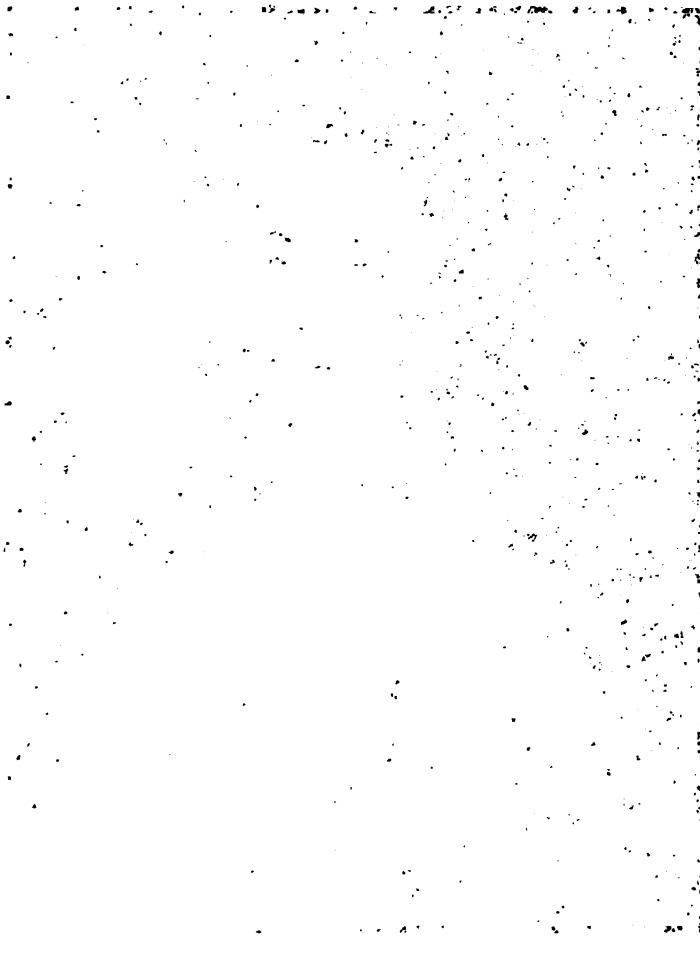
[2] See Chapter VII. The Earl of Northumberland had been created a Duke in 1766.

shortly after his return to London he is supposed to have addressed to him, in return for a present of venison, the delightful "poetical epistle" which is to be found in his works. That it was written subsequent to the middle of 1770 may be inferred from its quotation of a famous lapse [1] in one of the love-letters of his illiterate Royal Highness, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, to the Countess Grosvenor—a correspondence which, in the summer of the above year, afforded huge delight to the scandal-mongers—and it is most probable that the poem was written in the spring of 1771. But whatever its exact date, Mr. Forster is right (notwithstanding a slight obscurity in the closing lines) in claiming the highest praise for this piece of "private pleasantry." So happy is it, that, were it not for its obvious recollections of Boileau's third satire, one might be disposed to regard it as autobiographical. To select a passage from a piece so uniformly wrought is difficult, but the excellence of the description of the dinner, as a sample of what his most superfine contemporaries called the poet's "low" humour, must serve as an excuse for quoting it at length. The reader will only need to remember, that while Goldsmith, having distributed part of his just-received present, is debating what to do with the rest, it is unblushingly carried off by a chance visitor, who invites its owner to join in eating it in the form of a pasty.

Nugent's daughter Mary was a great favourite of Goldsmith's, and an amusing story is told of how on one occasion, when he was asleep after dinner, she tied his wig on to the back of his chair, so that on waking and rising to his feet, his wig was dragged from his head, exposing his baldness. He treated the joke, however, with the utmost good-nature, and put the incident in his delightful comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. It is possible that his unfortunate mistake at Bath, already described, may have given him the main idea of the play.

"I remember one story now which she used to tell of a manifest victory that Goldsmith once had over her father, who chose, at one time, to speak in high terms of M., a very bad actor, whom Garrick advised to leave the stage. Lord Nugent was, one evening, very eloquent to Goldsmith in praise of M. 'But, my lord,' said Goldsmith, 'you must allow he treads the stage very ill—he waddles.' 'Waddles?' said Lord Nugent, 'yes, he waddles like a goose—why, you know we call him Goose M.'

[1] "Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
'And nobody with me at sea but myself.'"
The second line is almost a textual reproduction of a phrase in one of the Duke's letters.



[illegible] Lord Nugent's [illegible] Hampden [illegible] Oliver Cromwell [illegible] Civil War [illegible] the above year, attended here, [illegible] the Scots' camp [illegible] it is not impossible that the poem was written [illegible] 1776. But whatever be the exact date, Mr Forster is [illegible] in supposing a slight obscurity in the closing lines of the first group of stanzas. The plain meaning of "praise" and Lady is this, that, were it not for the [illegible] of Bolingbroke's false satire, one might be disposed to [illegible] his [illegible]. To select a passage from [illegible] we [illegible] the fault, but the [illegible] of the [illegible] that [illegible] example of what is most [illegible] in the [illegible] poem, which [illegible] serve as an excuse [illegible] at all. The reader will [illegible] need to remember, that Goldsmith, having distributed a part of his patronage [illegible] with the rest, it is unlikely [illegible] Lord Nugent, who [illegible] to join in [illegible] praise.

Nugent's daughter Mary was a great favourite of Goldsmith [illegible] A story is told of how on one occasion, when [illegible] large, the [illegible] was [illegible] to the lack of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his feet, his wig was dragged [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] tidiness. He treated the [illegible], however, [illegible] [illegible] and put the incident in his [illegible] comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*. It is possible that his [illegible] [illegible] Mary, also described, may have given [illegible] [illegible] of the play.

We remember one story now which she used to tell [illegible] Goldsmith once had over her father [illegible], at one time, to speak in high terms of Mr [illegible], whom Garrick advised to leave the stage. Lord [illegible], one evening, was eloquent to Goldsmith in praise [illegible] "It is well," said Goldsmith, "you must allow he read [illegible] "Why, Goldy," "Well then," said Lord Nugent, "he reads like a goose—why, you know we call him G[illegible]

> "For shame to cavil! having emptied my store,
> And vainly with you at sea but myself."

[illegible] is also [illegible] praise of [illegible]

Lady Buckingham.
Eldest Daughter of Earl Nugent.

'Well, and then you know, when he endeavours to express strong passion, he bellows.' 'Bellows?' said Lord Nugent, 'to be sure he does—bellows like a bull. Why, we call him Bull M.' 'Well, then,' continued Goldsmith, pursuing his triumph, 'his voice breaks and he croaks.' 'Croaks?' said Lord Nugent, 'why, the fellow croaks like a frog—we call him Frog M. But M. is a good actor.' 'Why, yes,' said Goldsmith, 'barring the goose, and the bull, and the frog, and a few other things I could mention, and not wishing to speak ill of my neighbours, I *will* allow M. is a good actor.'"

Once, says Boswell, writing of Goldsmith, he complained to a mixed company that, at Lord Clare's, Lord Camden had taken no more notice of him than if he "had been an ordinary man"—an utterance which required all Johnson's championship to defend.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who has presented us with so many graphic and diverting pictures of the men and manners of his time, devotes considerable space to a visit he made to Nugent when the latter was at the summit of his power and prosperity.

"Returning to England in the summer of 1776," says the genial gossip,[1] "I went down soon afterwards on a visit to Lord Nugent, at Gosfield in Essex, a seat which has since, in the revolutionary Times, afforded a temporary Asylum to the representative of the Capetian Line, when expelled from a Country over which his Ancestors had reigned, in uninterrupted male succession, for above eight hundred years! When I visited Gosfield, among the guests who attracted most attention might justly be reckoned the late Lord Temple, then far advanced in life, and very infirm. In person he was tall and large, though not inclined to corpulency. A disorder, the seat of which lay in his ribs, bending him almost double, compelled him, in walking, to make use of a sort of crutch; but his mind seemed exempt from any decay. His conversation was animated, brilliant, and full of entertainment. Notwithstanding the name of 'Squire Gawkey,' which he had obtained in the satirical or party productions of those Times, and which, we may presume, was not given him without good reason, he had nevertheless the air and appearance of a man of high condition when he appeared with the Insignia and Decorations of the Garter, seated at table. It is well known that George the Second, who, though he generally yielded to ministerial violence or importunity, yet manifested often great reluctance and even ill humour in his manner of compliance on these occasions, strongly disliked Lord Temple. Being, however, compelled, in consequence of political arrangements very repugnant

[1] Wraxall, *Hist. Mem.* (1815), 123.

to his feelings, to invest that nobleman with the Order of the Garter, the King took so little pains to conceal his aversion, both to the individual and to the act, that instead of placing the Riband decorously over the shoulder of the new Knight, His Majesty, averting his head, and muttering indistinctly some expressions of dissatisfaction, threw it across him, and turned his back at the same instant in the rudest manner.[1] (It may be mentioned that Temple had been refused the Garter once, and had thereupon resigned the Privy Seal, November 14, 1759, but at the request of the King resumed office two days after, and was elected a Knight of the Garter on February 4, 1760.)

* * * * * * *

"Lord Nugent[2] was created an Irish *Earl* during the time I was at Gosfield, having antecedently been raised to the title of *Viscount* Clare. Having sat in many parliaments, he spoke fluently as well as with energy and force; was accounted a good debater, and possessed a species of eloquence, altogether unembarrassed by any false modesty or timidity. In the progress of a long life, he had raised himself from a private gentleman of an ancient family in Ireland, and a considerable patrimonial fortune, to an Irish Earldom, which dignity, together with his name, he procured to devolve on the late Marquis of Buckingham, then Mr. Grenville, who had married his only daughter.[3] They were both likewise at Gosfield during the time of which I speak, and Lord Nugent having gone up to town for the purpose of kissing the King's hand upon his new Creation, returned from thence on the following day, as we were seated at table after dinner. The object of his visit to St. James's was well known by everyone present, but he immediately announced it as soon as he had taken his place by filling out a glass of wine and toasting his daughter's health as Lady Mary Grenville.

"Lord Nugent when young had occupied a distinguished place in the favour of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and was more than once destined to have filled an office in some of those imaginary administrations commemorated by *Dodington*, which were perpetually prohibited at Leicester House, during the long interval of nearly fourteen years that elapsed between the accession of George II. and his Royal Highness's decease in 1751. The Prince died

[1] Wraxall here goes on to relate a similar incident on the investiture of the Marquis Camden with the same order by George III.

[2] Wraxall, *Hist. Mem.* I. 126.

[3] Wraxall, it will be seen, altogether ignores the existence of the second daughter.

considerably in his debt: nor was the sum so due ever liquidated, unless we consider the offices and dignities conferred on Lord Nugent by George III. at different periods of his reign, as having been in the nature of a retribution for loans made to his father. In return for these marks of royal favour he presented verses to the Queen accompanying a piece of Irish stuff which her Majesty graciously accepted. Both the poetry and the manufacture were satirically said to be *Irish Stuff*. They began, if I recollect right—

'Could poor Ierne gifts afford,
Worthy the mistress of her lord,
Of sculptur'd gold, a costly frame,
Just emblem of her worth should flame.'

"But Lord Nugent's muse will never rank him with Prior, nor even with Lyttleton and Chesterfield. He was a better courtier than a poet, and he had always been distinguished by the other sex.

* * * * * * *

"His devotion to the sex, which remained proof to all trials, animated him even to the close of his life. Lord Temple and he both composed verses after this time addressed to the same object. I believe it was in the month of August 1776 that these aged Peers presented some couplets of their respective compositions to the late Duchess of Gordon, then in the meridian of her charms, when Lord Temple, having entertained her and the Duke, her husband, at Stow, lighted up the grotto for her reception. Lord Nugent, to a perfect knowledge of the world, joined a coarse and often licentious, but natural, strong and ready wit, which no place nor company prevented him from indulging, and the effect of which was augmented by an Irish accent that never forsook him. It is well known that when a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons for better watching the Metropolis, in order to contribute towards effecting which object one of the clauses went to propose that watchmen should be *compelled* to sleep during the daytime, Lord Nugent with admirable humour got up and desired that 'he might be personally included in the provisions of the Bill, being frequently so tormented with the gout as to be *unable* to sleep either by day or by night.'"

But it is to be feared that Nugent was not always satisfied with mere harmless pieces of gallantry like the above little incident described by Wraxall. "You have heard," writes Walpole, "that Nugent must answer a little more seriously for Lady Lymington's child. Why, she was as ugly as Mrs. Nugent, had had more children, and was not so young. The pleasure of wrong-

ing a woman who had bought him so dear could be the only temptation."

Nugent's very advanced age renders it probable that he passed the remainder of his life after seceding from Parliament in 1784 in retirement. He appears to have retained vigorous health up to within a few days of his death. On October 8, 1788, we find his son-in-law, the Marquis of Buckingham, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, writing from Blackrock to W. W. Grenville in London—

"I have been prevented, from continual agitation, writing to apprize you of the very unexpected state of health in which Lord Nugent has been for the last nine days. . . . In this situation I must, for many reasons, request you not to leave London; and if Camplin be in the country, you will apprize him of this, and direct him to come to town immediately, that he may assist G. Nugent (whom I shall send over in case of Lord Nugent's death), and his executors, McNamara and Drummond, in separating the papers and the property."

Nugent died at the house of Major O'Donnel in Dublin, at the advanced age of eighty-six. His son Edmund died April 26, 1771. Little is known of his life except that he served in the army, and succeeded his father as Member of Parliament for St. Mawe's. Owing to an unfortunate flaw which I have dilated on at greater length in a subsequent chapter, his marriage was set aside, and his two sons illegitimatized. Consequently Mary, Lord Nugent's daughter by his third wife, inherited not only the title but also his estates, which, by her marriage with the Marquis of Buckingham, merged into that family. The achievements of Nugent's grandsons, who were destined to make so much mark in their respective professions, will be found in the Appendix.

Nugent is variously stated to have died on the 13th and 14th of October. The Marquis of Buckingham, in his letter of the 15th, dated from Dublin Castle, says—

"Lord Nugent died last night. I have examined (with Colonel Nugent) his papers, and we found a counterpart of his will open, and as it appears to be more perfect than the parts which are lodged in London, I have desired G. Nugent to carry it to McNamara and Drummond, the executors. Lord Nugent leaves me all arrears on his Essex and Irish estates."

The Marquis writes further in a few days—

"October 18: Blackrock. As to my own affairs, on which head you complain so much of my neglect, I really do not recollect any point which I have left unanswered, either through my letters or through Bernard, except that of my bond to you for the £1000

advanced to Tom. I think Lord Nugent's estates here are probably underlet; but I probably shall inherit about £6000 per annum *in toto*, subject to Mrs. Nugent's annuity of £500, and to £20,000 to be raised upon it."

This estimate seems to have been of too sanguine a nature, for it was followed on the 29th by another letter—

"The Irish estates turn out worse than I imagined: they will not remit £4000; and the Gosfield is not worth more than £1500, subject to £20,000, and to about £700 annuities."

And on November 10 he complains—

"Lord Nugent's *appointment* is whimsical indeed; but it is cruel to me that he should, by entails *ad infinitum*, not worth a straw, give his property to J. and R. Grenville *rather than to me*."

A few anecdotes and contemporary opinions of Earl Nugent calculated to throw light upon his character and reputation in his capacities of politician, poet, wit, and *bon vivant*, may not be out of place here. Horace Walpole wrote of him—"He was one of those men of parts, whose dawn was the brightest moment of a long life, and who, though possessed of different talents, employed them in depreciating his own fame, and destroying all opinion of his judgment, except in the point of raising himself to honours." Walpole's estimate of Nugent was at all times expressed with a more than ordinary share of the causticity which characterized and often marred his utterances, but Nugent's early connection with the "Patriots," or "Country Party," between whom and Sir Robert a bitter hatred had subsisted, probably had something to do with this. Such a theory, however, is hardly necessary, since Horace Walpole notoriously and habitually spoke slightingly of his friends. It was he who invented the word to "Nugentize" in a none too flattering sense, although he appears to have thought very highly of the *Ode to Pulteney* and to have refrained from adopting the theory that Nugent had procured Mallet to write it for him. Also, alluding no doubt to the garrulity of Nugent's declining years, to which Wraxall also bore testimony, he declared that "he talked a prodigious deal of nonsense," a statement which suggests the remark made of Sir Robert Walpole, the first Lord Orford, that he "loved neither writing nor reading," his real love being for "the table, the bottle, and the chase," which, eliminating the last-mentioned article, brings him into even closer comparison with Nugent. Lord George Sackville, however, went even further, and dubbed Nugent "the most uninformed man of his rank in England." Wraxall, writing in a far more impartial, but sufficiently critical, spirit, describes him in a passage quoted more fully elsewhere, as "a man of very considerable natural abilities,

though not of a very cultured mind. His talents seemed more adapted to active than to speculative life, to the drawing-room or the House of Commons than to the closet."

It is in connection with his famous friendship with Goldsmith that Prior writes of him in his life of the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, as "a poet, a man of wit and gallantry, and a facetious companion," a character in which he was clearly recognized by Chesterfield and others. Elsewhere he is referred to as "a man of gallantry," a reputation which he achieved by his singular conversational powers, and that natural, strong, and ready humour, augmented by a rich Irish brogue, which made him so immensely popular with ladies. Elsewhere in Wraxall we learn that he was regarded as "a better courtier than a poet, and he had always been distinguished by the other sex." Glover refers to him as a "jovial and voluptuous Irishman, who had left Popery for the Protestant religion, money and widows."

Some notion of Nugent's personal appearance may be gained from the portraits here given. For the rest, Robert junior, in describing their first meeting at the Castle Inn, in Aldersgate Street, speaks thus of him—"A lusty, tall gentleman, wrapp'd up in a horseman's cloak, immediately stepped out, and, coming into the house, in a voice the tone of which not being modulated in the mildest strain, conveyed no very favourable opinion of the speaker to the ideas of the standers by." Chesterfield, in one of the letters produced in a later chapter, writes of "those Athletic calves" and "those Herculean shoulders, now able to ease Atlas of his burden," and generally to testify to his opinion that Nugent was what we might call "a fine figure of a man." The editors of *The Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, C. R. Leslie, R.A., and Tom Taylor, refer to him as "the jolly, loud-voiced, red-faced Mr. Nugent." Wraxall, in recording that Nugent was created an Irish earl during the time that Sir Nathaniel was staying at Gosfield, adds that "he formed a striking contrast to Lord Temple in his manner and address. Of an athletic frame and a vigorous constitution, though very far advanced in years, he was exempt from infirmity, possessing a stentorian voice, with great animal spirits and vast powers of conversation." Albemarle, in his *Rockingham*, touches him with no light hand, and after scarifying his religious and political character, says that he "was indebted to nature for an athletic frame, a vigorous form, and a stentorian voice, an inexhaustible flow of spirits, a rich fund of humour, and a ready eloquence, in which bashfulness had no share."

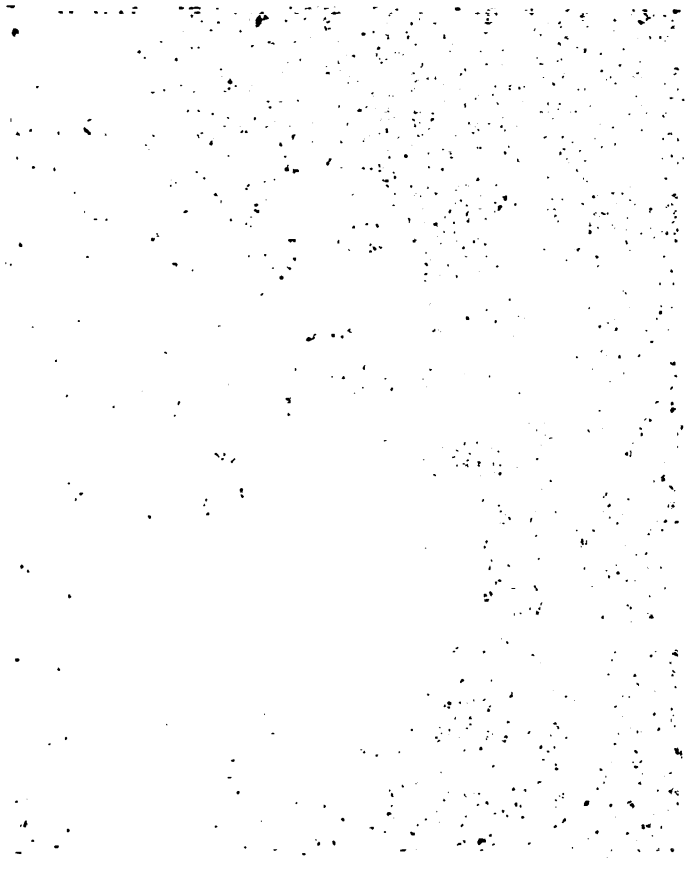
Judging Nugent's life from a moral standpoint, we cannot but confess that it manifests no high degree of principle or integrity.

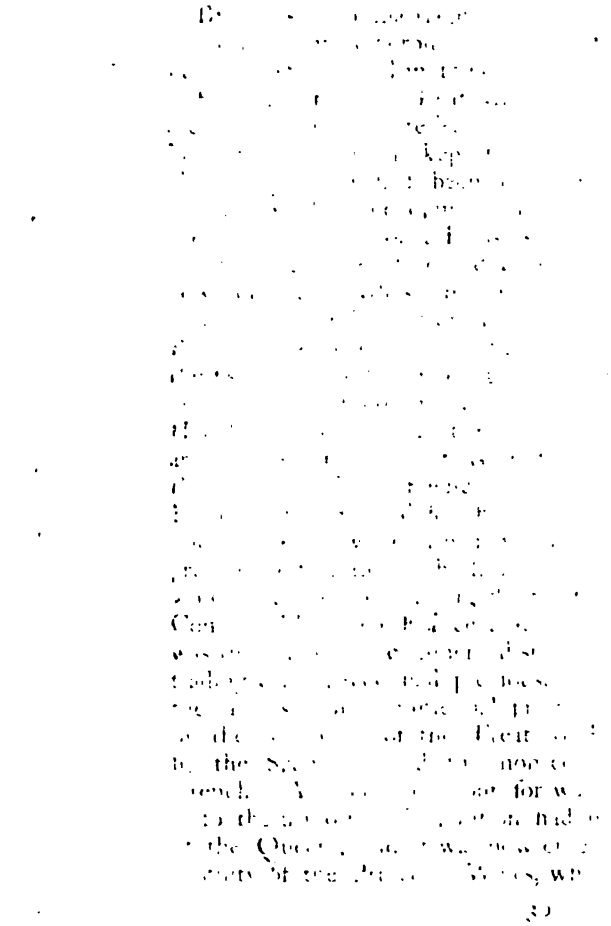
According to contemporary opinion, he purchased self-advancement at the sacrifice of esteem, and rose to honours and dignities at the price of contempt. He changed his politics with every succeeding Ministry, his religion at his own convenience; and thus it is that, though brought up as a Catholic, we shortly find him writing an ode on his own conversion from Popery. Yet strong as is its reasoning, his arguments can have operated but temporary conviction on himself, for he died a member of the Church he had attacked so severely. But the moral tone of his day was not a lofty one, and he is not to be judged from the standpoint of politics and society of to-day.

CHAPTER II

By his second marriage, 1736-7, Nugent attained control of the parliamentary borough of St. Mawe's in Cornwall, for which he was first returned in 1741.

Political affairs in Great Britain were at that time approaching a crisis. The Jacobite leanings and intrigues of Bolingbroke and Harley had effectually kept the Tories in the background. The Whig supremacy had been complete for nearly half-a-century. It was not that the opinion of the country was essentially with the Whigs. Fear of a Papist Government, and mistrust of the party whose leaders favoured a revival of the Stuart dynasty, were powerful factors whose influence was intensified by the access of material prosperity which accompanied the policy of Walpole. Politics were practically dead; but the country felt secure under the fiscal administration of a great financier. The fall of Walpole, however, was approaching. He was essentially a peace minister. His efforts alone had kept England from participation in the war arising from the contest as to the succession to the throne of Poland; and his influence brought about the intervention of England and Holland for the restoration of peace. The country noted with growing suspicion that this end was attained at the price of a triumph of both branches of the House of Bourbon, which entered into a union, the result of which was the "Family Compact" between France and Spain, the main object of which was the ruin of the commercial supremacy of Great Britain. The trading classes, who had previously supported Walpole because of the success of his commercial prosperity, were goaded to madness by the conditions of the Treaty of Utrecht, their vexatious use by the Spaniards, and the non-compliance with them of the French. A strident clamour for war arose, and Walpole resisted it to the utmost. His position had been weakened by the death of the Queen; and it was now enfeebled yet more by the open hostility of the Prince of Wales, who, in his hatred of his father,





MRS. KNIGHT, SECOND WIFE OF LORD NUGENT

From an Engraving after a Painting by Sir G. Kneller

had come to hate his father's ministers as heartily as George II. had come to hate those of George I. The Tories were slowly returning to Parliament, and their numbers had now mounted to one hundred and ten. The numbers and violence of the "Patriots" had grown with the open patronage of Prince Frederick. The counties would not send a member to his support, and the country was now slowly turning against him. As his majority was drawn from the boroughs, it rested therefore on management, on corruption, and on the support of the trading classes. But with the cry for a commercial war the support of the trading class failed him. Even in his own Cabinet, although he had driven from it every man of independence, he was pressed at this juncture to yield by the Duke of Newcastle and his brother Henry Pelham, who were fast acquiring political importance from their wealth, and from their prodigal devotion of it to the purchase of parliamentary support. But it was not till he stood utterly alone that Walpole gave way, and that he consented in 1739 to a war against Spain.

His subsequent plans for a European coalition to oppose the designs of France and the Bourbons against Austria broke down; and when, in 1741, he advised Maria Theresa to purchase the aid of Frederick II. of Prussia against France and her allies by the session of part of Silesia, the "Patriots" spurred the Queen to refusal by promising her England's aid in the recovery of her full inheritance. Admiral Vernon was beaten before Carthagena; Walpole was charged, most unjustly, with thwarting and starving his operations; and the position of the minister was made still more difficult by George II. hurrying to Hanover, and in his dread of harm to his hereditary state, averting the entry of a French army by binding himself as Elector to neutrality in the war—a step which, notwithstanding that it was done without Walpole's knowledge, was laid to his charge.

Nugent was elected for St. Mawe's on May 12, and the new Parliament met at Westminster on December 1, 1741. Cornwall was pretty fully represented in the House by adherents of the Prince. To take only a few, we find at Truro, Charles Hamilton, Clerk of the Household to the Prince, James Hammond, Equerry to the Prince; at Bodmin, Thomas Laroche, Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince; at Camelford, Charles Montague, Auditor-General to the Prince for the County of Cornwall; and at St. Mawe's (with Nugent), James Douglass or Dowglas, Comptroller of the Household of the Prince. In this Parliament, Walpole found his majority reduced to sixteen; and in the opening of 1742 it dwindled to three, and he resigned.

Nugent was living on terms of great intimacy with the Prince of Wales; and as the Prince lacked money, while the rollicking Irishman was wealthy, they soon came to a mutual understanding. Nugent was made Comptroller of the Prince's household in 1747, and was always nominated to high office in his royal master's imaginary administrations, while the Prince borrowed large sums of money, which, though never repaid during his lifetime, were liquidated by George III. in "places, pensions, and peerages."

It was early in the following year (January 5, 1742) that the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Secker, waited on the Prince of Wales at Carlton House, with a message delivered to himself (as he said) by the Earl of Cholmondeley, from his Majesty, to the effect, that if his Royal Highness would write a letter of condescension to the King, his Majesty would give a gracious reception to him, his friends, those of his councils, and servants, who should all be provided for in due time; that the £50,000 per annum, and that all his debts should be paid with all convenient speed. To this message the Prince, no doubt feeling himself strong enough, having regard to Walpole's waning power, replied that he would embrace the first proper opportunity to throw himself at his Majesty's feet, and at that time should be far from prescribing terms for himself to his Majesty; but that he could not come to Court while Sir Robert Walpole presided in his Majesty's councils; that he looked upon him as the sole author of our grievances at home, and of our ill-success in the West Indies; and that the disadvantageous figure we then made in the Courts of Europe was to be attributed alone to him.

On February 3, after the debate on the Chippenham election, the Lord Chancellor signified his Majesty's pleasure that both Houses should severally adjourn. On the 8th, Sir Robert was presented at Court as Earl of Orford. He was persuaded to refuse a grant of £4000 a year during the King's life and his own, but could not be dissuaded from accepting a letter of honour from the King to grant his natural daughter, Maria, precedence as an earl's daughter. On the 11th he resigned. The result was rather the re-organization of the old Cabinet than the formation of a new one. Pulteney, the head of the "Patriots," was sent for by the King, but would accept no office, contenting himself with a peerage and a seat in the Cabinet, Carteret undertaking the Foreign Secretaryship. This arrangement, although made by Pulteney without communicating it to the Prince, received the sanction and respect of the latter, although numberless jealousies were excited among the Tories under the Duke of Argyll, the Jacobites and Chesterfield, Cobham, the Grenvilles, Lyttleton,

Pitt, and Dodington, the last-named of whom had not yet thrown in his lot with the Prince.

Nugent's first speech in the House appears to have been made in the famous debate on taking the Hanoverian troops into British pay. Sir William Yonge had moved the grant in Committee, and the debate had been continued by Sir John St. Aubyn, Waller, Horatio Walpole, Lord Quarendon, Henry Fox, Pitt, Egmont, then Lord Percival, and George Grenville, Nugent following Horatio Walpole, whom he attacked severely in his own sentences. I have thought it necessary, however, to give no more than the subjoined extract. The date is December 10, 1742, and the report is by Dr. Johnson in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

"Treason," Nugent replied, "is happily defined by our laws, and therefore every man may know when he is about to commit it, and avoid the danger of punishment, by avoiding the act which will expose him to it; but with regard to the 'borders' of treason, I believe no man will yet pretend to say how far they extend, or how soon, or with how little intention he may tread upon them. Unhappy would be the man who should be punished for bordering upon guilt, of which those fatal borders are to be dilated at pleasure by his judges. The law has hitherto supposed every man who is not guilty to be innocent; but now we find that there is a land of medium, in which a man may be in danger without guilt, and that in order to security, a new degree of caution is become necessary; for not only crimes, but the borders of crimes, are to be avoided.

"What improvements may be made upon this new system, how far the borders of treason may reach, or what pains and penalties are designed for the borderers, no degree of human sagacity can enable us to foresee. Perhaps the borders of royalty may become sacred, as well as the borders of treason criminal; and as every placeman, pensioner, and minister may be said to border on the Court, a kind of sanctity may be communicated to his character, and he that lampoons or opposes him may border upon treason."

The person so eloquently defended by Nugent was afterwards discovered to be no less a person than Earl Chesterfield, who shared the authorship of the pamphlet with Mr. Waller. The pamphlet he wrote was called *The Case of the Hanoverian Forces in the Pay of Great Britain*, and Horatio Walpole took so great an exception to it as to declare that "a price should be put upon the author's head, and the same reward offered for discovering him as is given for the conviction of wretches less criminal; that the lenity of the Government could not easily be distinguished from supineness and negligence, while libels like this were sold in shops

without fear or danger, while sedition was professedly prompted, and treason, or sentiments very nearly bordering upon treason, propagated without disguise!" The great impression which it made upon the public mind led him to answer it in another pamphlet, *The Interests of Great Britain steadily pursued*, which passed through three editions in as many weeks, and "was of considerable service in removing the prejudices excited by the declamation of opposition."

In 1745 came the Ministry of Henry Pelham. The general anger at the increased scope of the war proved fatal to Carteret, who had now become Lord Granville, and whose imperious temper had made him hateful to his colleagues. Carteret was driven from office by the Duke of Newcastle and Henry Pelham, the latter of whom headed the re-constituted Ministry. His temper disposed him to a policy of conciliation which re-united the Whigs. Chesterfield and the Whigs in opposition, with Pitt and the "Boys," all found room in the new administration; and even a few Tories were admitted.

On April 9 occurred a debate in the Commons on the Address for Courts-martial on Admirals Matthews, Lestock, and others. This arose out of the result of the blockade of the combined French and Spanish fleets in Toulon by the British fleet under Admiral Matthews. On February 9 the allied fleets had endeavoured to escape, and a general engagement followed. Owing to a bitter disagreement between Matthews and Lestock, the battle appears to have been grossly mismanaged by the English officers. No decisive result followed the first day's fight, and early the next morning the enemy was in full flight. Considerable ground had been gained in pursuit, when the English vessels were ordered to discontinue, and the combined fleets made good their escape. The Admiral, Matthews, and the Vice-Admiral, Lestock, mutually accused each other, and an Address in the Commons for Courts-martial was the result. Nugent spoke discursively, and expatiated at great length on one of his favourite subjects, the beneficial effects of great naval power on trade; he censured the conduct of the engagement with great acerbity, and offered himself, in the absence of any person better qualified for so important an undertaking, to "propose to the House such terms as shall appear to me most clear, emphatical, and comprehensive," and expressed a "hope to have the assistance of all those who desire the reparation of our honour and the revival of our virtue."

He was followed by Mr. George Grenville, then known as one of the most distinguished of the "Boy Patriots," and at that time

a lord of the Admiralty, who spoke in high praise of Nugent's arguments. In the end a court-martial was held, and although grave faults appear to have been committed on both sides, Admiral Matthews was removed from the service, and several other officers were punished.

In 1747 occurred a fresh General Election. On July 2 we find Nugent again returned, this time second to "William Clayton, Esq., commonly called Lord Sundon." That Parliament lasted till 1754.

No further speech of Nugent's is reported until December 1747, when a Bill was presented to the House to prohibit insurance on ships belonging to France for French merchandise during the war. Nugent warmly supported the Bill, and dwelt with great eloquence on the treasonable nature of the transactions which the Bill sought to prohibit. Murray, then Solicitor-General, opposed him at great length, and it need scarcely be said with high ability; but the Bill was committed, and afterwards passed without division, and subsequently became law. The debates, however, had been long and warm too, many of the merchants in the House of Commons undertaking to prove that the nation received (notwithstanding all the sums the insurers paid) vast benefit from insuring French property.

It fell to Murray also to answer the next speech of Nugent's. This was in the debate on the Address, in November 1748. Lord Barrington had moved the Address, which had been seconded by the Hon. Charles Yorke, the second son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. After him Nugent was the first speaker, and declared himself dissatisfied with the Address as being "a great deal too long and too particular." He did not wish to oppose the Address itself, but could not approve of the insertion of any words "which may imply the most distant approbation of the treaty of peace that had been concluded, because neither I, nor any gentleman in the House, can as yet have any parliamentary knowledge of that treaty, and because, from all the knowledge I have of it, I think it the worst of all the bad treaties England ever made." This was the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which had been signed in the preceding October. This speech was doubtless part of the policy of annoyance dictated by the Prince of Wales. It failed of practical effect, since the Address as originally moved was passed without a division.

The subject of Nugent's next speech in the House is not one of general interest, though in the course of the debate, which engaged the eloquence of Pitt, and Richard and George Grenville, the names and reputation of some of the judges were severely handled.

This was the Bill for holding summer assizes at Buckingham, and we only reproduce now the peroration, or at least the end of Nugent's speech, in the shape of a somewhat humorous allegory.

"Sir, I cannot avoid recollecting an accident that happened last summer at my house in the country. Among my other visitors I had an old sea-captain, who stayed some days with me. This old gentleman had been in many tempests, and many engagements at sea, but was never shipwrecked or wounded, nor had ever met with any other misfortune. One day as we were walking upon the side of a canal I have there, in which there was a little cock-boat, the old captain took it into his head to get into this cock-boat and put off upon the canal. I apprized him of his danger, by telling him the boat was too small, and besides, almost as old as himself; but the old gentleman was obstinate. Into the boat he goes, and puts off; but he had scarcely got into the middle of the canal, when down he goes, boat and all together, and my old captain was not only ducked over head and ears, but really in some danger of being drowned. Let our ministers apply this, Sir: they are got into a cock-boat; I would advise them to get out as soon as they can, lest they should meet with some disaster, more fatal than that my old captain met with."

We may now fairly turn to the estimate of the state of affairs between the Prince of Wales and the Ministry given by Mr. Smollett in his History, with his opinion of Nugent.[1]

"The Prince of Wales held a Court of Stannary, in quality of Duke of Cornwall, and revived some claims attached to that dignity which, had they been admitted, would have greatly augmented his influence among the Cornish boroughs. These efforts aroused the jealousy of the Administration, which had always considered them as an interest wholly dependent upon the Crown; and therefore the pretentions of his Royal Highness were opposed by the whole weight of the Ministry. His adherents, resenting these hostilities as an injury to their royal master, immediately joined the remnant of the former opposition in Parliament, and resolved to counteract all the ministerial measures that should fall under their cognizance; at least, they determined to seize every opportunity of thwarting the servants of the Crown, in every scheme or proposal that had not an evident tendency to the advantage of the nation. This band of auxiliaries was headed by the Earl of E——t,[2] Dr. Lee, and Mr.

[1] Smollett's continuation of Hume's *History of England*, iv. 4 (1805 ed.).

[2] Lord Egmont.

N——t. . . .[1] Mr. N——t was an orator of middling abilities, who harangued upon all subjects indiscriminately, and supplied with confidence what he wanted in capacity: he had been at some pains to study the business of the House, as well as to understand the machine of Government; and was tolerably well heard, as he generally spoke with an appearance of good humour, and hazarded every whimsical idea as it arose in his imagination. But Lord Bolingbroke is said to have been the chief spring which, in secret, actuated the deliberations of the Prince's Court. That nobleman, seemingly sequestered from the tumults of a public life, resided at Battersea, where he was visited like a sainted shrine by all the distinguished votaries of wit, eloquence, and political ambition. There he was cultivated and admired for the elegance of his manners and the charms of his conversation. The Prince's curiosity was first captivated by his character, and his esteem was afterwards secured by the irresistible address of that extraordinary personage, who continued in a regular progression to insinuate himself still further and further into the good graces of his royal patron. How far the conduct of his Royal Highness was guided by this nobleman we shall not pretend to determine, but certain it is, the friends of the Ministry propagated a report that he was the dictator of those measures which the Prince adopted; and that, under the specious pretext of attachment to the heir-apparent of the Crown, he concealed his real aim, which was to perpetuate the breach in the Royal Family."

It was in 1749 that that extraordinary creature, George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis, finding the state of his health incompatible with further service under the Crown, entered into that of the Prince of Wales. He must have seen a good deal of Nugent, although the references to the latter are not of great frequency. An entry in his diary under date November 15, 1749, runs—"Dined at Carleton House. The Prince, Earls of Carlisle and Egmont, Lord Chief-Justice Wilks, Lord Baltimore, Sir John Rushout, Messrs. Gibbon, Lee, Henley, Nugent, Sir Thomas Bootle and I. Agreed not to oppose the Address, unless there should be something very strong in it."

Apparently there was something "very strong in it," for Lord Egmont the next day made a violent and very injudicious speech against the Address, throwing out everything he could think of or had heard against the Ministry. Lord Baltimore said but little on the same side, and so the matter dropped, and the Address was voted.

[1] Mr. Nugent.

It was not to be supposed that Dodington's sudden accession to princely favour would pass unnoticed among so astute and experienced a body of intriguers as the coterie which then surrounded Frederick. Efforts were speedily made to render him ridiculous or uncomfortable or both, and Nugent seems to have been implicated in the plot. Dodington's diary supplies the details.

"1750, Feb. 4. Lord Middlesex, by the Prince's order, showed me a motion to be made the next day, for an account of the state of the port of Dunkirk, and the papers that had passed on that Subject. It was agreed that I should wait on the Prince the next day.

"Feb. 5. I waited on his Royal Highness, and told him that I was come to thank him for communicating the motion to me, which was more than any of my fellow-servants had condescended to do, since I came into his service. He made me a very embarrassed and perplexed answer. I then proceeded to say, that I had not been idle, but had been looking into several things, in order to form something proper to be laid before Parliament. That I had long had this particular point of Dunkirk under consideration; was determined to be at the expense to know, and to procure evidence of the state of it, but my acquaintance lay so much out of the mercantile way that I was at a loss to know how to go about it; that I had pitched upon Mr. Sheriff Jansen, being a trader himself, and much conversant in trade, as a proper person to inform and assist me; that the great sickness he fell into had till now disabled him from going out, and that yesterday was the first time I could get him to dinner. That I supposed, that though I was so unfortunate as not to be ready, his Royal Highness was well informed of all things necessary to make out the charge, etc. He said, No; but the throwing it out would make the Ministry feel that they had the *corde au col*, and it was an opportunity to abuse them, etc. I said that my idea had been to bring something of national weight, which I could fix by undeniable evidence upon them and leave it there. That if I could have brought this affair up to that point, then I had designed to lay it before his Royal Highness, with this only remark, how far he thought proper to venture the consequences with France, in the present condition of the country. He said, the Tories wanted something to be done, and if he did not do something, they immediately thought he was negociating. I told him also, that I had been for some time getting such lights as I could into the affair of Nova Scotia; that I designed to lay it before him, when I had thought it worthy of his consideration, but it

was my misfortune to think that it was necessary to be armed with full proof and conviction of every sort of the charge, before we brought it into the House. Upon that foot I submitted, that in case upon this question of Dunkirk, it should come out that the port was left just in the same condition it remained under the treaty of Utrecht, without any innovation since the war (the Ministry not having already enforced a stricter execution of that treaty, than ever had been enforced), it would not, I feared, make a very strong point against them. He was pleased to say, No, to be sure, so long an acquaintance would greatly diminish the objection. Upon these words I left him, and went directly to the House. In the debate I argued against the inexpediency and dangers (which were the objections set up by the Court to granting these papers) that there could be *none*, because if it appeared that there had been no innovation since the war, and that the post was in the state it had remained under the Treaty of Utrecht—though I did not give it up, but still did insist we had a right to a fuller execution of that treaty confirmed by this, and therefore I did not give it up. Yet, if that appeared to be the case, no danger or inconveniency could arise from the motion, because I was sure that I, for one, would not, and I believed that no gentleman, upon that account, would move anything, that might occasion a rupture with France.

"At the end of the debate, Lord Egmont, who made the motion, recapitulated what had been said against it. He began by going out of his way to say that he must first declare that he was sorry to differ with me, but did not agree that it would be sufficient to excuse the Ministry, if it should appear, as I had stated it, that things had remained at Dunkirk as they were before the war, etc. I was much surprised at this, considering the expressions of his Royal Highness a few hours before. We were beat by a very great majority. This night was published the vilest and most rancorous pamphlet against me that, I believe, any age or country can show; the author of it taking, by implication, the character of being in the Prince's service.

"Feb. 6. Went to Lord Middlesex with the words (as near as I could recollect) written down which I used in the debate, and which he had heard. He agreed to them. I then desired him to lay them before the Prince (who was at Kew, and was come to see Lady Middlesex on her miscarriage), and in my name to complain, both of the pamphlet, and of the behaviour I met with —which he undertook. Mr. Ralph and Dr. Sharpe came after dinner; much conversation about the pamphlet, which Lord Middlesex told me in the morning the Prince had told Lady

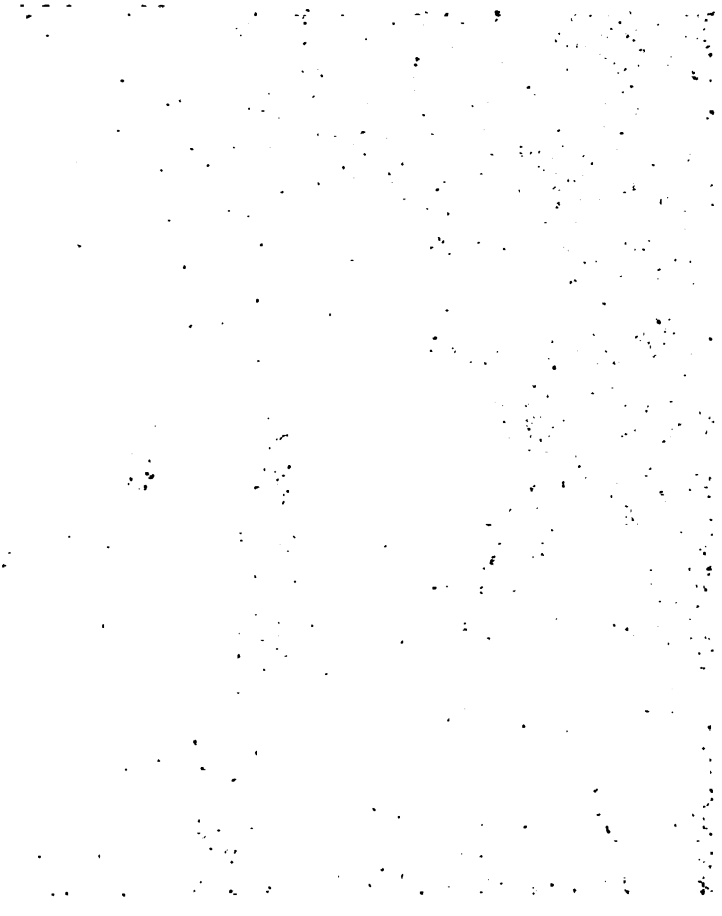
Middlesex (before he went to Kew) was sent him in a letter on Friday night; that he was much incensed at it; that he had immediately sent to Mr. Nugent, examined him upon it, and he had absolutely denied it with detestation and abhorrence; that he had questioned the Earl of Egmont upon it, who had done the same. Mr. Furnese came, who had had a conversation with Lord Baltimore of his (Lord Baltimore's) own seeking when in wine, and renewed when sober, in which that Lord declared that there was a combination of the whole family against me, that they were, as he said, in a round Robin; that I endeavoured to govern and supplant them; that they talked of me with the utmost inveteracy; that *he* was my friend, but, however, he would keep his connections, etc."

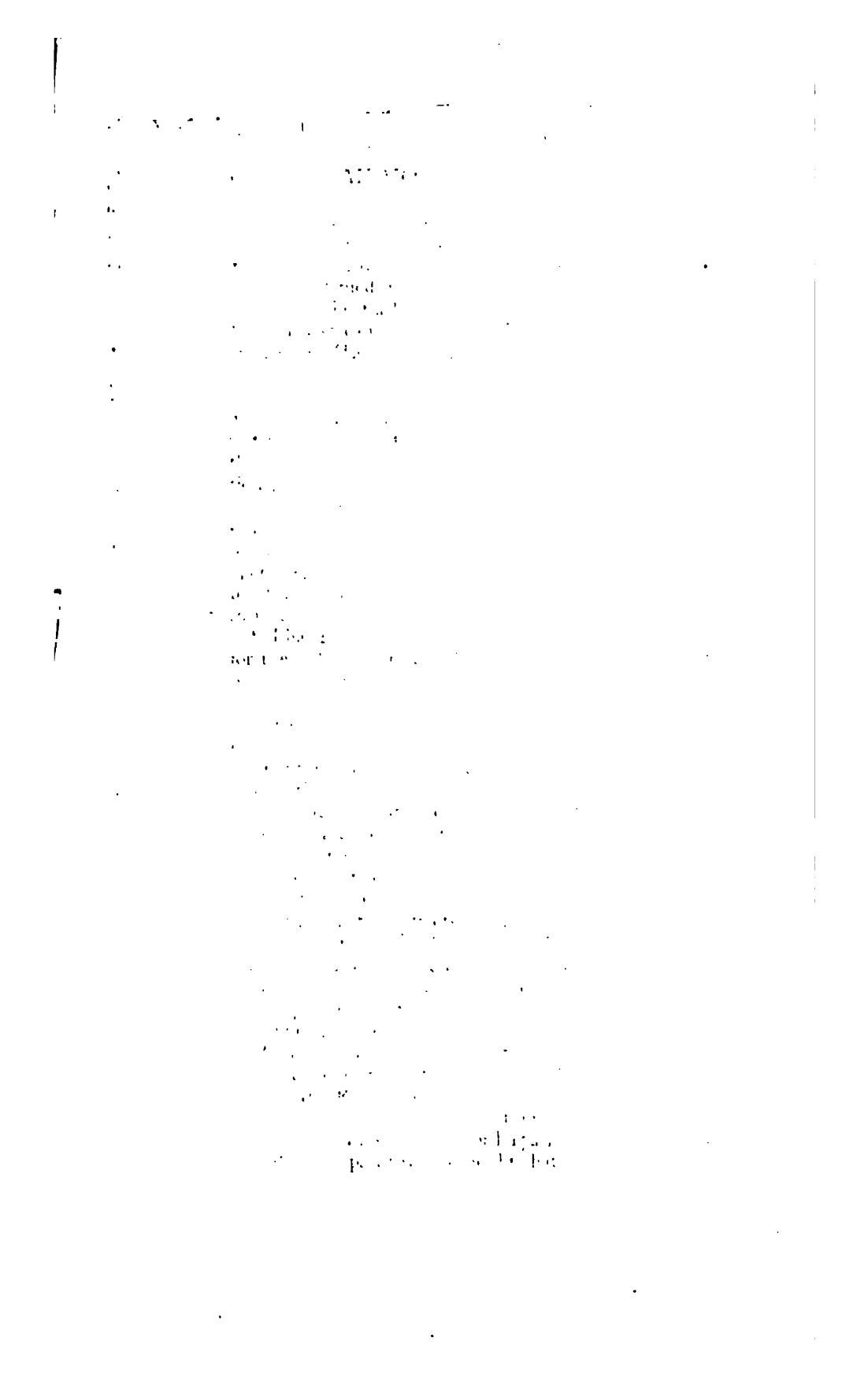
And so the affair went on, the Prince evidently wishing to retain the services of a valuable ally, and "the family" equally obviously desirous to be rid of him, but shrinking from giving open expression to their dislike. On the ninth, Dodington, still bursting to make a communication to the Prince, is allowed to do so in the presence of Dr. Lee. He goes on—

"That I must, in the first place, return my most humble thanks for the indignation he had expressed against the vile and rancorous pamphlet which had been published against me, etc. He said that, as soon as it was sent to him he saw that it was designed to personate Mr. Nugent; that he immediately sent for him, who denied every part of it with the utmost abhorrence; that Lord Egmont did the same, etc., just as Lord Middlesex related. I replied that I had never thought so basely of either of them as to suspect them; that if I had been so injurious to either, yet after so solemn a denial before the highest tribunal their master, their prince, near being their king, every trace or thought of such a suspicion must be for ever laid out of the question; but that it was evident that the character assumed was of one of the family."

Dodington then affects to believe that none of "the family" is implicated in the libel, but shrewdly recognizes that he is not liked by its members, and that there is, in fact, a combination against him, and lightly blames the Prince for having led him into a false position. Here, so far as we know, ends the episode of the scurrilous pamphlet.

Prior to this, however, Nugent had spoken thrice. Once on a grant to be made to the city of Glasgow for losses sustained during the Rebellion, which he opposed with some very shrewd reasoning, although the Resolution appears to have passed without a division. This was in April 1749. The opposition was one of the Prince's party who thought that the city of Glasgow had no





ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF BERKLEY

From an Engraving after a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

particular claim of favour prior to that of other places in the United Kingdom; some of the members from the northern counties of England, through which the rebels had marched, observing that if every place that had suffered from them were to bring in a bill of their damages the expense would be endless.

The other occasions were debatings on the number of seamen, Lord Barrington having moved that 10,000 men be employed for the Sea Service for the year 1750, and on the Mutiny Act. Nugent admitted the imperative necessity of frugality, but pleaded with great cogency and keen common-sense, for the preservation of our strength at sea. Nearly 30,000 men he stated had already been disbanded from the navy; "and if we now add 5000 more to that number, God knows how many of them may put it out of our power ever again to press them into our service; for whatever opinion we may have of their merit, every one knows that it has justice done to it by those who are our most dangerous rivals in naval power, and who now at last seemed to have learned that it is impossible to have either commerce or colonies, without a sufficient naval force to protect them in time of war"—an utterance which has lost nothing of point or significance even at the present day. The speech on the Mutiny Bill, which exhibits considerable argumentative ability, is chiefly remarkable as having been in opposition to Sir Henry Fox's plea for an oath of secrecy at courts-martial. This was on January 23, 1750.

Then follows the famous debate on the port and harbour of Dunkirk, of which Dodington complains. Nugent's contribution to it was very able, but it was also very long, and no purpose can be served by quoting it here. In the debate on the number of seamen for the year 1751, Nugent followed the same course he had adopted in the estimates for the preceding year. Lord Barrington proposed to employ only 8000 seamen, and Nugent declared that 20,000 seamen was the least the Government should always have in its service. In that respect, and his general support of the commercial interests of the country, Nugent's consistency seems to have been unimpeachable.

In January 1751 (16th) we find Nugent still on terms with the Prince, and dining at "Carleton" House with the Prince, Lords Granby, Middlesex, Carlisle, Egmont,[1] Limerick, Sir John Rushout, Sir Thomas Bootle, Dr. Lee, Messrs. Bathurst, Henley, Gibbon, and Dodington.

The Prince of Wales died on March 20, 1751, and Nugent made his peace with the Pelham Ministry.

[1] John, second Earl.

"The year 1753," says Lord Campbell, "is memorable in the life of Lord Hardwicke, by his Jew Bill and his Marriage Bill, for both of which I think he deserves credit. From the fatuous fears and furious cries which the former occasioned, it has generally been represented as 'a bill by its own vigour at once to confer all the rights of natural born British subjects on all foreign Jews who might set foot on English ground;' whereas it merely allowed bills to be brought in for naturalizing Jews without their having the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the Church of England, or, in other words, to allow that a Jew might be naturalized by Act of Parliament. After some sharp debates the Bill passed both Houses, and received the royal assent, but, from there being no reports of parliamentary proceedings printed, its nature was so grossly misrepresented, that great odium was cast upon the Chancellor as its author; and the Bishop of Norwich, who voted for it, soon after, holding a confirmation, was called upon by the mob 'to administer the rite of circumcision,' and a paper was affixed to the church doors, stating that 'next day being Saturday, his Lordship would confirm the Jews, and on the following day, the Christians.' Such was the ferment in the nation that ministers became alarmed—particularly as a general election was approaching—and in a very dastardly manner they agreed to abandon this measure, which, if persisted in, might have introduced, upon reflection, a more liberal feeling into the public mind, and accelerated by a century the religious freedom which we now enjoy."

The following is Nugent's contribution to the debate on the Jews' Naturalization Bill,[1] delivered April 17, 1753—

"Sir, although it is not very usual or proper to take notice in this House of what passed in the other, yet the hon. gentleman who spoke last obliges me to notice it so far as to observe, to the honour of the reverend bench, that the Bill now before us was opposed by very few of them. On the contrary, it was strenuously supported by some of them, which shews, that our present set of bishops have thrown off those old prejudices, and that persecuting spirit, which has for so many ages been the bane of Christianity; and that they have embraced those truly Christian principles, which so strongly inculcate humility, meekness and charity, and teach us to love even our enemies. But, Sir, it was not only from the fundamental principles of Christianity that they supported this Bill, for in duty to their religion they were bound to support, and

[1] Debate in the Commons on the Jews' Naturalization Bill, April 17, 1753.

to contribute as much as in them lay towards its being passed into a law, because it will tend towards the propagation of the religion they profess, and because it will prevent the profanation of one of the most sacred and solemn mysteries of our holy religion.

"As to the propagation of the Christian religion, Sir, I do not think there is anything that will contribute more towards the conversion of the Jews than that of freeing them from all manner of persecution, and empowering, and even inviting, them to become purchasers of land estates. From all histories we may learn, that persecution on one side begets obstinacy on the other; and from late experience we may be convinced, that a general indulgence promotes a free enquiry, and prepares the way for reason and sound argument, which will always at last prevail, when the stumbling-blocks of passion and prejudice are removed. Besides this, Sir, there is a fashion in religion as well as in everything else: it is unfashionable to be of a religion different from that established in the country in which we live; and even in this country there are many advantages attending a man's being of the established religion; for unless he is, he can neither be a magistrate of any city or borough, nor can he hold any office of honour or profit under our Government. And as I am fully convinced, that reason and solid argument are on the side of our established religion, I am therefore of opinion, that as soon as we have removed passion and prejudice by indulgence, reason and solid argument, with the assistance of fashion, and the advantages to be acquired by yielding to them, will at last prevail; and that the son or grandson of every Jew who becomes a landholder, if not the purchaser himself, will embrace Christianity, and declare himself of the religion established by law. In this opinion, Sir, I am confirmed by the example of what has passed in Ireland; for most of the landholders in that kingdom are now become Protestants. The farmers indeed and cottagers, at least such as are originally Irish, and too many of the tradesmen in their cities and villages, continue still to be Papists, but most of the landholders have now, thank God! abandoned that superstitious religion; and I do not at all wonder at it; for it is so much in the nature of mankind, whether Christian, Jew, or Gentile, after they become possessed of opulent land estates, to aim at honours and preferments, and to hate being out of the fashion, that nothing can prevent their complying with this human passion, but a superstitious bigotry, founded upon ignorance, and raised to the summit of enthusiastic madness by persecution.

"Now, Sir, with regard to the profanation of one of the most sacred mysteries of our religion: by the law, as it now stands, no Jew can be naturalized, without first receiving the Sacrament of

the Lord's Supper according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, or in some Protestant church or chapel: would it not be a most abominable profanation of this holy mystery to admit any Jew, still continuing in his heart a Jew, to be a partaker in this mystery? In the Jew himself, indeed, it would be no profanation, because he did not believe there was anything religious or sacred in the ceremony; but in Christians, who lay him under the necessity to do so, it is a profanation, and in my opinion a very heinous offence against the religion we profess. To avoid this for the future was, I am persuaded, a prevailing argument with the reverend bench in the other House, and I think it ought to be a prevailing argument in favour of the Bill with every true Christian in this.

"Thus, Sir, I hope I have shown, that what is proposed by this Bill is so far from being inconsistent with our religion, that it is absolutely necessary for preventing a very great abuse, and an abuse that has actually been practised, if I am rightly informed; for I have been told that in King William's time, there were some Jews who actually complied with the law, by receiving the Sacrament, in order to their being naturalized; and, indeed, I do not see how any clergyman of our Established Church can safely refuse administering the Sacrament to any man who requires it, if he professes himself of the Church of England, and cannot be accused of having been guilty of any heinous offence; for even a reputed Jew may have privately received baptism and confirmation, without its being known to the clergyman from whom he requires the Sacrament; and it is now, I think, admitted, that a clergyman is liable to an action if he refuses administering the Sacrament without just cause, and the person requiring it suffers damage by such refusal.

"I have likewise shewn, I hope, Sir, that the passing of this Bill into a law may contribute towards the propagation of our religion, by converting many of the richest Jew families, which would of course produce the conversion of many of the poor; and it can be of no dangerous consequence to our religion; for I never heard that the Jews busied themselves in making converts either in this country or any other, and, I believe, we have no reason to apprehend that any Englishman will submit to be circumcised, or swear never to taste a Yorkshire ham, or a bit of good pork or bacon. Therefore, this Bill is so far from being inconsistent with the prophecies relating to the Jews, that in my opinion it has a tendency towards the completion of them: I hope the time is now come, or near coming, when the times of the Gentiles are to be fulfilled, and not only the Jews but all the Gentiles converted

to the Christian faith; for though no one can with any certainty point out the ways of Providence, yet from experience we may see, that universal charity and indulgence, which are so pathetically recommended by the Christian religion, is the most effectual method for inducing all men to submit to reason and the true principles of the Christian religion, as now professed in this kingdom.

"But it is not only to our religion, Sir, that this Bill, if passed into a law, may be of advantage; it will, likewise, be of great advantage to the State, and to the nation and people in general. The Jews, Sir, by their knowledge in trade, and their correspondence over the whole known world, have been of great service in all countries where they have been encouraged to settle. They contributed greatly towards the establishment of the Dutch trade and commerce in the infancy of that wise republic; and it was they chiefly that raised the city of Amsterdam to that height of splendour and riches at which it is now arrived. On the other hand, we know that Spain and Portugal have been in some measure ruined by banishing them their country; for neither of these kingdoms have now any trade but to their own colonies, and even a great part of that is carried on by foreigners under the borrowed names of Spaniards or Portuguese. But, Sir, we need not go beyond sea to look for the advantage a nation may read from having the Jews settled in it; for ever since they were readmitted into this country, they have been in many respects useful to us. In the reign of Charles II., when they began again to settle in this country, they contributed greatly to increase our exports; though but a few of them were admitted by letters of denization from the King, with a *non obstante* clause in each for freeing them from the payment of the aliens' duty; yet before the Revolution they began to have a large concern in our foreign trade. Of this we have an incontestable proof upon record; for these *non obstante* clauses being at the Revolution deemed and declared to be illegal, a question arose, whether these Jew denizens were liable to aliens' duty, and an action was brought against some of them for no less a sum than £58,000 for goods they had imported and exported during the year 1689, which shews how much the few Jews we had then among us contributed to the increase of our trade and commerce; for we cannot reckon the value of the goods imported and exported by them within that time at less than double the sum laid in the information brought against them. And since the Revolution we all know how useful they have been, both by exporting our manufactures, and by supplying our Government with large sums of money for carrying on the expensive wars we have been necessarily engaged in.

"From what is past, therefore, Sir, we may judge with some certainty of what is to come, and, consequently, of what will be the effect of the Bill now before us, if passed into a law. In my opinion, it will bring rich Jews from all parts of the world to settle amongst us, which, besides increasing our trade, will be of great use to the State, whether we continue in peace, or be again involved in war. If we continue in peace, such an accession of wealth will reduce the interest payable upon our public funds below what it is to be by the laws now in being, at the same time that the consumption of these new families will increase the produce of the taxes appropriated to the payment of these funds; and if we should be unhappily engaged in a new war, this Bill will then appear to be not only useful but necessary; for as we can carry on no war without borrowing money yearly, we must find lenders as well as funds, and this Bill will furnish us with a number of persons who have money to lend, and at the same time encourage and enable them to come and spend the yearly interest of their money amongst us. That this Bill will be of advantage to the State is, therefore, evident; and it is as evident, I think, that it will be of advantage to our landholders, by raising the price of lands over the whole kingdom, which will of course occasion their improvement; for if a landholder, by laying out £1000 upon improving his estate, can add £50 a year to his income, and cannot add above £30 a year by laying out the same sum of money upon a new purchase, he will certainly improve rather than purchase; and the improvement is not only an advantage to the nation in general, but furnishes employment for numbers of our laborious poor, neither of which is the consequence of a man's making a new purchase. Then, with regard to our farmers, the accession of a number of rich families will of course procure them a better market for the produce of their farms; and our manufacturers of all kinds will reap an advantage not only by the increase of the consumption of their manufactures at home, but also by the increase of their exportation abroad. In short, Sir, I know no set of men in the kingdom that will not be benefited by this Bill, except those merchants and shopkeepers who love to deal at an extravagant profit; but such men, surely, deserve no encouragement, much less any privilege from the public. Thus, Sir, if we regard our interest, we must, I think, be for passing this Bill into a law."

Sir John Barnard—

"Sir, I am sorry I should find myself under a necessity to speak against those I have long lived and conversed with, and for many of whom I have a particular esteem; but whilst I have the honour

of a seat in this House, no personal friendships or connections shall induce me to keep silence, when I see anything brought into this House, which, I think, will be not only injurious but dishonourable to my country. If this Bill had been general: if it had been a Bill to open a way for the naturalization of all Mahometans, and Pagans, as well as Jews, I should more readily have agreed to it, because it would not have brought such a reflection upon us as Christians: such a general Bill, like the late Bill for a general naturalization of all foreign Protestants, might have been deemed to proceed, as that Bill did, from some mistaken maxim in politics; but to give a particular invitation to the Jews, really seems as if we contemned, and were resolved to abandon, the religion we now profess. The Jews, Sir, are, and always have been, the most professed enemies to Christianity, and the greatest revilers of Christ himself: they are the offspring of those that crucified our Saviour, and to this day labour under the curse pronounced against them upon that account. I know, Sir, that, as a Christian, I am obliged to love my enemy; but whilst he continues to be so, no precept of Christianity enjoins me to take him under my roof, much less to put him in a way of making himself master both of me and my roof; and how the hon. gentleman who spoke last, could imagine, that the possession of a land estate should have an influence upon a man's religious principles, I cannot comprehend. If any Jew should be so loose as to all principles of religion, as to abjure the religion of his ancestors for the sake of being in the fashion, or for the sake of acquiring any honour or preferment, surely his desire of possessing a land estate will be an additional motive for his declaring himself Christian, when he finds he cannot otherwise acquire such a possession."

Campbell's Lives, v. 123.—Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, with considerable modifications and improvements, remains in force, and regulates in England the most important of all contracts—upon which civil society itself depends. Hitherto the old canon law had prevailed, according to which a valid marriage was constituted either by the mere consent of the parties, or by the presence of a priest in orders, at any time or place, without the sanction of parents or guardians, although one or both of the parties might be under age—and without any registration or public act affording the means of knowing whether such a marriage had been contracted. This does seem to me a very defective state of the law, although it exists in the northern part of the island, and is there defended by sensible men. It is of importance for the protection of minors that they should not be permitted to enter into this contract by their own mere fantasy, when they are

wholly incapacitated to enter into others of the most trifling nature; and it is important to society in general, that a form—simple and notorious—should be specified, which shall be essential, and which shall be sufficient, for constituting the contract, and the evidence of which shall be open to all mankind.

Various striking instances of the inconveniences and hardships resulting from the then existing law had recently occurred. Young heirs and heiresses, scarcely grown out of infancy, had been inveigled into mercenary and disgraceful matches; and persons living together as husband and wife for many years, and become the parents of a numerous offspring, were pronounced to be in a state of concubinage, their children being bastardized because the father had formerly entangled himself in some promise which amounted to a pre-contract, and rendered his subsequent marriage a nullity.

A multitude of clergymen, usually prisoners for debt, and almost always men of notoriously evil lives, made it their business to celebrate clandestine marriages in or near the Fleet. They performed the ceremony without licence or question, sometimes without knowing the names of the persons they united, in public-houses, hovels, or garrets. They acknowledged no ecclesiastical superior. Almost every tavern or handy shop in the neighbourhood had a Fleet parson in its pay. Notices were placed in the windows, and agents went out in every direction to solicit the passers-by. A more pretentious and perhaps more popular establishment was in Curzon Street, where the Rev. Alexander Keith officiated. He was said to have made a 'very bishopric of revenue' by clandestine marriages, and the expression can hardly be exaggerated if it be true, as was asserted in Parliament, that he had married on an average 6000 couples every year. He himself stated that he had married many thousands, the great majority of whom had not known each other more than a week, and many only a day or half a day. Young and inexperienced heirs fresh from college, and even from school, were thus continually entrapped. A passing frolic, the excitement of drink, an almost momentary passion, the deception or intimidation of a few unprincipled confederates, were often sufficient to drive or inveigle them into sudden marriages, which blasted all the prospects of their lives. In some cases, when men slept off a drunken fit, they heard to their astonishment that, during its continuance, they had gone through the ceremony. When the fleet came in and the sailors flocked on shore to spend their pay in drink and among prostitutes, they were speedily beleaguered, and 200 or 300 marriages constantly took place within a week. Among the more noted instances of clandestine mar-

riages we find that of the Duke of Hamilton with Miss Gunning, that of the Duke of Kingston with Miss Chudleigh, that of Henry Fox with the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, that of the Poet Churchill, who at the age of seventeen entered into a marriage which contributed largely to the unhappiness of his life. The state of the law seemed, indeed, ingeniously calculated to promote both the misery and the immorality of the people, for which there was every facility for contracting the most inconsiderate marriages: divorce, except by a special Act of Parliament, was absolutely unattainable. It is not surprising that contracts so lightly entered into should have been as lightly violated. Desertion, conjugal infidelity, bigamy, fictitious marriages celebrated by sham priests, were the natural and frequent consequence of the system. In many cases in the Fleet registers names were suppressed or falsified, and marriages fraudulently ante-dated, and many households, after years of peace, were convulsed by some alleged pre-contract or clandestine tie. It was proved before Parliament that on one occasion there had been 2954 Fleet marriages in four months, and it appeared from the memorandum-books of Fleet parsons that one of them made £57 in marriage fees in a single month, that another had married 173 couples in a single day.[1] . . .

In the public prisons—particularly in the Fleet—there were degraded and profligate parsons ready, for a small fee, to marry all persons at all hours there, or to go when sent for to perform the ceremony in taverns or in brothels. The public attention had been particularly drawn to the subject by a case of very flagrant oppression, which had appeared on the hearing of an appeal before the House of Lords,[2] and the judges were ordered to prepare a Bill to remedy the evils complained of. Their Bill did not please the Chancellor, who himself undertook the task with great earnestness. His own performance was not in great taste. He declared null all marriages which were not celebrated by a priest in orders, either under banns or licence, declaring in the case of minors the licence void without the consent of parents or guardians—the banns to be for three successive Sundays in the parish church—and the

[1] Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, i. 490.

[2] According to Mr. Lecky, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, i. 492, "the first step in this direction was taken by Lord Bath, who, when attending a Scotch trial, was struck by the hardship of a case, in which a man, after a marriage of thirty years, was claimed by another woman on the ground of a precontract." This very probably has a strong bearing upon the illegality of Colonel Nugent's marriage with Elizabeth Vernon.

granting of ordinary and special licences to be subject to certain regulations—the ceremony to be performed by a priest according to the liturgy of the Church of England. The first great blot upon the measure was, that it required Roman Catholics, Dissenters, and others who might have serious scruples of conscience against being married according to the prescribed service (the least felicitous in the English Liturgy) to submit to it,—or debarred them from matrimony altogether. , Another serious defect was, that no provision was made by it respecting the marriage out of England of persons domiciled in England, so as to prevent the easy invasion of it by trip to Gretna Green. The measure was likewise highly objectionable in making no provision for the marriage of illegitimate children—who had no parents recognized by law, and could only have guardians by an application to the Court of Chancery,—and in declaring marriages which were irregular by reason of unintentional mistakes in banns or licences absolutely void, although the parties might live long together as man and wife, having a numerous issue considered legitimate until the discovery of the irregularity.

Lord Hardwicke laid the Bill on the table and explained its provisions at the commencement of the Session. On the second reading, the Duke of Bedford made a speech against it, but it passed easily through the Lords. In the Commons, however, it experienced the most furious opposition, particularly from Henry Fox, who was supposed to feel very deeply upon the subject, because he himself had run off with Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and married her without the consent of her family.

"I cannot compliment him or the other opposers of the Bill," continues Lord Campbell, "on the topics they employed." Instead of pointing out its real defects, which in practice were found oppressive and mischievous, they absurdly denied the right of Parliament to legislate upon the subject; they dwelt upon the aristocratic tendency of the Bill; they denounced it as leading to vice and immorality; they prophesied that it would thin our population, and endanger our existence as a nation. Fox, who kept the Bill in Committee many nights, became so heated by his own opposition to it against Murray, the Solicitor-General, and other lawyers who defended it, that he inveighed bitterly against all lawyers and their jargon. He even indulged in a personal attack upon its author, whom he designated "the Great Mufti," whom he accused of pride and arrogance, and whose motives in bringing it forward he described as selfish and sordid. On a subsequent evening he made an apology for those expressions, and

declared his high respect for the learning and integrity of the noble lord he was supposed to have alluded to.

The Bill at last passed the Commons by a majority of 125 to 56, and was sent back to the Lords.

Mr. Lecky, in the *History* already quoted,[1] says, "With large classes of the community the easy process of Fleet marriages was very popular. On the day before the new law came into force no less than 300 were celebrated, and a bold attempt was made by a clergyman named Wilkinson to perpetuate the system at the Savoy. He claimed, by virtue of some old privileges attaching to that quarter, to be extra-parochial, and to have the right of issuing licences himself, and he is said to have actually celebrated as many as 1400 clandestine marriages after the Marriage Act had passed. By the instrumentality of Garrick, one of whose company had been married in this manner in 1756, a Savoy licence passed into the hands of the Government, and the trial and transportation of Wilkinson and his curate put an end to clandestine marriages in England. Those who desired them, however, found a refuge in Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Guernsey, and in 1760 there were always vessels ready at Southampton to carry fugitive lovers to the latter island."

Nugent's speech, May 7, 1753, was as follows—

"Sir, I know the disadvantage I labour under when I stand up to oppose the Bill now under our consideration. All the most tender passions that can agitate the human breast militate in its favour: love for children, compassion for betrayed innocence, the honour of our families, all plead strongly for our passing it into a law. Likewise the high character of those who brought in the Bill must give every gentleman a bias in its favour; more especially the great opinion which the world so deservedly have, of the solid judgment of that noble lord who was at so much pains in the other House to render it perfect, and who has given so many and so great testimonies of his warm concern for the good of his country. All these, I say, Sir, conspire together in favour of this Bill; and yet my way of thinking is such, that for the good of the public, nay, for the good of mankind, and for the sake of that reverence which I shall always have for that sacred engagement called marriage, I think myself bound in duty to oppose the passing of this Bill into a law. I hope the hon. and learned gentleman will excuse me when I call the marriage contract sacred, after he has been at so much pains to shew that it is in no way more sacred than any other contract. But I must

[1] Lecky, *Eighteenth Century*, i. 498.

beg leave to say, that in my opinion, if there can be a religious and sacred engagement amongst mortals, the marriage contract is such; and it is for the interest of mankind that it should be thought to be so. I am as much an enemy to superstition as any gentleman in this House; but I am afraid, that if we go about to abolish all manner of superstition, we shall abolish religion itself: like Jack in the tale, we shall tear our coat to pieces by going too roughly to work in tearing off the lace and embroideries; and both men and women are so apt in this age to forget and transgress the marriage vow, that I am far from thinking it a proper time for endeavouring to remove, even that superstitious character of sanctity, which our ancestors wisely took care to stamp upon it in the minds of the people. Whether the legislative authority can declare void and null a marriage vow, or indeed any vow that has nothing irreligious or immoral in the performance, is a question that I must suppose the Reverend Bench maturely considered, before they consented to this Bill; but I never yet heard that the legislative authority of this kingdom took upon them to dispense with any oath or vow that was not, from its own nature originally, or had not from some future accident become in itself void and null, if it was made by such persons as could any way be supposed capable of knowing the nature of the oath or vow they had made.

"As to the practice of the primitive Christians, or rather the practice of the first Christian emperors, though I am no civilian, yet I have heard civilians talk upon the subject of divorces by mutual consent; and according to their opinion, it was a practice rather permitted than authorized. Amongst the heathen Romans a most extensive liberty of divorce or repudiation had for a long time been allowed, though contrary even to their old law, and to the very definition they gave of marriage; and when Christianity was established among them, their emperors were obliged to indulge them with some sort of liberty in this respect, not because it was agreeable to religion, or even to the good of society, but for the same reason that the great lawgiver of the Jews indulged them in several things, because of the hardness of their hearts. As if we were to introduce this custom again into this country, I am persuaded many a husband would treat his wife with rigour and severity, and even with cruelty, on purpose to force her to consent to a divorce, in order that he might marry another woman who was richer, or whom he thought handsomer; and many a wife would treat her husband and his affairs with contempt and neglect, on purpose to force him to consent to a divorce, that she might marry another man she liked better, or perhaps merely for the

sake of novelty. Therefore I have said, that this liberty of divorce by mutual consent is as little agreeable to the good of society, as it is to the principles of the purest Christianity. But by this Bill we are to go a great deal further: we are to introduce divorces without the consent of either of the married parties; for to declare a marriage void, if not celebrated with all the punctilios prescribed by this Bill, is really to divorce the husband and wife from each other, and to oblige them, if they live together, not to live as husband and wife, but as w——e and rogue; so that, according to the late merry catch, 'w——e and rogue will no more be called husband and wife,' but on the contrary, husband and wife will be called w——e and rogue, and be actually treated as such by law.

"But now, Sir, supposing that the legislature has power, or rather a right, to prescribe what forms and ceremonies it pleases to the marriage contract, and to declare every marriage void and null, where all the punctilios prescribed are not exactly observed, which, notwithstanding the authority of the reverend bench, I am far from being satisfied about, yet the Bill now before us I must be against, because I think it absolutely inconsistent with the public good of this kingdom. The other House had some reason, and some sort of right, to agree to it, because they represent themselves and those of their own body only, and because, should the Bill be passed into a law, they will thereby gain a very considerable and a very particular advantage; for they will in a great measure secure all the rich heiresses in the kingdom to those of their own body. An old miser, even of the lowest birth, is generally ambitious of having his only daughter married to a lord, and a guardian has generally some selfish view, or some interest to serve, by getting his rich ward married to the eldest son of some duke, marquiss, or earl; so that when a young commoner makes his addresses to a rich heiress, he has no friend but his superior merit, and that little deity called love, whose influence over a young lady always decreases as she increases in years; for by the time she comes of age, pride and ambition seizes possession of her breast likewise, and banishes from thence the little deity called love, or if he preserves a corner for his friend, it is only to introduce him as a gallant, not a husband. Therefore I may prophesy, that if this Bill passes into a law, no commoner will ever marry a rich heiress, unless her father be a minister of state, nor will a peer's eldest son marry the daughter of a commoner, unless she be a rich heiress.

"From hence will appear, Sir, the particular advantage which the other House had in passing the Bill; and they are not chosen by the people: we have often found that they shew no great regard in

the interest of the people, when it happens to come in competition with the particular interest of their own body. But we in this House, Sir, represent the people, and as the interest of the people and that of the nation must always be the same, whatever advantage may accrue to our noble and rich families from this Bill, if it be against the national interest and that of the people, we ought not to consent to its being passed into a law. As to the national interest, I think it is allowed, that to prevent the accumulation of wealth, and to disperse it as much as possible through the whole body of the people, is a maxim religiously observed in every well-regulated society. Riches is the blood of the body politic: it must be made to circulate: if you allow it to stagnate, or if too much of it be thrown into any one part, it will destroy the body politic as the same cause often does the body natural: if this Bill passes, our quality and rich families will daily accumulate riches by marrying only one another; and what sort of breed their offspring will be, we may easily judge: if the gout, the gravel, and madness are always to wed together, what a hopeful generation of quality and rich commoners shall we have amongst us! What a fine appearance they will make at the head of our army, should we ever happen to be invaded by a foreign enemy!

"Besides this, Sir, the Bill plainly tends towards introducing into this country a distinction, which is inconsistent with our constitution. In other countries they have distinctions established and still kept up, between what they call their noblesse and their burghers, boors, or *roturiers*. In some countries a nobleman loses his estate if he marries below his rank; and in France one of their noblesse must not marry a *roturière*. What is the consequence, especially in France? The marriages of their quality are something like the marriages of sovereign princes: the bride and bridegroom sometimes have never seen one another till they meet to be married. Can any love or affection be expected between such a married couple? Accordingly, it for the most part happens: the bride goes to bed, perhaps, the first night with the bridegroom, but the next, if not before, with her gallant; and conjugal love or fidelity is now become so rare in that country, that it is deemed scandalous for a lady of quality not to have a gallant, or for a man of quality to be seen in any public diversion with his wife, unless his mistress be known to be in company. Can any man be desirous of introducing such customs into this country? Yet such customs will certainly be the consequence, as our quality and rich people will by this Bill acquire the absolute disposal of their children in marriage; for whilst the father is alive,

even the Court of Chancery is to have no power to authorize a proper marriage without his consent, let his refusal be never so whimsical or selfish.

"In this country, Sir, we as yet know of no distinctions with regard to marriage: a gentleman's, a farmer's daughter is a match for the eldest son of the best lord in the land, and perhaps a better match than his father would chuse for him, because she will bring good and wholesome blood into the family. It is this equality that gives such spirit to our middling sort of gentlemen, and to our common people in general: it is this that makes the infantry of our army superior to any in the world. And I believe it would no way derogate from the health, strength or spirit of our nobility, if, out of pure love, they marry the daughters of our middling sort of gentlemen oftener than they do; for the offspring of conjugal love have generally more spirit, and more sense too, than the offspring of conjugal duty. But such marriages will be rendered almost impossible by this Bill. At present, indeed, our nobility are not quite so squeamish as those of France or Germany: they do not shrink, nor do our laws render it beneath them to marry the daughter of a tradesman or merchant, if she be one whose father has heaped up, by whatever means, a large sum of money, and has no child but her; and if the father was become rich before, or soon after she was born, she is generally bred up to be good for as little, and to be as proud, expensive, and whimsical as any lady of quality whatsoever.

"But, Sir, the most pernicious consequence of this Bill will be, its preventing marriage among the most useful, I will not scruple to say, the best sort of our people. The healthy, the strong, the laborious, and the brave, I may justly call so. It is from their labour our quality derive their riches and their splendour; it is to their courage all of us owe our security. Shall we, for the sake of preventing a few misfortunes to the rich and great amongst us, make any law which will be a bar to the lawful procreation of such sort of men in this country? Gentlemen may talk what they will about the proclamation of banns, and about marriage being an affair of such importance that it ought to be gone about with caution and deliberation; but among the poor marriage never was, nor ever can be, the effect of wisdom and foresight; even among the rich it seldom is so: and for this reason the ancient heathens feigned, that Minerva, who was the goddess of wisdom, seldom if ever chose to be present at any nuptial ceremony. Would a poor labouring man, who can by hard labour earn but a little more than is necessary for supporting himself in what he may think an elegant manner: would such a man, I say,

encumber himself with a wife and children, if he were directed by nothing but the dictates of wisdom and foresight? it is certain he would not. But God Almighty has endued all animals, and mankind among the rest, with an ungovernable and irresistible passion, which leads them to the procreation of their species; and rather than not satisfy this passion, they will submit to any hardships, they will expose themselves to any dangers.

"In this passion or instinct, Sir, as well as every other, we may see, and we ought to admire the wisdom of the creation; and as God Almighty certainly designed that mankind should live in a married state, he has endued us with another more tender and elegant passion which we call love, and which often, if indulged, becomes as ungovernable and as irresistible as the other. It is to these two passions, and not to the dictates of wisdom, that most of the marriages among the poor are owing, and it is to these two passions that all the marriages both of rich and poor ought to be owing, though they are sometimes, especially among the rich, directed by the passions of avarice or ambition; but by this Bill, I am afraid, you will oblige the poor to take so long time to consider of what they are about, that many of them will get the better of their passions, pursue the dictates of wisdom, and prevent their repenting after, by repenting before marriage.

"Among the poor, Sir, there are many marriages made, and even such as prove very happy, that never would have been made, if so much as one proclamation of banns had been necessary. I myself have made many such: gentlemen need not be surprised; for in the county where I sometimes reside, I have the honour to be a justice of the peace, and for the sake of my neighbours often act as such. Of course I have had several country wenches brought before me by the parish officers for being with child: she names the father, generally some young country fellow in the neighbourhood: he is immediately sent for, and confesses his being the father: the consequence is, he must either agree to marry her, or go to Bridewell: if he agrees to the first, I send them directly to church, and they are presently married. But if this could not be done in less than a month, or even a week, do you think any such marriage could happen? No, Sir, the young fellow would in that time march off, and leave both the girl and the parish in the lurch. Another case often happens: a young man by accident obtains a favour of a girl of character; a girl for whom he has a great and real regard; she proves with child; to save her character, and to atone for the injury he has done her, he resolves to marry her privately, so that none of the neighbours shall know but that they were married before the child was begot. But if this

Bill passes he cannot do so, because he does not know how to get a special licence from the archbishop, or cannot well spare to pay for it: they must then be married at the parish church where one of them resides: the time of the marriage could not then be concealed; and if she should be brought to bed in four or five months, it would very much derogate from her character, and not a little hurt his own; the thoughts of which might make him resolve not to marry her at all, and we have no law for compelling him.

"A multitude of cases might be put, Sir, for shewing the inconvenience of absolutely prohibiting, or annulling all private or sudden marriages. In short, it seems to be flying in the face of Providence, by enacting, that this passion which God Almighty has made the cause, and which ought to be the cause of every marriage, shall not be the cause of any marriage in this country. And it is certain, that proclamation of banns and a public marriage is against the genius and nature of our people: it shocks the modesty of a young girl to have it proclaimed through the parish, that she is going to be married; and a young fellow does not like to be exposed so long beforehand to the jeers of all his companions; and to be married by licence costs more money than poor people can well spare. How fond our people are of private marriages, and of saving a little money, we may be convinced of by the multitude of marriages at Keith's chapel, compared with the number at any parish church. I have made an enquiry, and I have been told, that at Keith's chapel there have been six thousand married in a year, whereas at St. Anne's church, which is a very populous parish, and a very convenient church for private marriages by licence, there are seldom above fifty marriages in a year; yet the difference in the expense is not above eight or ten shillings, but this is sometimes near equal to the whole stock of the married couple, and consequently no wonder they should be for saving it.

"It is therefore evident, Sir, that this Bill, if passed into a law, will in a great measure prevent marriage among our laborious and industrious sort of people; and as to all our itinerant sort of men, it will render marriage almost impossible; for by this Bill a man must reside at least a month in one parish before he can possibly be married without a licence, which he is not, perhaps, able to pay for. How, then, can our seamen, our soldiers, our bargemen who live in their barges, as many of them do, and our waggoners, who live at the inns where their waggons put up—I say, how can any of these men marry without a licence? Nay, even with a common licence they cannot marry, unless they are to be married to a woman who has resided a month in the parish where she then

is. Must not every gentleman thus see what difficulties and discouragements this Bill will throw in the way of marriage among the poor; and indeed, I must observe, that the humour of preventing the poor from marrying prevails too much of late in all parts of this country; our numerous Bills for inclosing commons have a great tendency this way; and those wise politicians, called parish-officers, are everywhere destroying cottages, because they encourage the poor to marry and beget children which may become burthensome to the parish. Do these wiseheads think that labourers, servants, common seamen and soldiers are not necessary for the support and security of this kingdom? Or do they think, that the passion I have mentioned, which has been implanted by the Author of nature in all creatures for the procreation of each respective species, is not as strong and as violent among the poor as the rich? Sir, I will be bold to say, it is equally strong, and perhaps more effectual for the end intended; and if you render marriage among that sort of people so difficult and expensive, you must by public authority set up a common stew in every parish; if you do not, you will be the cause of the murder of many infants, either after they are born, or by abortion, before they come to the time of their birth; nay, I tremble to think of, I disdain to name the nasty, the abominable crime which this Bill may be the cause of rendering as frequent in this country as it is in too many others.

And for what, Sir, are we to bring all these mischiefs upon our native country? That my young lord, or the young rich squire, forsooth, may not be induced to marry his mother's maid, or a neighbouring farmer's daughter, who may probably make him a better wife and render him more happy, than if he had married the richest heiress in the kingdom; or that young miss may not run away with her father's footman, who may make her a better husband than any lord or rich squire she, or ever her father, could have chosen. Such marriages, I shall grant, Sir, are a great disappointment to the avarice or ambition of the parents; but they are rather of advantage than of prejudice to the community; and if the married couple are unhappy, it generally proceeds from the cruel, unnatural, unforgiving temper of the parents, which our laws should rather endeavour to rectify than encourage. But if this Bill be passed into a law, the parents may relent, the parents may forgive; but 'lex est res surdæ et inexorabilis,' the law will neither relent nor forgive; the married couple must be looked upon as w——e and rogue, and their children born before they are again married must all be bastards; for, contrary to the custom of all other countries, a future marriage does not by our law legiti-

mate the children born before it; therefore if this Bill passes I hope our law will in this respect be altered, and made more agreeable to common sense.

"But supposing, Sir, that a young gentleman or lady's marrying below their rank were as great a misfortune to their families as it is generally deemed to be, it may in a great measure be prevented by a proper education. If due care be taken to implant right notions in their early youth, and to learn them betimes to curb their passions, they will not consort with people below their rank so familiarly as to fall in love with any of them, or they will stifle the passion in its birth; and unless that passion, by indulgence, becomes violent, no such marriage can ever happen. And supposing that even by this means the misfortune could not be prevented, yet it does not follow that we must prevent it by a public law. How many great and ancient families are daily ruined, and the family estate squandered, by the extravagance of one man who happens to be last in the entail! Should we for this reason pass a Bill for rendering entails perpetual? Our lawyers would all cry out, the law cannot endure perpetuities. I could mention many other misfortunes that cannot be prevented by public laws, but must be left to education, the morals, and the customs of the people; and this of clandestine marriages I take to be a misfortune of this kind. They are sometimes pernicious, but this law would be more pernicious than they can ever be, and it is most flagrantly unjust.

"The hon. and learned gentleman talked, Sir, of one of our old laws having laid the penalty upon the most innocent: I am sure, you do so by this Bill in the most glaring manner; for you lay it upon the children before they are born; you declare them bastards, and for ever incapable of succeeding to the estate either of their father or mother. And as to the fair sex, instead of being favourable for them, I am certain it would prove a snare for entrapping many of them to their ruin. Such a law as this has proved so in Ireland: it has already produced some of the most shocking barbarities. A young woman is but too apt by nature to trust to the honour of the man she loves, and to admit him to her bed upon a solemn promise to marry her. Surely the moral obligation is as binding as if they had been actually married: but you are by this Bill to declare it null and void, even though in writing. Nay, if he has actually married her, but not in the form by you prescribed, you are to declare both the obligation and the marriage null and void. Is not this taking upon you to annul the laws of God? There is a great difference, Sir, between declaring that no action shall lie upon an obligation not duly attested,

and declaring that obligation null and void. The former a legislature may do, for preventing vexatious law-suits; but the latter no human legislature can, or ought to pretend to do.

"We were asked, Sir, by the hon. and learned gentleman, why a man, when he comes of age, may not be entitled to avoid a marriage contract, as well as every other contract he made while he was under age, without the consent of his parents or guardians? The reason is very plain. When a man avoids a contract so made whilst under age, he is obliged to restore what he got by virtue of that contract; but if a young fellow of nineteen or twenty marries a woman and consummates that marriage, he cannot restore, and therefore the law of God, and hitherto the law of man, obliges him to abide by that contract. And the reason why the canons allow a boy of fourteen to avoid a marriage made by him before that age, is, because till then he is supposed not capable to consummate the marriage. But I will ask the learned gentleman, in my turn, whether a young fellow of eighteen or nineteen may not be guilty of, and punished for a rape? And I will say, that there is the same difference between a man who deflowers a girl under the pretence of marriage, which he knows to be void in law, and a man who ravishes a girl, that there is between a man who cheats me out of my purse by false dice, and a man who robs me of it upon the highway. The former in both cases is the greatest criminal of the two, though not so severely punished by law; but surely the least punishment that ought to be inflicted by law upon the first sort of ravisher, is to oblige him to abide by the marriage he has entered into. And whilst I am upon this subject, I must observe, that you are to do by this Bill what never yet was done by the laws of God, the laws of nature, or the laws of man: you are with respect to marriage to make the age of consent the same in women as it is in men; therefore I must say, that there never was, I believe, a Bill brought into parliament, that made so free with the laws of nature and of God, as the Bill does which is now, I hope for the last time, under our consideration.

"Now, Sir, with regard to the preventing of the law-suits about the validity of a marriage, or the legitimacy of children, is there anything more plain than that they will be multiplied exceedingly, and the proof rendered much more difficult by this Bill, should it be passed into law. At present the marriage is easily proved whilst either of the parties is alive, and after the parents are both dead, I am told that the children are not obliged to prove the marriage, if their father and mother lived together as man and wife, and were commonly reputed to be so. But if this Bill passes, not only the marriage must be proved, but it must be

proved to be such a marriage as was not void by this law: that is to say, that all the punctilios prescribed by this Bill were duly observed. Thus a man may get rid of his wife, or a wife of her husband, because after a few years it cannot be proved, that they have resided a month in the parish before the banns were proclaimed or the licence granted. Thus a lady may be disappointed of her dower, because her husband neglected, at the time of their marriage, some of the requisite punctilios. And in the next age, several gentlemen may perhaps be ousted of their estates, because their grandfather and grandmother were not married according to all the forms prescribed. For there is no time limited for commencing such suits; so that one would think the Bill was designed for multiplying law-suits; and for this reason, I make no doubt but that it will be a favourite Bill among all the lawyers without doors, though as to those within, I am sure, that this will be no argument in its favour.

"Lastly, Sir, as to polygamy, it is equally clear, that this Bill will render that crime much more frequent; for cunning fellows will always omit some one of the forms prescribed, on purpose, that if they are prosecuted, they may shew that one of the marriages was void in law: and you cannot convict a man of having two wives, when the law expressly says that one of them is not his wife. Then as to our rakish young lords and squires, I am persuaded, that many of them will marry a dozen or a score oft-times before they come of age; and they will meet with girls even of character, that will agree to such a marriage, because the marriage, and their real or pretended ignorance of the law, will be an excuse for their breach of chastity, and every one will hope, by her conduct and the charms of her person, to secure him as her husband for ever. That this will be the use made of the Bill by many, I am fully convinced; and therefore, as a facetious gentleman said of a Bill to the same purpose, and with the same title, which was brought into this House a good many years ago, I think if you do pass this Bill, you should alter the title of it, and instead of a Bill to prevent, you should call it a Bill to encourage clandestine marriages.

"In short, Sir, not only the general scope of the Bill, but almost every clause in it, is in my opinion big with mischievous consequences; therefore, I hope, it will be dropt in the most respectful manner, by committing it for this day two months; for if this is not previously agreed to, I must give my negative to the motion, which I should be sorry to do; and if I am obliged to do so, I hope it will not be looked on as any want of respect to the judges who brought it in, or to any lord who promoted its being

passed by the other House, for all of whom I have the greatest regard; but whilst I have the honour to sit here, I will never allow my regard for any one to bias me in giving my vote upon any question that comes before us."

It was not very long after this—November 27 in the same year—that the Jews' Naturalization Bill came up for repeal. Nugent then spoke, saying—"I am not at all ashamed to own that I was last Session for the Act which is now proposed to be repealed, and gave my vote for the Bill in every step it made through this House. I could not then think it a bad Bill, though I thought it of no great importance; and as I have still the same opinion of it, I shall with the same indifference agree to its being repealed; for to both I think we may very justly apply what Montaigne says of the New Stile when it was first introduced, 'Pope Gregory,' says he, 'has found out an evil which hurt nobody, and he has applied a remedy which does nobody any good.'" The repealing Bill was duly passed, and received the Royal Assent on the following 20th December. Nugent appears to have spoken once before the death of Pelham, in a debate on the Inquiry into the Management of the Lottery for purchasing Sir Hans Sloane's curiosities. He opposed the inquiry, partly on the ground that the subject was too low to be undertaken by the House without loss of dignity, but the resolution was agreed to.

Henry Pelham died on March 6, 1754. The Duke of Newcastle succeeded his brother as First Lord of the Treasury. Parliament was dissolved on April 8; Nugent was created a Lord of the Treasury on the 6th. A General Election took place, and Nugent was returned for Bristol on May 1, having for his colleague Mr. Richard Beckford. Nugent, it may be mentioned, was also elected for St. Mawe's, on April 19, but elected to sit for Bristol, being succeeded in the Cornish borough in the following December by James Newsham. At the same election, Edmund Nugent was elected for Liskard, also called "Leskard" or "Liskerrett." He resigned, however, in 1759, on being made a Captain in Colonel John Crawford's Regiment of Foot; but he sat for St. Mawe's in the first Parliament of George III. in 1761, and again in 1768, his father sitting in 1774.

For particulars of the Election of 1754 I quote *The Annals of Bristol*—

"A General Election took place in April. The Bristol Whigs, who had been unrepresented for twelve years, brought forward Mr. Robert Nugent, one of the Lords of the Treasury, and a prominent member of the dissolved House of Commons. Mr. Southwell and Mr. Hoblyn having both retired, their friends introduced Sir John

Philipps, a Welsh baronet with Jacobite sympathies, and Richard Beckford, an alderman of London, largely interested in the sugar plantations. Beckford being then at Jamaica, his interests were championed by his more celebrated brother, William, and it is recorded that in the heat of the contest the peppery slave-owner, irritated by the jeers of a Whig mob, compared Bristolians in unequivocal language to 'a parcel of hogs.' No fewer than 986 persons were admitted to their freedom during the month of April, the fees being paid by one or other of the candidates. The contest was prolific in squibs, in one of which Mr. Nugent, who was a convert from Romanism, was styled 'a whitewashed Protestant,' while Mr. Beckford was stigmatized in others as a 'West India hog,' and 'negro tyrant.' Nugent's friends recommended him to the electors for having prevented the introduction of French bottles, and by that means saved hundreds of families in the city from starving; while they jeeringly commended the candidature of Sir J. Philipps, who had paraded the streets of Bristol soon after the Jacobite rebellion in a plaid waistcoat, as 'acceptable to our friends in the Highlands by wearing their livery.' The polling, which continued for a fortnight, closed on the First of May with the following result—Nugent 2590, Beckford 2248, Sir J. Philipps 2163. There was a display of fireworks in the evening in honour of Nugent's return. The Election is said to have cost the Whigs £20,000."

The election was by no means devoid of humorous incident. All I am able to reproduce here at present are the two following manifestoes—

"*Bristol, March* 23, 1754.

"Whereas an Advertisement was given about on Thursday the 21st inst., desiring the Good Citizens of Bristol not to engage their votes till further notice, the author of the said advertisement explains himself as follows:

"Reasons against chusing Mr. Nugent:—

"1. Mr. Nugent is a sincere Convert from Popery to the Church of England, is bitterly reviled by the Popish Priests, and hated by all bigoted Papists:—Therefore every true Party-man ought to revile him likewise, in order to deter others from being converted.

"2. Mr. Nugent was a great favourite of his late Royal Highness the Prince of Wales:—Therefore all those who acknowledge in their hearts a Prince of Wales of another Name and Family, ought to express their dislike to him.

"3. Mr. Nugent proposed a Bill for wealthy Foreign Pro-

testants to enrich this Kingdom by buying lands and merchandizing:—Therefore our Party, who make no Objections against receiving Foreign Singers and Fidlers, and now admit the Poor and Idle of all Nations, but object to the coming in of the Religious, the Rich and the Industrious ought to cry out continually, No General Naturalization.

"4. Mr. Nugent joined in a Bill to prevent the Jews from profaning the Christian Sacraments, and buying Church Livings: —Therefore we who have no concern about Religion, and regard only the cry of the Church to serve our cause ought to blacken him as an Enemy to Christianity.

"5. Mr. Nugent resented the introduction of French Bottles, and by that means saved Hundreds of Families in this City from Starving:—Therefore the proper way for the Glassmen, Colliers, Coal-drivers, &c., &c. to repay his kindness, is to refuse him their votes, and to give them to another, who never did, and never can serve them.

"6. Mr. Nugent was the Chief Actor in Opening the Trade to Turkey; He strongly opposes the East India Company; and intends, at a proper Time, for opening a Trade to Hudson's Bay: —Therefore, We of this City, who suffer most by these Monopolies, ought not to have such a Member to represent us.

"7. Mr. Nugent warmly opposed the Marriage-Act, and is determined next Sessions to do the same:—Therefore all who would have Partners for Life of their *own chusing*, ought to reject him with disdain. (Added by another hand after the first publication.)

"8. Mr. Nugent can serve this City by his Weight and Influence, both in Parliament and out of it. He can obtain a Lottery for Building Bridges, and making the streets more commodious for passing:—Therefore he is an improper man to be a Candidate for Bristol.

"9. Mr. Nugent has defended the Honour of this City in Parliament already, when our Members were mute. He is able and willing to defend it again.—Therefore we ought not to elect such a gentleman who has or can defend us.

"P.S.—As soon as Sir J—n P—s is declared you shall hear the reasons for giving him the Preference."

The second runs—

"*Bristol, March* 29, 1754.

"The Advertiser of the 21st Instant, who desired the Citizens not to engage their Votes for Mr. Nugent, proceeds to give his reasons for preferring Sir ——

"1. Sir —— is the chief of the Sea-Serjeant Society, the meaning of whose Meeting is no secret. He also appeared in a Plaid Waistcoat in this City soon after the Rebellion:—Therefore he ought to chuse for his distinguished Loyalty to His Majesty King George; and we cannot do a more acceptable thing to our Friends in the Highlands of Scotland, than to shew our regard for the Man who wears their Livery.

"2. Sir —— endeavoured to prosecute all Persons who entered into Associations in defence of the Present Constitution, both in Church and State, during the last Rebellion:—Therefore he is entitled to the votes and Interest of all those, who wished well to the Rebellion, and would have been glad that the Constitution both in Church and State had been then overturned.

"3. Sir —— appeared at the Bar in defence of Mr. M—y, a notorious stickler for a Popish Pretender, being then under the displeasure of the British House of Commons for attempting to destroy the Freedom of Elections; and Sir —— undertook this cause when every other Lawyer in the Kingdom was ashamed to appear in it:—Therefore, to be sure, we cannot manifest our Attachment to the King and Parliament, our Zeal for the Protestant Religion, and our Regard to the Freedom of Elections unless we chuse him.

"4. Sir —— cannot serve us any case, but may greatly hurt us, both in P—t and out of it:—Therefore by chusing him, we shall shew, that we have no motive of self-Interest, and that we purely act from a spirit of Party.

"5. Sir —— Regard for Trade has not yet appeared: and he never gave any Proofs that he understands the Nature of it: He always opposed the Court Right or Wrong, but was never known to oppose the Encroachments of the City of L——n, or to appear in defence of the Outports:—Therefore by preferring him to Mr. Nugent we shall shew our own judgment, our good sense, and Gratitude.

"6. Sir —— our own Country Men who have tried him, and know him best, will not chuse him for any Place:—Therefore, if we chuse him, we shall have the Pleasure to say, That we took the man who everybody else refuses.

"Highland Livery for ever! True Blue for Ever! Huzza, Boys! Huzza!"

As to Nugent's connection with Bristol during the twenty years from 1754 to 1774, I cannot do better than quote from Dean Tucker's *Review of Lord Clare's Conduct.* True, it is the work of a partisan who owed much in the way of preferment

to his patron, and to that extent must be received with reserve, at least, as to the panegyrics with which he adorns and emphasizes his discourse. There is no reason, at all events, to throw discredit upon his statements of fact, and although I have omitted much matter relating to the prosperity of Bristol, that port appears to have derived substantial benefit from Nugent's representation of it. Dean Tucker's address runs—

"BEFORE MR. NUGENT, now Lord Viscount CLARE, was chosen to represent the City of *Bristol*, it was a general Complaint among the Citizens, that they had not a Friend to whom they could apply for obtaining any Favour from the great Officers of State:—That a Commercial City, such as theirs, stood in continual Need of the Interposition and Assistance sometimes of the Treasury, sometimes of the Board of Trade, and sometimes of the Commissioners of the Customs, and the Excise, etc., etc., to moderate and mitigate the *Letter* of the Law in contingent Cases:—That, more especially during the Time of War, they were subject to great Distress for Want of regular Convoys, and of other beneficial Protections:—And lastly, that in the Disposal of Government-Places belonging to their Port and City, it was hard and grating to them to see such Numbers of Strangers preferred, whilst several of their own Tradesmen, reduced by Misfortunes, wanted Bread. Add to all this, that the City of *Bristol* was at that juncture, and had been for some time Past, miserably distracted by the opposite Factions of Whig and Tory.

"After the Whigs had long deliberated what Course to take for extricating the City from such numerous Difficulties, and for setting themselves free from such a mortifying Subjection to their fellow Citizens, they at last resolved to apply to a Gentleman, whom they all knew by Character to be the very Person they wanted; tho' few, very few, had personal Acquaintance with him. He had distinguished himself, among many other Instances, by moving for, and supporting a Bill for naturalizing foreign Protestants, and by opposing a famous Act,[1] which he judged to be unfavourable to Population. In the Course of the first he had been applied to by the Whigs of *Bristol* to present their Petition in its Favour. He had been equally forward and distinguished in the Bills for opening the Levant, and *African* Trade, and in his attempts to free *Hudson's* Bay from a pitiful monopolizing Company. In all these Measures he had been also applied to from *Bristol*, with Directions to their Agents in *London* to be guided and governed by his Advice. He had, singly and unapplied to,

[1] The Marriage Act.

opposed a Bill for importing *French* Wines in foreign Bottles, moved for by the Earl of HILSBOROUGH, seconded by Mr. Fox, countenanced by the Ministers, and vehemently pressed by all the *fine Gentlemen* of the House of Commons; which upon his single Speech was refused the usual Indulgence of being brought in and read a first Time. In short, his established Character was, 'That he was a Man of Knowledge, and great oratorical Powers, which he chose chiefly to exert in Behalf of those great national Points, Population, Freedom of Trade, and Extension of Commerce; that he was a continual and a successful Advocate for the Out-Ports, when their own Members remained silent, never failing to oppose the monopolizing Schemes of the City of *London;* and that he was heard with peculiar Pleasure and Attention, when speaking on his favourite Topics of Trade and Navigation. It was also further observed concerning him, that he was fixt and steady in his Principles, intrepid in his Undertakings, sincere in his Attachments, and most indefatigable to serve his Friends; and, to crown all, that he was a Favourite both with the King and with his Ministers, by whom he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury.'

"This Gentleman was therefore invited by a numerous Party of the Citizens to come to *Bristol*, to stand a Candidate at the approaching Election, as he was before the Town of *Liverpool*. But tho' they (the *Bristolians*) wanted his Support and Assistance so very much, though they also knew that he stood in no Need of theirs, having a Borough of his own, and a most ample Fortune; yet when they came to Explanations and to settle Preliminaries, they proposed to stipulate with him for a very large Sum of Money towards defraying the Expenses of a Contest. This Treatment, by degrading him into the Rank of a common Adventurer, or mere Borough Hunter, was not likely to inspire him with any favourable Ideas of the Proposers. And it is easy to conceive, that a Man of his Spirit, Fortune and Independence did not hesitate to reject the Proposition with some Degree of Indignation. The Whigs had then no other Alternative, but either to submit to his own Terms, or to seek for another Candidate and Protector, or to continue in Subjection to the same Party, who had so long oppressed them. Another Candidate equal to him in Abilities, Influence, and Power was not easily to be found. In consequence of which a Deputation of some of their principal Merchants was sent to him in *London*, to apologize for what was past, and to offer him a Carte blanche for the future.

"Among other Arguments then successfully urged both by him-

self, and by his Friends, one, which had the greatest Effect, was this, that the Whig-Party did not seek for Victory, but Independence; therefore would be content with one Member only; Consequently that all the Disturbances given to the Peace of this City, and all the Animosities, Rancour, and Distractions occasioned thereby, were entirely to be laid to the opposite Party, for not consenting to so reasonable a Proposal. We have since seen, how well some Whigs remembered this Doctrine, when it came to their own Turn to practise it.

"But whatever others might do, Mr. NUGENT always chose to act an uniform, consistent Part. Immediately on his Election, he declared that from hence-forward he would consider himself to be, as in Duty bound, the common Representative of all, tho' he was elected by one Party only. And when the Whigs, on the Death of Mr. RICHARD BECKFORD, set up another Candidate, viz: Mr., now Earl SPENCER, contrary to the Declaration they had so lately made; it is well known that Mr. NUGENT disapproved and discountenanced that Measure. Nor could it surprise those who knew, as many did, that at his own Election, he had refused the Solicitations of his then over-jealous Friends to admit his Son, the late Colonel NUGENT, to be his Colleague. He stood single, and was then NUGENT *only*. He went further, and expressed his Wishes, towards the Close of that Election, when the Balance could be cast by his Party in Favour of either of the two opposing Candidates, that it should be made favourable to him who was most agreeable to the adverse Side.

"The second Contest ending, as it ought, in the Defeat of the Whigs, they, taught and humbled by the Event, and the Tories observing numberless Instances of Mr. NUGENT's Fairness, Integrity, and Impartiality, Animosities on both sides subsided, and a Reconciliation ensued amongst the Citizens, which led to a solemn Agreement between the Agents of both Parties, that the Candidate to be named by one, should be supported by the other, during three successive Parliaments; which Compact was universally acquiesced in, and acknowledged by five unanimous Elections and Re-elections of Mr. NUGENT, named by the Whigs, and by two Elections, one of Sir JARRETT SMITH, the other of Mr. BRICKDALE, named by the Tories. One Parliament still remained to compleat the Term of that Agreement, when a great Majority of the Whigs departed from their Engagement, and, naming at first two Candidates, named a Third upon Lord Clare's withdrawing from a Contest in which he was sure of success. What his Motives were require no Explanation.

"I shall now return to our late noble Representative, in that

Character which he invariably maintained from the Day of his first Election, 'The unwearied Advocate for the Freedom of Trade, the faithful Representative and Protector of the City of *Bristol*, the zealous Promoter of its internal Prosperity, and a generous and impartial Benefactor to its distressed and decayed Citizens.'

"During a Twenty Years Representation, he had many Opportunities of displaying himself under each of these Descriptions. Let us therefore see what he did, and how he acted, on such a Variety of Occasions.

"It would be endless to recount all the Laws in which he bore a principal Part during this long Period: But some there are, which so strongly bear his Mark and Signature, that it would be flagrant Injustice not to mention them at the present Juncture. His grand System ever was, to provide Plenty of Food for the Poor, and Plenty of Work for the Industrious. With this View he was ever watchful over the price of Corn, that Staff of Life. Therefore whenever the rate began to rise above a moderate Pitch, he used to propose first to stop the Stills at Home, and then the Exportation Abroad, and last of all to admit of an Importation *Duty Free*. The like difficulties he had frequently to struggle with, and at last overcame in respect to the Admission of live Stock from *Ireland*, also of Salt Provisions, Butter, Lard, and Tallow from the same Country, Rice and other Eatables from *America*, and at last Corn and Flour from every Country with which we had any Intercourse.

"Next to a Plenty of Food, his constant Aim was to provide Plenty of Materials for Labour and Industry, wherever it was in his Power so to do. Here therefore the famous Bill for importing Bar-Iron from *North America* must occur to the Mind of every Person intelligent in these Matters. However, through the indefatigable zeal of Mr. NUGENT, the Bill succeeded in Spite of all Opposition both of the City of *London*,[1] of the Iron Masters, and of the Proprietors of Wood Lands.

"Another Instance of Mr. NUGENT's Care both to provide raw Materials, and also of his Vigilance in preventing the Monopolizing of them by the City of *London*, was visible in the Case of the Bounty upon Indigo. He strongly concurred in granting a large Bounty on the Importation of this useful Ingredient for Dying, in order to encourage its Growth and Cultivation in the Colonies. The *London* Merchants, Members of the House of Commons, did

[1] Before the passing of this Law, the Importation of Bar-Iron from *America* was confined to *London* only.

the like: But mark the difference of their Views! The *Londoners* did it with a view of confining the Bounty to such Indigo, as should be imported only into the Port of *London:* By which Measure they would inevitably have monopolized the whole Commodity to themselves, together with every Article dependent on it: And the growth and Cultivation of it must necessarily have been crampt in the Colonies. But altho' their Plot was so artfully disguised under the plausible Pretence of Zeal to prevent Frauds and Impositions, that their Scheme was on the Point of succeeding, Mr. NUGENT detected their Artifices, exposed their real Views to the House, and set forth the Injury which would be done thereby, not only to *Bristol* and the other Out-Ports, but also to the Nation in General, and to the Colonies in particular.

"Something similar to this Affair happened more than once in the Case of Trading to the Coast of *Africa:* Several attempts were made by the late Mr. (WILLIAM) BECKFORD and others to confine this Trade to a joint-stock Company: And as often as they were made, so often were these Attempts defeated thro' the Vigilance of Mr. NUGENT. In short, it would be tedious to recount every Instance of this Kind. Suffice it to say, once for all, That whenever any Schemes were carrying on to engross Sugars, or Tobacco, or any other Commodity *under Colour of Law;* or whenever any undue Preference was attempted to be given to the Port of *London;* Mr. NUGENT was ever on the Watch, acting the Part of a faithful Sentinel to the Out-Ports in general, and to the City of *Bristol* in particular, by giving the Alarm, and putting them on their Guard. Mr. NUGENT (who soon afterwards was, I think, created Lord CLARE) was one of the Original Planners and Conductors of the Bill for establishing the Ports in the *West Indian* Islands.

"The iniquitous and destructive contraband Trade carried on in the Isle of *Man*, particularly prejudicial to the *African* Trade of *Bristol*, from the exclusive Advantages which it gave to *Liverpool*, had long been the Object of Mr. NUGENT's Attention and Enquiries. With a View to remedy the various Mischiefs produced by a Nest of Outlaws and Smugglers, who from the Center of the Channel infested *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, he employed Captain LUKE MERCER, of the City of *Dublin*, who was perfectly Master of the Subject, to prepare Materials for this Purpose, which he communicated to the late Mr. GRENVILLE, then first Lord of the Treasury, who at his Desire sent for that Gentleman, and consulted with him upon forming the Plan soon after carried into Execution by that able and honest Minister.

"One instance more, and then I shall have finished. He, I may safely venture to appeal to all the Bankers of *Bristol*, was the sole Instrument of rejecting in the last Session a Bill framed by the Bankers of *London*, and supported by all their Interest, for the laudable Purpose of bringing to their Shops all the deposited Money of *Great-Britain*, to the total Destruction of the Banking Business in *Bristol*, and all other Towns except the Metropolis, and the Stagnation of Manufacture and Commerce unenlivened and unfed by Money or Credit, all to be swallowed up in that devouring Vortex.

"During the War he more eminently distinguished himself as our *Guardian* and *Protector*. Not one Port in the three Kingdoms was so well, or so constantly provided with Convoys and Protections, as the Port of *Bristol*. Indeed this Predilection became a Proverb among seafaring and merchantile People; and almost all other Ports and Places beheld it with Envy and Repining. Some there are who remember these Favours with Gratitude. One Gentleman in particular lately assured me, that during the War, he had saved above £1000 a year by Convoys only.

"In respect to the Poor in general; at one Time he gave a large Sum for the Importation of a Cargo of Wheat, to be distributed among them. The Ship indeed was taken by the Enemy, but his intended Charity was not the less. At another Time he proposed a Bounty on the Importation of Grain into the Port of *Bristol*: The Magistrates approved of and joined cordially in the Measure: So that the City of *Bristol* (instead of being itself supplied from the inland Counties) became the Granary for supplying both the Western Parts of *England* and also the Southern Parts of *Wales*, which otherwise might have felt a severe Famine. He had likewise planned a similar Scheme for the Importation of Salt Provisions, and for making the City of *Bristol* a Kind of Magazine for the adjacent Counties.

"And now, if I might presume to suggest any Thing farther, to render this affecting Transaction still more memorable,—It would be this,—Humbly to request his Lordship to make his own private Conduct in this Affair, the Model of a Bill for a public Law, *mutatis mutandis*, to prevent the horrid, and worse than piratical Practice of plundering Ships, when wrecked on the *English* Coast; a Practice, to our Shame and Confusion be it spoken, more prevalent and bare-faced in this Country, than in any other Part of *Europe*."

Lord Nugent's address to his Constituents on his rejection ran as follows—

"To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freeholders, and Freemen of the City of Bristol.

"Altho' the supine Inactivity of some, and the infatuated Conduct of others, left me unassisted and deserted by many who called themselves my Friends, I owe to Justice, Honour, and Gratitude this public Declaration, that many respectable Bodies of Men, and very many Individuals remained faithful to their Professions, constant in their Friendships, and grateful for the Endeavours of an old Servant, who, tho' no longer the chosen Representative, shall ever remain the warm and zealous Friend of *Bristol.*

"CRAGGS CLARE.

"*Bath*, Oct. 10, 1774."

ADDRESS I.

"At a numerous meeting of the Society of Merchants of this City, at their Common Hall, on Thursday, the 10th of November.

"*It was unanimously voted and ordered,* 'That the Thanks of this Society should, in the most respectful Manner, be returned to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount CLARE, for the many important Benefits that the Commercial Interests of this City had, for a Series of Twenty Years, received by means of his Lordship's constant Attention, and that the Society hope it shall hereafter be favoured with his Lordship's friendly Aid and Assistance.'"

Here commences Nugent's long official career. He was again appointed a Commissioner of the Treasury under the Duke of Newcastle, November 22, 1755, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and again under the same leadership, December 20 the same year; again under William Pitt, the Duke of Devonshire being Chancellor of the Exchequer, November 16, 1756; again in July 1757 under Pitt, and yet again in June 1759. His appointment to the Vice-Treasurership in Ireland took place in the latter end of the same year, as we find him re-elected at Bristol on his appointment on December 26.[1] His continuance under Pitt was due to the influence of Grenville, who was closely connected with Pitt by marriage, as he was afterwards to be with Nugent. This brings us practically to the end of the reign of George II., and to the

[1] The post, which had been held by the elder Pitt, and was subsequently offered to the younger, was "an office of light work and high pay, the latter being computed at no less than £5000 a year."

beginning of the troubles which led to the American War and the Declaration of Independence.

As to his inclusion in the Ministry of 1757, I cannot do better than again quote Dr. Smollett.

"It would not, perhaps, be possible to exclude from a share in the administration, all who were not perfectly agreeable to the people: however unpopular the late ministry might appear, still they possessed sufficient influence in the privy-council, and credit in the house of commons, to thwart every measure in which they did not themselves partake. This consideration, and very recent experience, probably dictated the necessity of a coalition, salutory in itself, and prudent, because it was the only means of assuaging the rage of faction, and healing those divisions, more pernicious to the public than the most mistaken and blundering annals. Sir Robert Henley was made Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal, and sworn of his majesty's privy-council, on the thirteenth day of June —the custody of the privy-seal was committed to earl Temple; his grace the duke of Newcastle, Mr. Legge, Mr. Nugent, Lord viscount Duncannon, and Mr. Grenville, were appointed commissioners for executing the office of treasurer of his majesty's exchequer; Lord Anson, Admirals Boscawen and Forbes, Dr. Hay, Mr. West, Mr. Hunter and Mr. Elliott, to preside at the board of Admiralty; Mr. Fox was gratified with the office of receiver and paymaster-general of all his majesty's Guards, garrisons, and land forces, and the earl of Thomond was made treasurer of the King's household, and sworn of his majesty's privy council."

During this period, which comprises the most glorious epoch in the life of the elder Pitt, Nugent appears to have spoken but little. The House was filled with great orators and statesmen. In addition to Pitt, Pulteney, with his irresistible passion, Henry Fox, Grenville, Murray, Philip and Charles Yorke, the Townshends, and a host of others were there, and Nugent, moreover, probably found his official duties as much as he could comfortably attend to. On the other hand, Parliamentary reporting was then in a very backward state, and though we find against Nugent's name only three speeches from the time of his appointment to the Treasury in 1754 to the end of 1765, we also find none at all to the credit of such men as Henley, Pratt, and others who we may be quite certain were not silent in the House over any considerable period. The three speeches were, first, on the debate relating to the Oxfordshire Election in which he pooh-poohed the idea that the double return of members for that county constituted a danger to popular liberty; second, a debate on the Bristol Nightly Watch Bill, of purely local interest; and the third on the Bill for the

Encouragement of Seamen and speedily Manning the Navy. The last-mentioned is the only one calling for notice. Lord Pulteney had moved for leave to introduce a Bill, one of the enactments of which proposed to give to the captors vessels taken from the French, who had then attacked us in America, prior to declaration of war. Nugent, with great spirit and ability, opposed the Bill on the ground that such a measure would provoke other powers with treaty obligations to France to join her in hostilities against this country. Pitt, who, with Legge, had a few weeks before been dismissed from office for his speech against the Hessian subsidies, supported the Bill as an inducement to men to join the navy. The motion was then rejected by a very large majority, but on May 18 following (this was in December 1755), the day after war had been declared, the same motion was renewed and carried without dissent. The Bill was immediately presented to the House, read a first time then and there, read a second time the next morning, and passed without opposition.

In 1765[1] came the Ministry of Lord Rockingham. On December 4, 1766, Nugent was appointed a First Commissioner for Trade and Plantations, a position of peculiar importance in interest at that time having regard to our relations with the American colonies, and on the 20th created Viscount Clare and Baron Nugent in the Peerage of Ireland. His return on re-election for Bristol, in which he is described as "now Robert, Lord Viscount Clare of the Kingdom of Ireland," is dated December 16, 1766. Prior to this he had come in contact with Burke in the House of Commons. Burke, who had been appointed Rockingham's private secretary, had been returned for Wendover, and took his seat in January 1766. A petition was presented on January 27, by Mr. Cooke, member for Middlesex, from some of the American provinces assembled in Congress, against the Stamp Act. The 'Parliamentary History' makes no mention of the proceedings of this evening, yet, according to Rockingham, the debate was lively and the war of words fierce. It was moreover on this evening that Edmund Burke made his first speech in Parliament. Messrs. Jenkinson and Dyson, both holding offices under Lord Rockingham, as did Nugent and Ellis, belonged to the Court party, who called the Congress a

[1] In May 1765 Pitt was dissuaded from forming an Administration by Temple, who was on the point of becoming reconciled with his brother George, and had conceived the idea of forming a Ministry, the principal members of which were to be of his own family.—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*: 'Grenville, Richard Temple.' This would have included Pitt and probably Nugent, though his daughter did not marry into the family till ten years later.

"dangerous feudal union." Burke and Nugent, as we shall presently see, were to be more intimately associated.

His office of Commissioner of Trade, Nugent held till 1768, and during the period of his office no speeches of his are reported in the House. He was in the very thick of the controversies with America, and in the course of them met Benjamin Franklin, with whom he had negotiations of the most important character on the relation between Great Britain and the revolting Colonies.

In a letter to William Franklin, Benjamin writes from London under date of August 28, 1767—

"Last week I dined at Lord Shelburne's and had a long conversation with him and Mr. Conway (there being no other company) on the subject of reducing American expense. . . . The Secretaries appeared finally to be fully convinced, and there remained no obstacle but the Board of Trade, which was to be brought over privately, before the matter should be referred to him officially. In case of laying aside the Superintendent, a provision was thought of for Sir William Johnson.[1]

"We had a good deal of further discourse on American affairs, particularly on paper money. Lord Shelburne declared himself fully convinced of the utility of taking off the restraint by my answer to the Report of the Board of Trade. General Conway had not seen it, and desired me to send it to him, which I did next morning. They gave me expectation of a Report next session, Lord Clare having come over; but they saw there was some difficulty with others at the Board, who had signed that Report; for there was a good deal in what Soames Jenyns had laughingly said, when asked to concur in some measure, 'I have no kind of objection to it, provided we have heretofore signed nothing to the contrary.'"[2]

In November 1767 Franklin's negotiations are still in progress. In a letter to Mr. Franklin on the 25th he says—"As soon as I received Mr. Galloway's, Mr. Samuel Wharton's, and Mr. Croghan's letters, on the subject of the boundary, I communicated them to Lord Shelburne. He invited me the next day to dine with him. Lord Clare was to have been there, but did not

[1] The subject here introduced, which is frequently mentioned by Franklin in letters to his son, relates to an application by a Company to the Crown for the grant of a tract of land west of the Alleghanies, with the design of establishing a colony there. It was called "Walpole's Grant," from the circumstance of Mr. Thomas Walpole having been the principal person concerned in procuring it.

[2] Bigelow's *Life of Benjamin Franklin*, i. 537-38.

come. . . . He finally desired me to go to Lord Clare, as from him, and urge the business there, which I undertook to do. . . .

"I waited next morning upon Lord Clare, opened the matter of the boundary closely upon him. He said they could not find they had ever received any letters from Sir William concerning this boundary, but were searching further; agreed to the necessity of settling it; but thought there would be some difficulty about who should pay the purchase money; for if this country was already so loaded, it could bear no more. We then talked of the new colonies. I found he was inclined to think one near the mouth of the Ohio might be of use in securing the use of the country, but did not much approve that at Detroit. And as to trade, he imagined it would be of little consequence if we had all the peltry to be purchased there, but supposed our traders would sell it chiefly to the French and Spaniards at New Orleans, as he heard they had hitherto done." [1]

On July 2, 1768, Benjamin Franklin writes again to William—

"We have lost Lord Clare from the Board of Trade. He took me home from Court the Sunday before his removal, that I might dine with him, as he said, alone, and talk over American affairs. He seemed as attentive to them as if he was to continue for ever so long. He gave me a great deal of flummery,—saying that though at my examination I had answered some of his questions a little pertly, yet he liked me from that day, for the spirit I shewed in defence of my country; and at parting, after we had drunk a bottle and a half of claret each, he hugged and kissed me, vowing he had never in his life met with a man he was so much in love with. This I write for your amusement. You see by the nature of this letter, that it is for yourself only. It may serve to prepare your mind for any event which may happen.

"If Mr. Grenville comes into power again, in any department respecting America, I must refuse to accept of anything that may seem to put me in his power, because I apprehend a breach between the two countries; and that refusal might give offence. So that you see a turn of a die may make a great difference in our affairs. We may be either promoted or discarded; one or the other seems likely soon to be the case, but it is hard to divine which. I am myself grown so old as to feel much less than formerly the spur of ambition; and, if it were not for the flattering expectation that by being fixed here I might more effectually

[1] Bigelow's *Life of Benjamin Franklin*, i. 549.

serve my country, I should certainly determine for retirement, without a moment's hesitation."

As a fact, Nugent had taken an active and none too friendly part in Franklin's examination, and had received some answers which betrayed pretty clearly the annoyance they had caused the illustrious American.

No more speeches of Nugent's are reported until 1770, and then they were not of a very remarkable character. The first of them was the Debate on the Address. Bitter complaints had been made as to the prevalence of distress in the country, but Lord Clare, as he then was, had seen none of it, and he proceeded to show how the petitions had been got up—

"Among other places, Sir," he said, "I was at a Inn in E——, where a meeting had been advertised, and upon inquiry of the landlord, he told me that some country-looking men came first; that they were soon after joined by some strangers who told them that this country was at the mercy of a set of tyrannical, treacherous and bloodthirsty men who had abused the King's confidence, robbed freeholders of their right of election, from which well-known advantages were derived, ordered Scots soldiers to massacre poor innocent people who were selling oranges and gingerbread in St. George's Fields, and confined a man in prison for attempting to reduce the price of porter to three-pence a quarter; that not one of the neighbouring gentlemen were present; that the countrymen, thinking there could be no harm in taking a chance at least for putting an end to these practises, if such there were, signed the paper, and went home to their families with no more knowledge of the Petition, its origin or consequence, than the horse they rode on." The remainder of the speech was none too coherent, and contained a good deal of fustian. The next speech merely declared the speaker's belief in Mr. Wilkes' legal incapacity to sit for Middlesex, an opinion which cannot be said to have had any particular weight. He also spoke on the Debate on Mr. Grenville's Bill for regulating the Trials of Controverted Electors, but the speech is hardly worth recording. On the famous Debate on Mr. Burke's Resolutions relating to the Disorders in North America, Clare's speech was ironical in its tone and trivial in its matter. For his constant adherence to the powers in office for the time being, Wedderburn assailed him with withering scorn. "Mr. Wedderburn," the report runs, "after settling a point with Lord Clare, as to the ease with which Great statesmen might reconcile inconsistencies between opinion and conduct, from his lordship's own example of the ease with which he, who was for the Stamp Act upon principle, could take a part at the head of the

American Department, under a Ministry that had repealed that Act, upon the principle of being against an American taxation, from the short time it took him to settle those contrarieties"—and so on.

Clare received rather rough treatment in the report of his next speech, taken from the *London Museum*—

"Lord *Clare* raised his loud voice, and frequent loud laughs from the House. He talked of taking example from *futurity*, and was very vehement for good humour, and above all for unanimity; asserting that they ought to be all of his mind, for that he and his friends would not change a jot from his former conduct. This was on November 22nd, 1770, on a Motion for Papers relating to the Seizure of Fackland's Island."

His next speech was in defence of Lord Mansfield against the attack of Serjeant Glynn in respect of the Press persecutions and the dominance assumed by judges over juries. In Glynn's speech, he referred to the hanging of forty judges in King Alfred's time, though without putting it forward as an example for present imitation. In the course of his address, Clare used the following remarkable expression—"But will this House, while it sees this, be swayed by their unworthy motives? Shall we adopt the lie of the day, and strengthen the tide of popular clamour, on which they expect to be wafted to the land of places, pensions and lucrative jobs?" This language is remarkable mainly for its similarity to that used against Nugent himself. The speech, however, was of a high level of reasoning and eloquence, and in it the speaker made use of a curious classical parallel in which Lord Mansfield is represented as Polyphemus putting out the eye of the Cyclops' Law.

On the Royal Marriage Bill in 1772, Lord Clare had no more to say than that the House was competent to judge for itself without the opinion of the Judges. On the Bill for the Relief of Protestant Dissenters, preceding Burke, he opposed Sir Roger Newdegate's opposition to the Bill. He said—"If you interrogate a Frenchman concerning the cruelty of their laws against heretics—*i.e.* dissenters—he will desire you to consider whether your own laws are not equally cruel. If you reply that they are never enforced; nor ours enforced, he will rejoin: while a man is a good subject, what has Government to do with faith?" At this period, at least, Clare cannot be accused of undue loquacity.

Next, on the Bill to regulate the Importation and Exportation of Corn, Clare called down upon him the derision of Burke. This was on May 4, 1772. Clare said that the distresses of the poor were becoming so urgent as to render the attempt at a remedy

absolutely necessary; that he and some others had made private inquiry into this affair in Essex, and that they found a labourer, who had six or seven in family, could not after paying for lodging and other indispensable articles afford each more than three farthings a day for corn or bread. In such a state of things was it not, then, absolutely necessary to discontinue the bounty for exportation, and to prohibit exportation altogether, when the price of corn equalled and exceeded 44*s.* instead of 48*s.* a quarter?

Many important debates now passed without any reported participation by Nugent. He does not appear to have spoken at all in 1773. Many constitutional questions, the affairs of the East India Company, Alderman Stanhope's attempts to shorten the duration of Parliaments, many naval matters, the state of the Linen Trade which afterwards engaged his attention, the various political libel cases, all found Clare silent, so far as any recorded utterance goes. On the debate, March 7, 1774, on the King's Message as to "the outrageous proceedings at Boston," Lord Clare said "he agreed with the hon. gentleman (Mr. Rice), and hoped he should find the measure carried through with unanimity; he should therefore second the motion." This is the extent of his contribution to a great historical debate. His part in the debate on the motion for the repeal of the American Tea Duty Bill, in which he opposes the motion, is slightly less insignificant. The motion as we all know was heavily defeated.

The dissolution of Parliament in the autumn of 1774 brought about the most interesting election that ever took place in Bristol. Lord Clare and Mr. Brickdale offered themselves for re-election, but the Whig party were much discontented with the conduct of the former, who was charged with having become an obsequious supporter of the King's American policy; and Mr. Henry Cruger, by birth an American, and an advocate of conciliatory measures towards the Colonies, came forward in opposition to the once popular Peer. The name of Edmund Burke was brought forward and disapproved of by Cruger's friends. Burke was then at Bath awaiting decision. When he heard, he proceeded to Malton, and was returned there without opposition. Lord Clare, mortified to find his popularity at an end, and deserted by some of his former staunch supporters, left the city that evening, after intimating that he should not continue the contest. Burke, however, was returned, but was rejected for his share in supporting Nugent's Irish trade proposals. The figures were: Cruger, 3565; Burke, 2707; Brickdale, 2456; Clare, 283.

The American question, as we have seen, had been in violent agitation for some years. The previous Session had been mainly,

or at least very largely, occupied with debate on the East India Company, which, having in, or shortly after, 1760, established its Supremacy over Southern India, had fallen into the hands of the predatory and unscrupulous Company's merchant-clerks, and the organization of the country had therefore occupied a large share of the attention of the Legislature, resulting in the Regulating Act of 1773, and a searching inquiry in the House of Commons.

In 1774 and 1775, the American business engrossed a very large share of the deliberations of the Legislature. In spite of the sarcasms which had already been directed at his stability, we find Clare, in the debate on the proposed reconciliation with America, said that he "was for not submitting to the Americans in the least." He "ridiculed the opinion of those who said we had a right to tax America, yet ought not to exercise it." This appears to the ordinary observer to be a censure on his own attitude so mercilessly treated by Dunning.

On February 24, 1775, a further debate took place on the Bill for restoring the Trade and Commerce to New England Colonies. Burke opposed the Bill, who complained that if the Bill was not sanguinary in the sense that it would bring about the actual shedding of blood, "it only meant to starve some five hundred thousand people, men, women, and children, at the least." The very imperfect report ends by saying that "On the subject of famine, he was fine and pathetic." Clare followed him and said, "he would not enter the lists with the right honourable gentleman who spoke last, it would be waging an unequal war; but he had in his hand a friend who was a match for him; my old friend, Sir, Joshua Gee, a great friend to America, though no friend to America, though no patriot; a man who has written better on trade than any man living, and who knew more of America. Now, Sir, my friend, Joshua Gee, with a kind of prophetic spirit says, if ever the people of New England should aim to set up for themselves, what must we do? Do, Sir? why the very things we are now doing. Joshua Gee says, 'You must restrain them from trade, and prohibit them from fishing, and you will soon bring them to their senses.' I hope Joshua Gee will be a prophet to them too. But here are his words——." It is not necessary to quote more, nor did it need the burning indignant eloquence of Fox to emphasize the cold-blooded iniquity of the proposition.

We hear no more of Lord Clare in the House until the following year. An ironical speech of some ability delivered on the occasion of a debate on a Message sent to the Irish Parlia-

ment does not call for repetition, although the deliverance was of some ability. This was on February 15, 1776. It was shortly followed by a brief and unimportant speech in a momentous debate —that on the ill success of the British arms in America, and Clare also spoke shortly on German treaties for hire of troops to act against the Americans. All these speeches were obviously the utterances of a tool of the Administration, and of the kind which had set the people of Bristol against him. This was on February 29, 1776.

On April 16, 1775, his daughter had been married to George Grenville, and, as we have seen elsewhere, in 1776 he had been made Earl Nugent in the Irish peerage.

Nugent's next recorded speech to the House was on the Address. The date was November 21, 1777. It had at least the merit of brevity, and he gave his opinion on the American question in a nutshell. He said that "the contest now was not whether America should be dependent on the British Parliament, but whether Great Britain or America should be independent? Both could not be so, for such would be the power of that vast continent across the Atlantic, that, was her independence established, this island must expect to be made a dependent province." This is at least an intelligent and intelligible view of the situation, though it would probably not be approved by the opinion of to-day. He spoke several times in support of the Government in American matters, and in one of his speeches introduced the following amusing story—

His Majesty, on some complaints against his ministers, told Sir R. Walpole that he would himself see all the papers of consequence before any measures were taken upon them. Sir Robert was alarmed, and went to consult his brother Horace, what was best to be done. Horace seeing him so uneasy, laughed, and advised him to give the King more than he asked: "Give him all the papers, and, I dare say, he will soon have enough of them." Sir Robert took his advice, and carried him a cart-full, telling his Majesty, that he had paid several extra clerks to assist in getting more ready; and informed him further, that he believed, when the whole were copied, they would fill five carts more. The King told him he need not get any more ready till he had his further directions on the subject; the consequence of which was, that Sir Robert never heard a syllable more of papers from his Majesty as long as he remained in office.

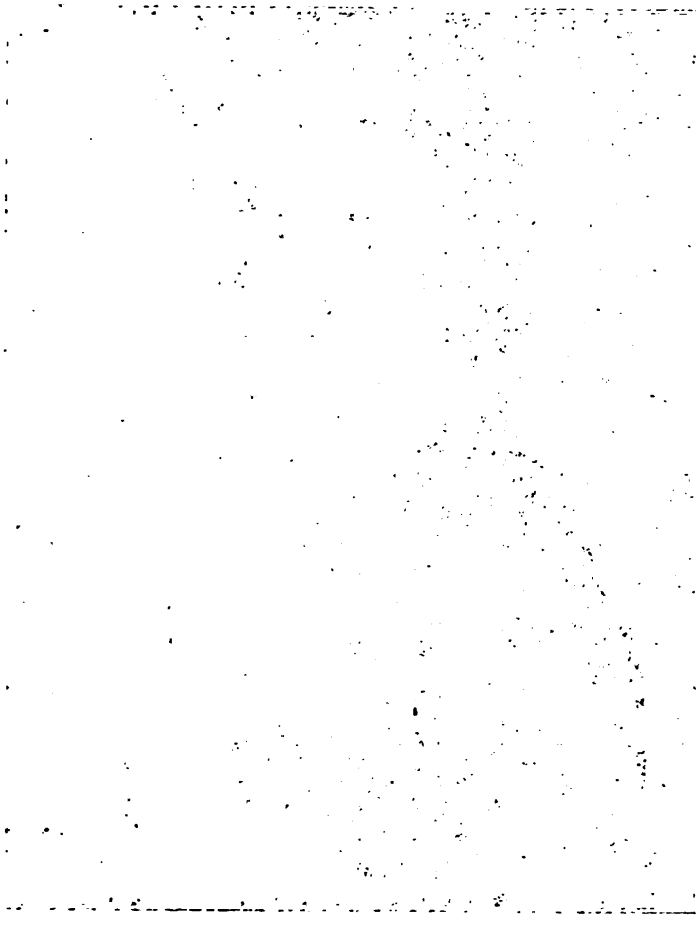
In the early part of 1778, Nugent opposed Fox's motion for an inquiry into the expedition from Canada, and also the Bill to exclude contractors from sitting in the House. His next

important speeches were in connection with what was probably the most useful and beneficent work he ever attempted in Parliament. The distresses of Ireland had long been an object of regret, even with many of those who had no particular interest in the country. Without entering into the causes from which these originated, it will be sufficient to observe that they had grown to their present alarming and deplorable state under the unhappy consequences of the American war; so that the country became unequal to the support of that great establishment with which it had (perhaps too inconsiderately) encumbered itself when the flourishing state of all other parts of the British Empire had diffused a considerable degree of prosperity even thither. This state of things became now so notorious, and the consequences were said to be so urgent, that the ministers were at length convinced of the necessity of paying attention to them; and of affording some immediate satisfaction to the feelings, if not an entire redress to the grievances, of the people.[1]

Mr. Lecky also gives a terrible picture of the state of the country, as does Sir Erskine May in his *Constitutional History*. Encouragement had already been given to the Irish Fisheries in 1775, and in April 1778 Nugent brought the question of the relaxation of the Irish Commercial Code before the English Parliament. In the debate that ensued he was supported with great knowledge and genius by Edmund Burke, and the movement forwarded by Buckingham was favoured by Lord North. It was agreed that nothing could be done to remove the restrictions on wool and the woollen manufactures, which were the most important articles of the Commercial Code; but it was proposed, with this exception, Ireland might send all her products to the English settlements and plantations, and might receive those of the colonies, with the exception of tobacco, in return, without their being first unladen in England. A small attempt to create a manufacture in Ireland had been speedily crushed; but it was now proposed to allow them to send their glass to any country except Great Britain, and it was also proposed to repeal a prohibitory duty which excluded from England cotton yarn made in Ireland, to admit Irish sail-cloth and cordage free of duty.

These resolutions were thrown into the form of Bills; but at once, from every manufacturing town in England a fierce storm of opposition arose. Almost the whole commercial class in England protested against any measure allowing the Irish to participate in the most limited degree in British trade, or even to

[1] *Annual Register.*



ROBERT, EARL NUGENT

From a Pastel Drawing in the possession of Sir Francis Boileau

dispose of their own commodities in foreign markets. Lancashire feared that checked and printed linen from Ireland would supersede her products in the colonies, and every trade which was in the remotest degree connected with the proposed Bill flung itself ardently into opposition. It was not a party question, but a spontaneous ebullition of intense commercial selfishness. London alone preserved neutrality. Burke lost the seat at Bristol in which he had succeeded Nugent at the general election in 1780, chiefly on account of the courageous and very brilliant part he had taken on this question, and Lord North was so intimidated that he consented to reduce the measure to its smallest proportions. In Bristol Nugent's action was ascribed to a diabolical spite against the city on account of his rejection in 1774, while Burke was charged with a design to promote the interests of his native country by injuring those of England. The Irish were forbidden absolutely to export to the colonies wool, woollen and cotton manufactures, hats, glass, hops, gunpowder, and coals, and were not allowed to export iron or ironwares till the Irish Parliament had imposed a prescribed duty on them; besides many other disabilities. I do not, however, propose to reproduce Nugent's speeches and writings on the subject, which were many and able, but which would take up too much space.

In the same session, May 26, 1778, Nugent spoke against Mr. Vyner's motion for an inquiry into the Saratoga Convention, and the conduct of General Burgoyne, his speech being very short and plain, and he was followed by Mr. Wilkes. He also seconded Townshend's motion for an Address to the King, asking for some mark of royal favour to be bestowed on the family of the late Earl of Chatham. "His lordship," says the report, "was not more sparing of his encomiums on the late earl than Mr. Townshend had been; and to give a striking proof that, like St. John in Pope's *Essay on Man*, his last wish was for his country's good, he instanced his last words to his son, Lord Pitt, when that young nobleman, previous to his departure for Gibraltar, was taking leave of his dying father, 'Go, my son,' said the venerable patriot, 'go whither your country calls you; let her engross all your attention; spare not a moment, which is due to her service, weeping over an old man who will soon be no more.'"

The disputes between Keppel and Palliser came to the fore in the autumn of 1778. Nugent censured the latter for taking notice of anonymous publications, doubting if either of them had suffered in reputation, and gibed at the French claim to victory in the Ushant engagement. Early in the next year he was again introducing measures for the relief of Ireland. On April 19 his

feeling against the Marriage Act had so far deepened that, "in his idea, the great and real cause of the progress of adultery was that abominable statute, the Marriage Act, a Bill which struck at the root of personal freedom, and which was first brought into Parliament to tickle the vanity of some noble Lords in the other House." His next contribution was on a much larger subject, and with great tact and ability he opposed the inquiry into the conduct of the American war, and moved that the Chairman do leave the chair, but withdrew the motion. Lord North and Fox both took an active part in the debate which occurred on April 29, 1779. Nugent also spoke several times afterwards on the same subject, repeatedly assuring General Burgoyne and Lord Howe that he made no charge against them. On the Bill for doubling the Militia, Nugent made an alarmist speech, declared that the country stood alone, and urged that it should rouse itself; and he further advised war against Spain and France, the former of whom might be deeply wounded in South America. His impassioned, and it would seem almost lachrymose peroration runs—"He had never asked nor received a favour from the noble lord in the blue ribbon" (Lord North). "He was a man when the noble lord was a boy. The noble lord was now a man, and he was sinking into his second childhood. Sinking as he was into the vale of years, he hoped to see his country conquer her foes, and regain her glory." His lordship was proceeding to state some plan of operations for the navy, when the Attorney-General (Wedderburn) rose and begged to prevent the noble lord's zeal from carrying him too far, by moving that the question might be read.

The same Bill came on for argument a few weeks later. Jenkinson and Townshend had both participated in the debate, when Nugent rose to speak on the subject, but beginning almost immediately to enter upon the nature of the Lords' amendments, he was reminded by the Speaker that he was out of order; for the amendments, whatever they might be, were not yet known to the House, the present question being, "whether the amendments made by the Lords should be then read."

Nugent, in the following session, opposed the Earl of Upper-Ossery's motion of Censure against Ministers for their conduct towards Ireland on December 6—

"His lordship entered into a short history of his own conduct respecting Ireland the two preceding sessions. He said all his endeavours had failed, but that was not the fault of ministers, but of the majority of that House, operated upon by the prejudices of the people without doors, who, instigated by personal and local

interests, added to the difficulty. Such being the temper of the House, after a great deal of time and unavailing labours, he was obliged to give way to the current, and determined never again to trouble the House by taking any active part. . . .

"For his part, he thought that his propositions were founded in liberality and framed equally to advance the interests of both countries. They had not changed by any events that had since intervened. His idea was this: give Ireland everything she can ask, which may promise to produce substantial benefit to that country; but which will not touch or materially affect the interest of this. There were various branches of commerce and manufacture that England had monopolized to herself, to the great detriment and impoverishment of Ireland, which afforded no advantage to herself, or but in a very slight degree. Here the injury was doubled; for Ireland not only lost what was thus withheld from her, but England forced the trade into other channels, and to other nations, who rivalled her: thus the benefit she would derive from the riches and from the consequent strength and assistance of Ireland were transferred to our foreign enemies and rivals. . . .

"He loved his native country; he loved and revered England; and God forbid that he should even wish to promote any local interest whatever contrary to those of the British empire! It was, indeed, impossible to take up any local prejudices on either side of the water, without doing infinite mischief to the very party who acted under their influence. The two main pillars on which the motion rested were, that ministers had neglected to follow up the Address with effective measures, and that they had no plan. Both, in his opinion, were equally unfounded: ministers could have done nothing till after the Irish Parliament met; and as to the imputed delay of the plan, it was a nugatory objection, because, how was it possible to give a plan till the sentiments of the people of Ireland were known, through the medium of their Parliament? A few days had only elapsed: it was necessary that the papers should be considered, and other necessary steps taken. When these were once complied with, he would be bold to say that it was impossible for three sensible men, well inclined to forward the purport of their meeting, to spend three hours in devising a plan which would give perfect satisfaction to both kingdoms." On this last statement, Townshend replied with *great effect*. Lord Nugent did not adhere to his threat to concern himself no more in the matter.

In the debate (February 2, 1780) on the complaint against the Duke of Chandos for concerning himself in the Southampton

election, Lord Nugent told a little story, and expressed some opinions.

He observed that, although he did not rise to defend the conduct of the noble duke, or controvert the facts stated in the report, he thought it was totally unnecessary to proceed further in this business. He endeavoured to divert the attention of the House by a story, in order to show that custom had in some measure sanctioned such a conduct. He said, that in the year 1746, when Mr. Pitt was appointed Paymaster of the Forces, in the room of Mr. Winnington, Mr. Pitt, on his vacating his seat, was re-elected for a Sussex borough, through the interest of the late Duke of Newcastle. What was the consequence? A complaint was preferred to that House by the unsuccessful member against the noble duke, as a Peer of Parliament, and Lord-Lieutenant, and against the great Lord Chatham, as being returned by an undue influence, one of them the best, the other the greatest man that ever lived; for he believed God never made a better man than the late Duke of Newcastle, nor an abler statesman and sounder patriot than Mr. Pitt. But the complaint was dismissed by a majority of fully three to one. The noble duke was naturally hospitable and generous, and he might have possibly given a few dinners on the occasion; nor would it be easy at any time, he believed, to prevent noble peers from concerning themselves in elections either in a more direct or covert way. The matter was then very properly let to sleep, and he hoped the example would be followed on the present occasion, and this would likewise be let to sleep. That being his wish, he would move, "That the said report be taken into consideration on that day four months." Wilkes, who followed, did not agree as to the triviality of the offence, which he declared "was of a most atrocious nature, and was infinitely criminal in its nature and import." Nevertheless Nugent's motion was carried by eighty-seven votes to thirty.

Burke, in spite of his veneration for the constitution, saw clearly that some reforms were necessary, and therefore in February 1780 brought forward his Establishment Bill for securing the independence of Parliament, and the economical reformation of the civil and other establishments. As this was for the sweeping away of useless places, lavish pensions, and the ridiculous extravagance which enabled the Court to keep a considerable number of members of Parliament either in its immediate pay or bound to it by the expectation of future profit, it is not to be wondered at that Nugent should oppose it, apart from the fact that he was attached to the Government of North, which succeeded in defeating Burke's measure in detail. Nugent naturally also opposed Dunning's

motion respecting the influence of the Crown and the abuses in the public expenditure, speaking with great ability, but drawing down upon himself a reply from Dunning, that he could name fifty members of the House who totally reprobated out of the House the measures they supported within it. He also opposed Sir George Savile's motion for an account of pensions, the Bill for disallowing revenue officers for voting at elections, and Sawbridge's motion for shortening the duration of parliaments. He supported (May 24, 1780) the Bill to empower the King to make peace with America, but leave to introduce it was refused.

On the debate on the Navy Estimates, the defence of Sir Hugh Palliser again arose. Fox complained that the House had not entered into an inquiry as to the appointment of "a person convicted of having preferred a malicious and ill-founded accusation against his superior officer." Nugent rose to order, and spoke with a certain amount of dignity, real or assumed.

Earl Nugent spoke to order. His lordship, with great earnestness, begged for the honour and dignity of the House, that every matter which led to angry discussion and personal abuse might be avoided. He said, it was gentlemen suffering their good sense and sober judgment to be lost in the rage of party altercation, during the last Parliament, which had disgraced that House in the eyes of all the world. Did gentlemen consider, that everything said within those walls was sent abroad, was translated, and was read by every man, foreigner as well as native, who could get at a common newspaper? From the personal abuse thrown out in the last Parliament, the inhabitants of other countries were led no longer to regard the members of that House as the grave representatives of a great and a free people; they thought the British Parliament had lost its honour and dignity, and that its resolves were no longer the result of that deliberation, which were the essential characteristics of national wisdom and true greatness. He hoped to God, therefore, that gentlemen would, from a sense of the honour and dignity of Parliament, not convert that House into a Polish Diet, and make the necessary qualifications of an orator within those walls, not the best and most intimate acquaintances with the works of Cicero and Demosthenes, but the greatest proficiency and the most perfect skill acquired in the school of Mr. Angelo and other masters of defence. If matters went on thus, the whole scheme of political education would be turned topsy-turvy, and that member only would in future be qualified to be First Lord of the Treasury, who was the best fencing-master in the kingdom. In return, Sir Robert Smith called Nugent to order. Nugent spoke again, after which Fox resumed his speech.

Early in 1781 we find Nugent again opposing Burke's Civil Establishment Bill. He opposed it on February 9, and on the 26th he spoke again, but this time he met with a notable antagonist, William Pitt the younger, who made his maiden speech on this occasion. For that reason I reproduce the speech, which is as follows—

Earl Nugent declared himself a zealous friend to public economy. Without it, he was persuaded this nation could not be saved; economy, in our public expenditure, was as necessary as firmness and wisdom in our councils, as valour and conduct in our expeditions and enterprises. But it did not follow either that he ought to, much less that the House should, embrace every economical project that was offered, however plausibly introduced, however respectable the quarter from which it came. No man in that House entertained a greater degree of esteem for the hon. gentleman who introduced the Bill than he did; he knew his integrity, and he had seen many proofs of his zeal to serve his country; great, therefore, as his abilities were, they were not, he was convinced, superior to his virtue. The hon. gentleman, however, must pardon him, if he did not agree with him entirely as to his Bill. In sincerity he would say, he disapproved of it totally, and he would tell the hon. gentleman why he did so. The title of the Bill was a good one: the preamble also had something catching in it; but what was the object of the Bill itself? To introduce an unconstitutional innovation; and to resume from the crown what had been solemnly granted to his Majesty for life. To such a proposition he never would consent, notwithstanding what had been said of the resolution of the 6th of April, which declared the competency of the House to correct and examine abuses in the expenditure of the Civil List revenues. That resolution passed, as gentlemen well knew, at an hour when such was the temper of the House, that it would have been madness to have opposed it. It did not follow, therefore, that every gentleman approved of it. He never had, nor could he think that (allowing that resolution all the respect due to an entry on the journals) it followed of course, that the present Bill ought to be adopted. What! would that House consent to degrade the sovereign, diminish the lustre of the crown, and reduce his Majesty to a worse situation than that of any private gentleman in his kingdom? Would they deprive him of the management of his income, and put him into the situation of a minor, by obliging him to submit to the tutelage of Parliament? The Bill interfered with the privy purse, and took away the independency of the Crown: to admit it to pass, would be to reduce his Majesty to the condition of a mere titular monarch; a king without power,

a king but in name, like the King of Poland, or a sovereign like the Doge of Venice, altogether dependent on others, and subject to their capricious control. Let gentlemen consider, that such a measure would essentially wound the constitution; for each branch of the legislature, each of the three states ought to have its share of independency, and surely the first state, that which was clothed with the supreme executive power, should never be rendered less glorious, less independent, than the other two. The real beauty and excellence of our constitution was its nice equipoise, that equal balance, which gave it stability, and at once secured the Crown in its legal rights, and the people in their freedom and immunities. The present Bill went directly to move the balance and destroy the equipoise; let the House, therefore, however much they might be convinced that some of the branches were rotten, take care in their attempt to remove the dead wood, that they did not destroy the trunk of the tree itself. The hon. gentleman who had introduced the Bill, he did not doubt, really believed it would have the salutary effect he had dwelt on, when he introduced it with such a warmth and earnestness of commendation. Other men, and men of great wisdom, had been equally deceived. Plato, for instance, and he flattered himself he should not offend by comparing the hon. gentleman to Plato. The hon. gentleman's project was as impracticable as Plato's Commonwealth, or Mr. T. Moore's Utopia. In describing its good effects, the hon. gentleman had been describing the purity of his own mind, and, without knowing it, it was that which the hon. gentleman wished to reduce into practice; but the times were too bad, and dissipation too general, to render his honest endeavours successful. There were thirteen pages in the Bill, and twenty-seven clauses which related to the civil establishment; he appealed therefore to every gentleman present, whether it was likely, that so heterogeneous a mass of matter, however plausible in theory and speculation, could easily be carried into execution? But this was not his only objection to the Bill; the title of it was not its true description; for the title said, that the monies saved were to be applied to the public service, whereas there was not one word in the Bill which enacted such an appropriation; on the contrary, it was expressly enacted, that the balance of the Civil List revenue should, after all savings, be laid out for an establishment for the use of the Royal Family. Therefore, he repeated it, the Bill did not apply the savings to the use of the public as it pretended. If the Bill had appropriated all the savings to the public service, something indeed might have been said for it, his objections would have been fewer; but as it was, it surely had not the

pretensions to encouragement. Economy was most essentially necessary; nothing but the most rigid economy could possibly save us. The Treasury could not bear a greater load than it now had. But instead of harassing the minister with these chimerical notions, all our ideas should be consolidated in general exertion and simple economy. The minister must be a Jack of all trades, he must understand everything, to be able to go through his business. He wished for economy, but he would not procure it, by setting the King down to an ordinary, and making him more dependent than any man in his dominions. All the advantages which were likely to flow from the present Bill, and many more, much more important benefits, would arise from that commission of accounts which the last gentleman had so affected to despise. Surely the hon. gentleman had not read the two reports delivered in by the commissioners: if he had, he would have seen therein substantial benefit already derived from that commission, as a pleasing earnest of what was to come; he would have seen five or six public-spirited gentlemen, indefatigable in the pursuit of their object, detained by no recess of business, and biassed by no partiality, doing for the public what had long been requisite, by securing, in the first place, an immediate transition of public subsidies from the nation at large to the coffers of the State; and in the second, that money should no sooner be issued from the Exchequer than it was wanted for the public service. In one tax alone they had ascertained £650,000 to be in the hands of the collectors, which he would venture to say was a national benefit, far more important than any the present Bill could produce. But after all, if the Bill passed, did gentlemen who had dwelt with so much energy on the petitions presented last year, think that this Bill would satisfy the petitioners? Undoubtedly it would not. Their object went much farther. What said the associations? Give us annual or triennial parliaments. Every man in the kingdom now set up for a reformer, at least every man wished to be a legislator, and vote at elections. How expedient, how practicable, how salutary such a matter would prove, the House might judge from what had happened lately at Coventry! He apologized to Mr. Burke, and said he meant no reflection on him, when he talked of State tinkers, but such were now to be found almost in every country town; there were those among the crowd of modern reformers, who, not content with tinkering the British Constitution, attempted to tinker that of Ireland, and would fain have new hammered it; for his part, he did not admire such workmen, they might do much mischief, and injure that which he verily believed would not receive any benefit from their labours.

The Honourable William Pitt entered Parliament in his twenty-second year, and had taken his seat for Appleby on January 23, 1781. He "now rose," we read, "for the first time, and in a speech directly in answer to matter that had fallen out in the course of debate, displayed great and astonishing powers of eloquence. His voice was rich and striking, full of melody and force; his manner easy and elegant; his language beautiful and luxuriant. He gave in his first essay, a specimen of eloquence not unworthy the son of his immortal parent."

He made his first speech, says Stanhope, in his *Life of Pitt*, i. 54, on February 26, in support of Burke's Bill for Economical Reform. Under the circumstances, this first speech took him a little by surprise. Lord Nugent was speaking against the Bill, and Mr. Byng, member for Middlesex, asked Mr. Pitt to follow in reply. Mr. Pitt gave a doubtful answer, but in the course of Lord Nugent's speech resolved that he would not. Mr. Byng, however, had understood him to assent, and had said so to some friends around him; so that the moment Lord Nugent sat down all these gentlemen, with one voice, called out, "Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!" and by their cry probably kept down every other member. Mr. Pitt, finding himself thus called upon, and observing that the House waited to hear him, thought himself bound to rise. The sudden call did not for a moment discompose him; he was from the beginning collected and unembarrassed, and far from reciting a set speech, addressed himself at once to the business of reply. Never, says Bishop Tomline, were higher expectations formed of any person upon his first coming into Parliament, and never were expectations more completely fulfilled. The silvery clearness of his voice, his lofty yet unpresuming demeanour, set off to the best advantage his close and well-arrayed though unpremeditated arguments, while the ready selection of his words and the perfect structure of his sentences were such as the most practised speakers often fail to show. Not only did he please, it may be said that he astonished the House. Scarce one mind in which a reverent thought of Chatham did not rise.

About this time Lord Nugent's speeches become rarer, and it was in this year that he ceased to hold office. He spoke pleasantly, but very briefly, in favour of the recall of Lord Rodney, and his speech on the recognition of American Independence could not have well been shorter. "For some years back," he said, "he had seen the necessity of recognizing the independence of America; but those who were now so forward to move for, or at least recommend it, were formerly very backward on that head. He opposed the motion (Fox's) because it was unprece-

dented to call for articles of a treaty pending a negociation." This was on December 18, 1782. Prior to this, however, he had spoken in the debate on the inconveniences of the Marriage Act. He suggested a curious case, not hitherto adverted to, against which the present Bill could not provide a remedy. "Supposing," said he, "a man who had been married illegally in these new-built churches, and whose wife is still living, should, pending this Act, marry another with due formalities, I should be glad to know how Parliament could then interfere to rescue the former wife from infamy, or retrieve in her case the consequences of that improvident Act. We should have no other possible resource but to adopt the scheme of Dr. Madan; and then when one man met the indulgence of having two wives, perhaps others would think themselves entitled to the same."

In the following year he opposed the famous resolution on the report as to the King's opinion on Fox's India Bill, in a speech which, so far as the report goes, offers no indication of advanced years, and was followed by young Pitt, who went out of his way to speak courteously of him. He spoke very strongly, though disclaiming any personal objection to Mr. Fox, against the proposed dictatorship of the author of the India Bill. He spoke very solemnly and impressively against Mr. Coke's motion against the continuance of the Ministry, and a few days later (February 20, 1784) he advocated a reconciliation between Fox and Pitt. His mediation did not succeed, as we know, but the speech was a memorable one, and deserved a better fate, by which the course of history might have been materially modified.

The occasion was the debate on Mr. Powys' motion, "That the House relies on the King's Readiness to form a United and Efficient Administration."

Earl Nugent recommended conciliation, by which alone an end could be put to the present distractions. Gentlemen were coy of one another at present, and therefore stood upon their punctilios; but if they would at once agree to meet one another, he would lay his life that they would trust each other, and that they would act with confidence. It was not the first time that he had been instrumental in effecting a conciliation between two great men, who had much greater cause to be at variance than the two right hon. members. The two great men were Mr. Pelham and Lord Granville. His lordship had appointed them to meet at his house, and their meeting was to be kept a profound secret. One repaired to his house quite muffled up, so that it was impossible for any one who saw him to know him. He just introduced them to one another, and left them to themselves. He took care in the mean

time to have a good supper ready for them, of which they partook; they drank heartily after it; the wine put an end to the reserve on which they had acted; they spoke freely; confidence was established between them; they became sincere friends, and remained so, and cared not the next day who knew the story of their interview. Thus was this coalition (and, by the bye, this showed he was a friend to coalitions) effected in a single night over a glass of good wine. He was not much acquainted with the two right hon. gentlemen now sitting opposite to each other; but if they would give him leave he would bring them together at his house; they should have an excellent supper, the best of wines; they might, if they pleased, get gloriously drunk; and he would be bound that over their bottle they would lose that stiff reserve that wedded them now to their punctilios, and confidence would spring up where diffidence reigned before. The case of the Earl of Chatham and the late King was a striking proof, that how much soever men might have differed, they might at last come together, and place as much confidence in each other as if they had never disagreed. The case was this: the King had in a great measure proscribed all those who paid their respects at Leicester House to the late Prince of Wales; Lord Chatham happened to have been employed in the service of the Prince; this was of itself enough to ruin him at St. James's, and render him personally disagreeable to the King. But this was not all: the King was known to have a great partiality to the Hanoverian dominions; on the other hand, Lord Chatham was known to have the strongest prejudices against those German territories; and he frequently expressed himself in the House of Commons in terms that gave great offence to his Majesty; for he often said, that Hanover was a millstone about the neck of England that would weigh her down and sink her. However, the King found it necessary to send for him; he went into the closet, and the meeting was very awkward at first; at length Lord Chatham said to his Majesty, with the greatest frankness, "Sire, give me your confidence, and I'll deserve it." The King replied, without hesitation, "Deserve my confidence, and you shall have it." Lord Chatham set about the great work, which he afterwards so gloriously achieved, by raising this country to the highest pinnacle of glory; and he at last so won upon the King, that he was able to turn his very partialities in favour of Germany to the benefit of this country; and never was man honoured with a greater share of royal confidence than he was. The right hon. gentleman over against him might obtain the confidence of the present sovereign, if, by his great abilities, he should be able to serve his country. To gain the royal confidence

was not so difficult a matter in the present reign as in the former; there was no dispute in the Royal Family, which might split the courts; no partiality to German dominions; he was confident, therefore, that a successful exertion of abilities would secure the right hon. gentleman the unshaken enjoyment of the royal confidence. The attempt to turn out the present Ministry by force was not the way to conciliate; and to do it without alleging any crime to have been committed by him was contrary to justice. He remembered very well that an attempt was once made to remove Sir Robert Walpole by an address: the opposition was strong; it was headed by Mr. Pulteney, a man of the greatest eloquence; and so sure was he of carrying his motion, that a list was handed about of an arrangement for a new Administration; which I remember very well, said his lordship, because I myself was to come in at the end of it. But mark the consequence; a plain country gentleman rose, who, he believed, had never opened his lips in the House before; it was Mr. Harley; and with a single, short, and simple speech, he undid all that Mr. Pulteney had been doing, in one of the longest and most flowery speeches that had ever been delivered in Parliament. "You persecuted my uncle Lord Oxford," said he; "you persecuted my father, the auditor, through whose hands millions had passed; and a persecution was conjured up against him, because it was found that his servant had once taken six shillings: for these acts you must naturally suppose me to be your enemy; but I hate you too much to descend to imitate your example; and therefore as no crime has been proved against you, I will give my negative to the motion for turning you out, because I will never consent that any man should be punished till he has been tried and found guilty." This speech had the most astonishing effect; for, greatly as Sir Robert was hated, the country gentlemen to a man voted with Mr. Harley against the motion, and thus blasted the certain prospect of success that Mr. Pulteney and his friends fancied they saw before them. Such was the force of the appeal of a plain man to the justice of the House! If the House of Commons could negative a motion for the removal of a man so generally detested as Sir Robert Walpole was, merely because no crime was proved against him, what ought to be the fate of a motion for removing the right hon. gentleman on the floor, whose character was as irreproachable as man could wish; a man who was as generally beloved and respected, as Sir Robert Walpole was execrated and despised? If the motion for removing the odious minister was negatived, merely because no crime had been proved against him, surely with more justice and propriety ought a motion

to be negatived, which was made for the removal of a minister against whom a crime not only had not been proved, but against whom a crime had not been so much as alleged.

Lord Nugent spoke two or three times afterwards: once against delays in the same debate, once against a Mutiny Bill, and once asserting the right of the Lords to alter the money Bills, but they were very short, and this seems to have been his not unworthy Swan Song.

Nugent was again elected for St. Mawe's in April 1784, but on June 19 accepted the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and retired from the House whose Nestor he had become, standing in that respect even before Wellbore Ellis. In April of the same year he had been interested in the famous Westminster election, as we find in the following—

Stanhope's *Pitt*, i. 209.

Letter from Pitt to his cousin, James Grenville, who in 1797 became Lord Glastonbury.

Downing Street,
Friday, April 23, 1784.

My Dear Sir,

Admiral Hood tells me he left Lord Nugent at Bath, disposed to come to town if a vote at Westminster should be material. I think from the state of the poll it may be very much so. The numbers on the close to-day are—

H. 6326.[1] Wr. 5699.[2] F. 5615.[3]

And Sir Cecil has gained four on Fox to-day. There is no doubt, I believe, of final success on a scrutiny, if we are driven to it, but it is a great object to carry the return for both in the first instance, and on every account as great an object to Fox to prevent it. It is uncertain how long the poll will continue, but pretty clear it cannot be over till after Monday. If you will have the goodness to state these circumstances to Lord Nugent, and encourage his good designs, we shall be very much obliged to you; and still more should neither health nor particular engagements detain you, if, besides prevailing upon him you could give your own personal assistance. At all events, I hope you will forgive my troubling you, and allow for the importunity of the hardened electioneer.

W. Pitt.

Nugent died in 1788.

[1] Admiral Lord Hood. [2] Sir Cecil Wray. [3] C. J. Fox.

Poetry - Brit.

POEMS

POEMS

In an age as rich and fertile in the productions of art as the Eighteenth Century, it is scarcely to be wondered at that his contemporaries spoke slightingly of Nugent's talent as a poet: and yet it cannot be denied that, whether deservedly or undeservedly, he certainly gained a not inconsiderable amount of reputation, and was spoken of by many whose opinions were valuable and reliable in terms of the highest commendation. His ode to Pulteney, which described the poet's passage from the creed of Roman Catholicism to a purer faith, obtained great fame, and was considered good enough to be quoted by Gibbon. Horace Walpole called this "a glorious ode," though Gray declared that "Mr. Nugent sure did not write his own ode." Indeed Nugent was suspected, by some, of paying Mallet, his step-son's tutor, to write it, or at all events of getting his advice along with that of Pulteney himself and Lord Chesterfield with regard to its construction; but there is little reason for giving credence to this theory, so many of his poems afford evidence of power and originality, though frequently marred by that coarse and licentious wit from which his talents were never wholly exempt. One of his odes, that "to Clarissa," was criticized as "unworthy of Dodsley's collection," and many others it has been thought advisable to eliminate from this volume. Some excuse, however, may be made when we consider that the majority of his poems were written at as early an age as thirty-three or thirty-four; and, indeed, this fact should have increased the general opinion as to his ability, that a man at so comparatively early an age should have succeeded in building up a reputation, which caused Almon to write of him "that his poems breathed the true Horatian fire." Whatever his talent may have been, he was clearly esteemed at the time worthy to be placed side by side with men whose reputations still live with us, and whose works are as popular and as widely read as at the time at which they were written: and so it is that Arthur Murphy, the Editor of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, picked out Nugent as a "Patron of the man of Genius, wit and humour" to address his dedicatory letter to in the following words—

SIR,

I have not taken up the Pen to trouble you with an address in the usual stile of Dedicators; to a warm and lively Imagination, such as Mr. Nugent's, Novelty will appear an essential Grace in Composition; and what Kind or Novelty can, at this Time of Day, be introduced in a Form of Writing which has been indiscriminately hackneyed by the Witty, the Venal, and the Dull for several Centuries? I shall therefore have no recourse to exhausted Topics, nor shall I endeavour to cull from the Stores of common Place a Second-hand Garland, which would not fail to be offensive to your Delicacy, however your Politeness might induce you to excuse the Aukwardness of the Attempt. I shall leave it, Sir, to the City of Bristol, to speak aloud of your eminent Abilities, and to the Annals of Parliament, to display the brilliant Share you have had in all the public Debates, without adding the Efforts of my feeble Voice to echo back your Fame in Dedicatory Panegyric; though I persuade myself, were I to trouble you with it, one Degree of Novelty might be allowed me, I mean Sincerity; which I take to be a Quality totally unknown to the Offerers of Incense.

But it is not the able Statesman I am at present to address; it is the Patronage of the Man of Genius, Wit and Humour my Ambition has prompted me to solicit, and, I believe, every one will agree with me that I could not any where chuse a Name more justly distinguished for those splendid Embellishments, than that of Mr. Nugent.

I am not insensible, that, in doing this, I may fall under the Censure of the witty Doctor *Young* when he says,

> *As Pedlars with some Hero's Head make bold,*
> *Illustrious Mark!——where Pins were to be sold.*

The Truth is, I am afraid, the fugitive Pieces contained in these little Volumes will hardly be found worthy of your Attention; but if they are admitted to lie in any Corner of your Study, I shall congratulate with myself that they have found so honourable a shelter, and I shall be ever proud of having seized this opportunity of subscribing myself,

Sir,

Your most Obedient,
And most Devoted,
Humble Servant
ARTHUR MURPHY.

Tavistock-Row,
April 5. 1756.

Many of Nugent's poems, the one to Pulteney amongst them, appear in the second volume of Dodsley's Collection: others in "the New Foundling Hospital for Wit," a catalogue of which is given in Walpole's "Royal and Noble authors." In 1739 two editions appeared containing reprints of his "odes and Epistles," most of which lauded the talents and aims of the 'patriots' in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. In 1774 he wrote an anonymous poem entitled "Faith," being an attempt to depose the Epicurean doctrine for that of the Trinity. In 1775 he presented the Queen with a new year's gift of some "Irish Stuff" manufactured in his native land, along with a set of loyal verses, which were followed by two anonymous parodies, and drew from the wits the jest that the "Queen had thanked him for both his pieces of stuff." An Epistle to Robert Nugent, with a picture of Doctor Swift by William Dunkin, D.D., is reproduced in Swift's works, but his name is more intimately associated with the poet Goldsmith, who addressed to him in return for a present of Venison from Gosfield Park, the charming poetical Epistle entitled "The Haunch of Venison."

ODE.

TO FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTH-DAY

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1739.

BY EARL NUGENT.

I.

FITLY to hail this happy day,
Freedom demands a festal lay,
And wakes the silent string;
The gen'rous Muse, untaught to fear,
Inspires what Britain's Prince should hear,
And Britain's bards should sing.

II.

Accurs'd the wretches ever be,
And foes to sacred Liberty,
Who impious dare presume
To sooth his ear with such a strain,
As better fits the cringing train,
The slaves of France or Rome.

III.

Far other speaks the voice of truth,
O! may it warn thee, Royal Youth!
To fly base flattery's lore.
The syren sings; who listen, die;
Behold yon wreck with cautious eye!
Nor trust the faithless shore!

IV.

And when beneath thy counsel'd reign,
Britain shall plow the subject main,
Compleat Heaven's great design!

Restrain thy powers with binding laws!
And grateful own the glorious cause,
That rais'd thy scepter'd line!

V.

So shalt thou earn unequal fame,
From blessings deathless as thy name,
By latest time enjoy'd;
Whilst gifts from arbitrary sway,
Shine the vain pageants of a day,
Neglected and destroy'd.

VI.

Thy throne shall thus unshaken stand;
Its ample base, a prosperous land;
Thy strength, a nation's might;
And thus thy future race shall be
Safe in a bless'd necessity,
Guided and rul'd by right.

VII.

Let priests an hallow'd bondage preach!
Let school men earth-born godhead teach!
Let loyal madmen rave!
Wise nature feels, she mocks their rules;
And laws oppress'd, from diff'rent schools,
Unite the free and brave.

VIII.

So form'd, now shines the patriot band,
The guardians of a threaten'd land,
Of Britain and her crown.
May such adorn each future age,
Equal to stem wild faction's rage,
Or pull a tyrant down!

IX.

Genius of Freedom, and of Peace!
Bid rapine and contention cease!
Protect what you bestow'd!
Well may a burden'd realm complain,
If, rescued from the galling chain,
She sinks beneath her load.

AN ODE TO MANKIND.

ADDRESS'D TO THE PRINCE

BY THE SAME.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PRINCE.

NOR me the glories of thy birth engage,
With royal names to swell my pompous page:
Nor meaner views allure, in soothing lays
To court thy favour with officious praise.
Yet praise it is, thus to address thine ear
In strains no slave dare sing, no tyrant hear;
While warm for Britain's rights and nature's laws,
I call forth Britain's HOPE in freedom's cause:
Assert an empire which to ALL belongs,
And vindicate a world's long suffer'd wrongs.
These saving truths import thee most to know,
The links that tie the mighty to the low;
What now, our fellow-subject, is your due,
And, when our lord, shall be a debt on you.
O! may'st thou to the throne such maxims bring;
And feel the free-man while thou reign'st the king.
Far hence the tribe, whose servile arts delude,
And teach the great to spurn the multitude.
Are those unworthy of the royal heir,
Who claim the future monarch's duteous care?
Still may thy thoughts the godlike task pursue,
And to the many ne'er prefer the few!
Still mayst thou fly thy fortune's specious friends,
Who deal forth sov'reign grace to private ends;
In narrow streams divert the copious tide,
Exalt one sect and damn the world beside:
While with false lights directing partial rule,
The lord of nations falls a party's tool.
Such there have been—and such, in truth's despite,
Disgrace'd the cause of liberty and right.
But thou shalt rise superior to their arts,
And fix thy empire in a people's hearts.

Nor hence may faction boast her favour'd claim,
Where selfish passions borrow virtue's name:
Free government alone preserves the free,
And righteous rule is gen'ral liberty;
Their guiding law is freedom's native voice,
The public good defin'd by public choice;
And justly should the bold offenders fall,
Who dare invade the sov'reign rights of all;
A king who proudly makes these claims his own,
Or they whose rage would shake a lawful throne.
From truths like these proceeds a right divine,
And may the pow'r that rais'd, preserve thy scepter'd line.

TO MANKIND: AN ODE.

I.

Is there, or do the schoolmen dream?
Is there on earth a pow'r supreme,
The delegate of heav'n,
To whom an uncontroul'd command,
In every realm o'er sea and land,
By special grace is giv'n?

II.

Then say, what signs this god proclaim?
Dwells he amidst the diamond's flame,
A throne his hallow'd shrine?
The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, fear, and impotence betray:
Strange proofs of pow'r divine!

III.

If service due from human kind,
To men in slothful ease reclin'd,
Can form a sov'reign's claim:
Hail monarchs! ye, whom heav'n ordains,
Our toils unshar'd, to share our gains,
Ye ideots, blind and lame!

Poetry - Brit.

POEMS

POEMS

In an age as rich and fertile in the productions of art as the Eighteenth Century, it is scarcely to be wondered at that his contemporaries spoke slightingly of Nugent's talent as a poet: and yet it cannot be denied that, whether deservedly or undeservedly, he certainly gained a not inconsiderable amount of reputation, and was spoken of by many whose opinions were valuable and reliable in terms of the highest commendation. His ode to Pulteney, which described the poet's passage from the creed of Roman Catholicism to a purer faith, obtained great fame, and was considered good enough to be quoted by Gibbon. Horace Walpole called this "a glorious ode," though Gray declared that "Mr. Nugent sure did not write his own ode." Indeed Nugent was suspected, by some, of paying Mallet, his step-son's tutor, to write it, or at all events of getting his advice along with that of Pulteney himself and Lord Chesterfield with regard to its construction; but there is little reason for giving credence to this theory, so many of his poems afford evidence of power and originality, though frequently marred by that coarse and licentious wit from which his talents were never wholly exempt. One of his odes, that "to Clarissa," was criticized as "unworthy of Dodsley's collection," and many others it has been thought advisable to eliminate from this volume. Some excuse, however, may be made when we consider that the majority of his poems were written at as early an age as thirty-three or thirty-four; and, indeed, this fact should have increased the general opinion as to his ability, that a man at so comparatively early an age should have succeeded in building up a reputation, which caused Almon to write of him "that his poems breathed the true Horatian fire." Whatever his talent may have been, he was clearly esteemed at the time worthy to be placed side by side with men whose reputations still live with us, and whose works are as popular and as widely read as at the time at which they were written: and so it is that Arthur Murphy, the Editor of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, picked out Nugent as a "Patron of the man of Genius, wit and humour" to address his dedicatory letter to in the following words—

POEMS

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VIII.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good FLEURY pours the golden tide
On Gallia's smiling shores;
Once more her fields shall thirst in vain
For wholsome streams of honest gain,
While rapine wastes her stores.

IX.

Yet glorious is the great design,
And such, O PULTNEY! such is thine
To prop a nation's frame.
If crush'd beneath the sacred weight
The ruins of a falling state
Shall tell the patriot's name.

FAITH.

A POEM.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

THE following Poem at first consisted of a very few Lines, and was only part of another in which Verses of Seven Syllables were chosen as best adapted to its general subject. What is now sent to you, growing almost imperceptibly into its present length, by Ideas crowding upon the Author's mind, from an inexhaustible Fund of Matter, became a disproportionate part of the original Design, and has therefore been separated from it. The Metre, although deficient in that solemnity which the subject demands, remains unalter'd; merely from the difficulty of improving the whole by adding more words to each Line. Had it been so enlarged in its first formation, it would have cost the Composer less labour than hath been bestowed upon it in its present shape, while the Composition might have been rendered less inelegant, and the Sense and Argument less cramped and obscure than they must appear in many places.

You have it with all its Imperfections; and if it be sufficiently clear to manifest to Christians the Author's Faith, sufficiently conclusive not to weaken in the opinions of others the Cause which he would support, and just sufficiently poetical not to tire the Readers of either Denomination, he will not repent of having given to the Public his Thoughts in the Decline of Life, closing the scene with an Endeavour to draw their attention to an Object which ought to be the principal Study of Man, as it is his infinitely most important Concern, through every stage of Existence.

Happy indeed would the Author be, if this Attempt should contribute to excite the Exertion of superior Talents in the Defence of Him from whom they are derived, and in vindicating Truths which can never suffer by Discussion, and which have been injured only when the Field hath been abandoned to unopposed Assailants. The Attack is become too general in many parts of the Christian World; the Defence should be unanimous by all who are ranged under the Banner of a Man-God, however they may differ in other points, whether of Doctrine or of Discipline: This will be no more than a just Compensation for the Prejudices drawn upon their Common Faith by that intolerant Rancour with which different Sects have persecuted each other. Of those Prejudices Infidelity hath not failed to take every unfair Advantage, and would conclude against the Law of Disinterestedness, Forgiveness and universal Benevolence, because cruel and interested Men have acted in direct Opposition to its Spirit and Commands.

ARGUMENT.

GOD from the simple Law of Nature produces infinite Variety. The Exertion of Power equal in the Production of the smallest and greatest Beings in the various Classes of Creation. The most minute Alteration in the System of the Universe would subvert the whole; from Line 1 to 18. All Effects foreseen by God from Eternity, to Line 32. Phenomena, seemingly irregular, all directed by certain Rules, to Line 43. There are Evils necessarily arising from the Nature of Things, in the physical and moral Worlds. These are compensated by superior Benefits with which they are connected, to Line 62. The virtuous happy here or in a future State. Prayer grateful to God, to Line 82. The Law of Mercy consistent with the Law of Nature. Both co-operate in attaining the Ends proposed by God from all Eternity, to Line 106. The Will of God, although immutable, is free, his Decrees being always present, to 120. Man's Choice foreseen but not compell'd, to 124. Certain differing Opinions equally false, to 132. Infidelity and Credulity equally erroneous. Miracles afford no Argument in favour of legendary Tales, to 152. The Will of God is the efficient Cause of all Things, to 170. Worlds of Spirit, to 176. Influence of Soul upon Body acting by an Impulse different from the Laws of Motion, to 192. The known Effects of such Impulse render credible certain Miracles and Mysteries delivered to us by divine Authority, to 216. Absurdities of Materialism, to 230. Desire of Fame after Death a Proof of future Existence, to 256. The Argument used by Epicureans against Providence strengthened by the Doctrine of Materialism, to 288. Their Argument best answered by the Doctrine of a Trinity, to 318. Other Circumstances which inforce the Truth of that Doctrine, to 346. Mahomet and Mahometism compared with Christ and Christianity, to 366. Before Revelation, natural Sense led Men into fewer gross Errors respecting a Divinity, than Learning did many Philosophers, to 374. The Worship of God in his Works, or in Idols, common to the most civilized and savage Nations, proves the Idea of a Supreme Power impressed on the Mind of Man, while the religious Tenets of both were equally absurd, to 408. Description of Fame, to 426. Her Influence upon Cato, Brutus and Socrates, to 468. All Virtues enjoined by the revealed Will of God, to 478. The Influence of revealed Religion upon the Distresses of Man, to 502. The Religion of Nature, moral Instinct, and human Laws not sufficient without reveal'd Religion, to 562. Reason not sufficient without Faith, to 614. Deism inconsistent with itself, to 632. Address to the Deity, to 650. Apostrophe to the King, to 690.

FAITH: A POEM.

RULING Pow'r! eternal Mind!
  Uncreated, unconfin'd,
Who, from Nature's simple Law,
Dost her various Myriads draw;
Thou! omnipotent in all,
Equal in the Great and Small,
Where thy rising Works extend,
Wide as Space which knows no End,
From the Mote which unseen plays,
To where Suns unnumber'd blaze;
With the all-prevading Soul
Poises, moves, connects the whole:
In the Chain one Link derang'd,
In the Work one Movement chang'd,
In the Scale one Atom lost,
World would sink in Chaos tost.
But secure, Thy potent Hand
Executes what Prescience plan'd,
What was, is, or e'er shall be
Viewing thro' Eternity.

  COULD an unforeseen Event
Scenes, unknown before, present,
Thou, like Man, become more wise,
Would'st thro' Time in Knowledge rise,
Rais'd, at ev'ry future Date,
From thy still imperfect State.
Yet, in each advanc'd Degree,
Ill th' improving Deity
Would support th' Omniscient's Claim,
From Eternity the same;
Ill Effects, unthought of, tend
To insure Creation's End.

URG'D by one unvarying Force,
Seasons tread their wonted Course;
While in Nature's stated Turn,
Winters chill, and Summers burn.
Vagrant Winds, the Compass round
Shift, and seem by Rules unbound;
Yet Thou guidest their Career,
Sure as rolls the circling Year:
Nor in wide Creation's Range,
Blindfold Chance or fickle Change
Ever enter'd: fertile Lands
Thirst for Show'rs that glut the Sands;
Nor may starving Virtue taste
What the lavish Vices waste,
All foreknown, no partial Ill
Frustrates the Creator's Will.

ILLS there are, in vain deny'd
By the subtle Stoick's Pride;
Such as Nature must produce,
Purchasing superior Use:
Here would Suns benignant shine,
They must scorch beneath the Line:
Clouds that drop the kindly Show'r,
Must the wasting Torrent pour.
Nor to Earth alone confin'd,
Ills disgrace the nobler Mind,
Rank Desires, foul Passions stain:
Should resistless Force restrain,
Soon would Brute-degraded Man
Humble mourn thy alter'd Plan.

IN omniscient Justice sure,
Virtue rests of Bliss secure;
Large the Portion here assign'd
To the conscious, spotless Mind,
While unmerited Distress
Points to future Happiness:
One, thus blameless doom'd to fall,
Proves Futurity to all.
Other Proofs, alas! arise:
Prosp'rous Guilt those Proofs supplies.

THO' awhile in Nature's Scale
Virtues sink and Crimes prevail,

Yet not lost in empty Air
Vainly floats the suppliant Pray'r:
Grateful shall the Incense rise,
Wafting Fragrance to the Skies;
And eternal Bliss repay
The short suff'rings of a Day.
Let not Villains boast their Gains,
While unclos'd th' Account remains!

But would'st Thou, in Mercy shown,
Deign the righteous Cause to own;
Or from Guilt's repentant Eye
Wipe all other Sorrows dry,
Nature's Laws can never force
Mercy from her destin'd Course;
Both are thine—to stir the Wave,
Still, or turn its Rage, and save
Wretches, who thy Hand adore
Slighted or unknown before.

Thus the Kindred-Systems rang'd
Mutual act, their Laws unchang'd;
Tho' deep-veil'd thy form'd Design
Dwells in Mystery divine;
Nor can bounded Reason find
How their various Pow'rs combin'd,
All directed to one End,
Can alternate Succour lend,
While according Parts agree
In Caelestial Harmony.
Howe'er vary'd each Event,
All conform to thy Intent,
To whate'er thy ruling Pow'r
Will'd before th' appointed Hour.

Man thro' Life's inconstant Range,
Proves his Liberty by Change;
But that cogent Proof betrays
Error's inconsistent Maze.
While th' Almighty Hand fulfills
All that Sovereign Wisdom wills;
While no Power's controuling Voice,
Thwarts his self-directing Choice;
Tho' unalter'd still remains
What th' unerring Mind ordains,

Wise Omnipotence is free
In th' immutable Decree,
Ever present, never past,
Never future, first, or last.

In whate'er thou hast ordain'd,
Man ne'er sins by Force constrain'd!
Free his Choice, tho' Heav'n foresee
What that fatal Choice will be;
His, who wrapt in Horror's Gloom,
Reads th' inevitable Doom;
Or who views a Seraph's Throne,
By predestin'd Lot his own;
Or who mocks a saving God,
Spurns his Clemency and Rod:
Impious they, whose Creeds profane
Hold the Works of Virtue vain.
Error's wild Extremes are such,
When too little or too much
Men believe, alike they stray:—
Scepticks in the Noon of Day,
While Credulity's weak Eyes
See the Midnight Sceptre rise.
Nor doth Miracle avail
The low Bigot's idle Tale,
How by Supplication prest
Thou hast chang'd thy high Behest;
Turn'd the Bolt thy Wrath prepares,
From the Head thy Pity spares;
Passions varying each Design,
As strong Love or Hate incline:
Vengeance, Mercy but fulfil
Thy unalter'd ceaceless Will,
Both united in one Plan,
Form'd ere Worlds or Time began;
While Presumption baffled strays
In th' inexplicable Maze.

Could sublimer Reason scan
Matter thro' its endless Plan,
From this humble Planet rise
Far as stretch the spangled Skies,
Piercing thro' all Nature's Laws,
Towards the efficient Cause;

Past thy Will should Knowledge strain,
Newton's Lights would Blaze in vain:
Whence on Matter, doom'd to rest
'Till by moving Matter prest,
Does th' imparted Impulse act?
Whence does central Force attract?
Whence in a projectile Line
Bodies would that Force decline?
While th' opposing Pow'r compounds
Orbs and all their destin'd Rounds;
These deep-search'd by human Skill,
Own no Cause beside thy Will.

ALL obedient to thy Reign
Works more wond'rous still remain,
Where, unknown to human Sight,
Spreads th' expanded Infinite;
While thy ruling Law controlls
The vast Universe of Souls.
Hence that Spark (whose glimm'ring Ray
Animates our senseless Clay,
Knowing all to Mankind known,
Stranger to itself alone;)
Bids the Face of Pleasure glow,
Sickens the pale Cheek of Woe,
Fires the Weak with Valour's Flame,
Numbs with Fear the Giant's Frame,
Gives our Limbs to move or rest,
By no outward Force imprest;
Bids young Vigour, bounding high,
All Attraction's Pow'r defy,
And, in Frolick's varying Round,
Motion's stated Laws confound;
Rules the Man—unconscious whence
Flows its pow'rful Influence.

SINCE thus destin'd to obey,
Body owns superior Sway;
To the ruling Spirit chain'd,
Union felt but ne'er explain'd;
Well might thy o'er-ruling Force
Stop the Sun's declining Course,
Bid a chosen People pass
Thro' the Sea's divided Mass:

Starting forth at thy Command
Well might Wonders prove thy Hand,
When the Crowd thy Truths receiv'd,
Saw, and what they saw believ'd.
Yet Impiety denies
Miracle and Mysteries;
Mocks the Pow'r which from his Bed
Rais'd to Life the wond'ring Dead,
Scoffs at those who dare proclaim
A Man-God in human Frame,
Join'd in Union undefin'd
To our now ennobled Kind!
In thy Word those Truths we trace,
Treasur'd for the Human Race;
Unimpair'd the Proofs shall last,
Thro' the future, as the past.

If, as impious Teachers say,
Souls are animated Clay;
If, by chemick Pow'r refin'd,
Matter, high-sublim'd to Mind,
Rich with Wisdom, Foresight, Skill,
Chuses, thinks, and moves at will;
A new Essence thus supply'd,
To the native Mass deny'd,
Total Change—such alter'd State
Who produces, must create:
In the wond'rous Work imprest
The Creator shines confest;
Still the Soul retains her Claim,
Pure and animated Flame.

Lo! the Wretch who abject thinks
Man to Brute degraded sinks,
And in mould'ring Earth's decay
Quenches the immortal Ray,
Courting visionary Fame
Pants to eternize his Name;
When no more th' unconscious Ear
Can th' applauding Paean hear,
When no more th' extinguish'd Eye
Sees the Column brave the Sky,
Sacred to a Name alone,
All that liv'd of Man unknown.

Heaven's exhaustless Bounty grants
Fit Supplies for all our Wants,
Whether feeding grosser Fires,
Or the Soul's sublime Desires;
Ev'ry Longing of the Mind,
Marks an Object thus assign'd,
In the wide-extended Scope
Of Enjoyment, Wish, or Hope,
'Tho' mistaken Man's Embrace
Catch at Shadows in his Chace:
He who thirsts to live in Praise,
Thro' a Line of endless Days,
Proves a deathless Prize prepar'd
By our mortal Sense unshar'd.

If the great Creator's Plan
Close with Life's contracted Span,
While in quick successive Birth
Myriads swarm to mix the Earth;
If to no sublimer End
Heav'nly Strength and Thought extend,
Why was favour'd Man begot,
Rising but to breathe and rot?
Why employ'd almighty Pow'r
On the Creature of an Hour?
Epicurus in his Sty
Hence would Providence deny,
Deeming Earth unmeet to share
A Creator's Guardian Care.

Yet Almighty Pow'r he own'd
On the highest Heav'n enthron'd,
Of Infinitude possest,
In himself supremely blest.
Thus he reason'd.—"God employ'd
In Perfections self-enjoy'd,
Feels no Motive to create,
Rising from a future State:
What can finite Works present
Worthy the Omnipotent?
Can Creation to his Store
Add one Gift, not his before?
Or th' Imperfect yield Delight
To the Perfect Infinite?

Atoms, blindfold in their Dance,
Jumble into Worlds by Chance,
While remote the God-head reigns,
Heedless of our Joys and Pains." 288

WILDER'D in phantastick Schemes,
So th' unaided Searcher dreams:
Reason with advent'rous Flight,
Trying Heav'n's unequal Height,
Tir'd and dizzy, from the Sky
Drops into Absurdity.

FAITH arise! assert your Claim!
Open Heav'n from whence you came!
Vouch th' eternal Three who shine
One, in Attributes divine!
Say! how the Great Father's Mind
Ere Creation was, design'd
His lov'd Son's unspotted Birth,
Cloth'd in Flesh, exalting Earth;
While with interchang'd Delights,
One creates, and One unites,
Of one Object each possest,
In their mutual Blessings blest.
Say! how all was sanctify'd,
By that Spirit breathing wide,
Who erst in the Prophet's Flame,
Did those mystick Truths proclaim;
And, athwart thick pagan Night,
Pour'd on Souls resistless Light.
In this System pre-ordain'd,
God's high Motives stand explain'd;
When his all-creating Hand
Gave to Man Air, Sea and Land,
Made for him, whose kindred-Claim
Boasts his Heav'n-united Frame. 318

TENETS with such Wonders fraught,
Far beyond the Reach of Thought,
Link'd with Laws, whose rig'rous Plan
Checks th' aspiring Pride of Man,
Stints the darling Joys of Sense,
Lost in rigid Abstinence,
Points to Paths with Thorns bespread,
Far remov'd from Pleasure's Bed,

Leading to a distant Prize,
Past the Ken of human Eyes,
Reason's Sovereign-Rule deny'd,
Senses, Passions, mortify'd,
In a plain and simple Tale,
Ill constructed to prevail,
With no Eloquence to draw,
Nor Authority to awe,
Yet by Earth's first Pow'rs receiv'd,
And by Learning's Lights believ'd,
Reconciling what before
Mock'd the Sophist's baffled Lore,
Yet that Purpose undesign'd
'Scap'd the rustick Teachers' Mind,
Who, the subtle Schools unknown,
Knew no Doctrines but their own;
Nor in Rolls of Grecian Fame,
Reads an Epicurus' Name:
These are Stamps by Heav'n imprest,
Truth's inimitable Test.

SUCH were they, while Guilt and Shame
Brand th' impostor-Arab's Claim:
Vengeance, Rapine, Murder, Lust,
Ill denote a heav'nly Trust,
Tho' his Followers' Ruffian-Band
Speak the Wonders of his Hand,
Boasting in their martyr'd Train
Robbers by the plunder'd slain.
Well might he by Force impose
Creeds absurd on vanquish'd Foes;
Well seduce a sensual Crowd,
Vague Concubinage allow'd;
While his Paradise invites
To eternal lewd Delights.
But rank Incest, all his own,[1]
Flames a Jewel in his Throne.

How unlike the Man divine!
In whose Life's fair Mirror shine
All the Precepts which he taught,
Spotless pure in Deed and Thought.

[1] Mahomet forbad Incest, but practised it himself.

ERE the Beam of saving Light,
Trac'd the certain Path to Right,
Man, who unseduc'd by Art
Stifling Nature in his Heart,
Safer trusted native Sense
Than weak Learning's Insolence;
Nor, to eternize a Clod,
Labour'd to dethrone his God. 374

WHERE the poor untutor'd Hind[1]
Awe-struck hears him in the Wind,
Sees him in the Light'ning blaze,
Feels him in the Solar Rays,
And thro' splendid Nature's Stores
In Effects their Cause adores,
Spreading wide as Nations spread,
Admiration, Love and Dread;
Or where Superstition owns
Virtues giv'n to Wood and Stones,
Whether Jove, high-sculptur'd, rise
Awful Sov'reign of the Skies;
Or from monster-teeming Nile
Spring the worship'd Crocodile;
Or rough hewn with barb'rous Glare
Some tremendous Idol stare;
All evince a Pow'r imprest
Deep in Man's instinctive Breast,
Wrapt in Error.—So the eye
Traces in an Ev'ning-sky
Well-known Forms; yet what we see
Is but cloud-born Imag'ry.

NOT more senseless Tales disgrace
The wild Faith of India's Race,
Than, obscur'd in heathen Gloom,
Sham'd the Lights of Greece and Rome,
When appall'd, the Brave and Wise
View'd Portents and Prodigies:
Did a Fowl in moping Mood,
Sick'ning shun its slighted Food;
Did a Bull ill-omen'd die,
Did a Bird sinister fly,

[1] "Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd Mind
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind."—POPE.

Earth's proud Masters trembling yield,
Ill resign'd, the unfought Field.

SELF-BORNE thro' th' aetherial plain
Virtue led her radiant Train,
Scorning Titles, Wealth, and Pow'r,
Native Charms her only Dow'r:
Yet, inspir'd by Glory's Flame,
Pleas'd she heard the Trump of Fame,
Bade her Votaries pursue
Where the airy Phantom flew,
Wasting in the chace of Praise
Sleepless Nights and restless Days,
'Till a baseless Pile appear'd,
By recording Muses rear'd:
There the Brave, the Good, the Sage,
Liv'd in Clio's deathless Page;
There Calliope display'd
Flow'ry Wreaths which never fade;
While Melpomene sublime
Rais'd to Heav'n the Gods of Rhime.

BY such splendid Visions led
God-like Cato liv'd and bled;
Liv'd the first of human Race,
Dy'd in Pagan-Pride's disgrace,
Sullen shrinking in despair
From those Ills which Man should bear.

BRUTUS, high in Patriot-Blood,
Honest, gen'rous, brave and good,
Hapless, with one erring Stroke,
Rivetted his Country's Yoke,
Friendship stabb'd in Caesar slain,
O'er Philippe's fatal Plain
Soon he saw a Shadow fly,
Hov'ring in the angry Sky,
Late his Guide:—But ere He fell
Vanish'd the enchanting Spell,
Virtue's unsubstantial Frame
Sunk into an empty Name:
Still He err'd, and in his Fall
Saw blind Fortune govern all.
Such their Doom who unrestrain'd
Own no Laws for Man ordain'd,

Lost to Blessings that await
Merit in a happier State;
Nor behold in sweet Accord
Virtue's Charms and Heaven's Reward.

SOCRATES, when subtle Art
Silenc'd Instinct in his Heart,
Nor wou'd Nature's Law obey
Ill-resign'd to tyrant-Sway,
With fixt Eye and thirsty Soul
Eager view'd the deadly Bowl,
With firm Hand the Blessing caught,
Fame gay-smiling o'er the Draught.
Yet high rais'd by mental Pow'r,
Did that mighty Genius tow'r,
With all Nature's Treasures fraught,
By all Wisdom's Learning taught.

SUCH is Reason's strongest Ray,
Fading in the Flood of Day
Now Heav'n's saving Page hath shewn
Truths to Socrates unknown.

ALL that in fair Virtue charms,
All in social Love that warms,
All in Sympathy that glows,
Melting at another's Woes,
All that righteous Zeal should dare,
All that bids sweet Mercy spare,
All that in confided Trust
Steels the never-yielding Just,
These, confirm'd by Heav'n's Command,
On a Base eternal stand.

THO' on some bleak Heath alone,
In his Storm-rent Cot unknown,
The starv'd Peasant, born to toil,
Tills, unpaid, a barren Soil;
Or fall'n Greatness in the Shade
Pain and Penury invade,
Now no more the Voice of Praise
Chaunting loud the Poet's Lays;
Tho' dark Slander's venom'd Tooth
Wound the blameless Breast of Truth;

Or a keener Foe intrude,
Foul and false Ingratitude;
Yet Religion's beaming Ray,
Portion of th' eternal Day,
With Heav'n's potent Influence fraught,
Spotless Sanctity of Thought,
Patience firm with stifl'd Sigh,
Fortitude with dauntless Eye,
Innocence in Virtue strong,
Meek Forgiveness pard'ning Wrong,
Charity's parental Tears,
Faith that warms, and Hope that cheers,
Can sweet Harmony inspire,
Sweeter than the Poet's Lyre.

If from the Accord of Things
Natural Religion springs,
With sufficient Force to bind
The strict Duties of our Kind,
While in Reason's moral Light
Wrong stands mark'd distinct from Right,
Whence, the Pride of Stoick Schools,
Epictetus drew his Rules;
Be this boastful Claim allow'd!
What avails it to the Crowd?
What to them, the unknown Use
Of Philosophy abstruse?
Hard their Doom, if millions stray
Whilst a Sophist finds his Way.

Or, if in the humble Shade
Instinct prompting lends its Aid,
Influencing the various Will,
Some to Good, and some to Ill,
Diff'ring as the human Frame
Differs, in no Two the same;
If all Virtue's understood,
The mere Child of balmy Blood;
If black Humours unsupprest
Taint with Vice the gloomy Breast;
If th' impelling Flood commands
Unrestrain'd fell Rapine's Hands;
Wrong'd they fall, by Laws unjust,
Who transgress because they must.

If the milder Stream supplies
Mercy's Beam in melting Eyes;
If their purer Influence warms,
Lighting all the inward Charms;
Sure, in partial Pow'r's Regard,
Virtue finds undue Reward.

Laws, unequal to prevent,
Know no Means but Chastisement,
And howe'er with Wisdom fraught,
Claim no Empire over Thought;
While the unreach'd Heart remains
Foul with ulcerated Stains,
Where the meditated Sin
Mocks all Pow'r, and lurks within,
'Till from that polluted Source
Crimes wide spread their wasteful Course.

Instinct, Reason, Law, for Man
Trac'd but an imperfect Plan,
'Till th' inspiring Word supply'd
What to Nature was deny'd;
Truths alike to all explain'd,
In that Code for all ordain'd,
Form'd alike to teach and bind
King, Philosopher, and Hind.

Thus the Sov'reign's Will exprest
Frames his Law to rule the Breast;
While his all-pervading Eyes
See the Crime that brooding lies,
See the Murd'rer's dark Intent,
Doom'd to threat'ned Punishment,
Deeply stain'd with moral Guilt,
Tho' Man's Blood escap'd unspilt— 562

While the Spirit all divine
Breathes in ev'ry sacred Line,
Shall vain Man with subtle Wit
Parts reject, and Parts admit?
Stating Proofs compar'd Degrees
With Improbabilities;
While in his suspended Scale
Reason dictates which prevail.

YET the Sage in hungry Mood,
Trusts not Reason for his Food;
Nor the Sense unsatisfy'd,
Waits till chemick Art hath try'd
What with most salubrious Juice
Suits the wasting Body's Use;
Else, in gnawing Hunger's Pain,
Long the Sage would toil in vain.
Thus our grosser Wants supply'd,
Taste an ever ready Guide,
Shall what feeds the nobler Part,
Cheers and purifies the Heart,
Wait for tardy Reason's Aid,
Straying thro' a dubious shade?
While Enquiry hangs perplext
O'er the Comment-blotted Text.
In one clear and perfect Plan,
All Heav'n's Rules to govern Man,
On plain Nature's Level lie,
Obvious to weak Reason's Eye.
Yet to these, Conceits acute
Meanings never meant impute.

MYSTERY, before conceal'd,
Is Heav'n's Knowledge now reveal'd;
While Religion, soaring high,
Spreads the Secrets of the Sky.
Vainly would Conception strain
Ev'ry Link of Reason's Chain,
Far unequal to the Height
Of that Knowledge Infinite;
But strong FAITH compels Assent,
As to Truths self-evident.

REASON's Weakness thus supply'd,
Fearless she pursues her Guide,
Certain that the *Wise* and *Good*,
(Prov'd in all Things understood)
Ne'er with impious Tales deceiv'd
Those who trusted and believ'd.

WHAT tho' Sophistry exert
All her Talents to subvert?
Tho th' Enthusiast, Frenzy-fir'd,

Boast a Flame by God inspir'd?
Faith and Reason's Claim and Use,
Rise unreach'd by their Abuse.

SAY, learned Deist! whose Assent
Grants a Pow'r omnipotent,
One uncomprehended Cause
Acting by his self-formed Laws,
Why thy varying Creed rejects
Incomprehensible Effects?
And would Reason's Line apply
To unfathom'd Mystery?
Does Creation stand explain'd
To thy finite Mind wide-strain'd?
While the Earth and Sea and Skies
From Non-entity arise,
Know'st thou thro' all Nature's List
How one Atom doth exist?
Less absurd thy Faith would end
Where Men cease to comprehend,
Tho' the Universe unite
To proclaim the Infinite.

GRACIOUS Pow'r! to Thee we owe
All that Bounty can bestow;
We, the Objects of thy Care,
Live in Thee, and move and are;
Yet superior Thanks are due,
While the promis'd Bliss we view
In thy holy Word reveal'd,
When thy Blood the Compact seal'd.
Shall the Atheist, self-debar'd
From th' ineffable Reward?
Shall the Deist's Tribe profane?
Shall the Scorner's ribbald Train?
Infidelity far spread,
Raise the supercilious Head?
And no Bard, unaw'd, rehearse
Heav'n-taught Truths, in grateful Verse,
Rescuing from the impious Jest
Those who dare these Truths attest.

FIRST of those, bless'd Monarch, hail!
FAITH triumphant shall prevail,

While Religion on thy Throne
Sits, and markes thee for her own.
Her's thou art by ev'ry Claim:
In chaste Virtue's sacred Name,
In those Charities that blend
Sov'reign, Father, Husband, Friend.
Gratitude that thanks and prays,
Zeal that worships and obeys,
Stamp thee her's, her Hope and Aid
When deserted and betray'd

From the Atheist blindly bold,
From Believers numb and cold,
Those who saving Truths reject,
Those who own them but neglect,
From the Reas'ner's Pride absurd
Spurning Heav'n's attested Word,
From the wild Enthusiast's Rant,
From the Hypocrite's false Cant,
From dark Superstition's Gloom,
From fell Persecution's Doom,
Piety compell'd to fly,
Finds thy Breast her Sanctuary.
Justice, Clemency, combin'd,
Spirit, resolute and kind,
Pleas'd to lead with gentle Hand,
Firm wild Faction to withstand,
Looks benignant, would impart,
Feelings of a spotless Heart,
All the Blessings these dispense,
Speak the Heav'n-sent Influence;
While staid Freedom's sober Train
Own a Monarch's legal Reign,
Viewing with indignant Eye
Licence leading Anarchy:
Nor shall delegated Sway
Stint thy intercepted Ray,
Drawing to a narrow Line
Bounty meant on all to shine.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO

THE QUEEN,

WITH

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

OF

IRISH MANUFACTURE

By LORD CLARE.

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.
MDCCLXXV.

TO
THE QUEEN.

COULD poor IERNE Gifts afford,
Worthy the CONSORT of her LORD,
Of purest Gold a sculptur'd Frame,
Just Emblem of her Zeal, should flame:
Within, the Produce of her Soil,
Wrought by her Hand with curious Toil,
Should from her splendid Looms supply
The richest Web of Tyrian Dye;
Where blended Tints in plastic Lore,
Might, breathing, shame the sculptur'd Ore.

There should the ROYAL CHARLOTTE trace
Her BRUNSWICK, in majestic grace,
With Looks beneficently kind,
The Face illumin'd by the Mind;
While HE, with Joy-transported Eyes,
Should see his much-lov'd CHARLOTTE rise;
And Both behold their Infant-train,
Cull Flowrets on the pictur'd Plain,
Weaving for Them a fragrant band,
More sweet from the presenting Hand:
Such was the Wreath, when HYMEN led
Our MONARCH to his nuptial bed;
And such the tender Chain which binds,
In mutual Love, their wedded Minds.

Nor here the Artist's skill should cease:
Glorious in War, and great in Peace
Our King should stand, alike renown'd
With Laurel or with Olive crown'd:
Should, o'er the blood-besprinkled Field,
Bid Vengeance to Compassion yield;

Or JUSTICE, rous'd by Faction's Band,
Snatch her sheath'd Sword from MERCY's Hand.

Far distant o'er the foaming Main,
And distant may it e'er remain!
A gathr'ing Cloud should blot the Skies,
And Mists in noxious Vapour rise;
Such as, in Summer's Solstice spread,
Steam from the pregnant Meadow's Bed;
While the bewilder'd Travellers roam
Wide from the Path which leads to Home;
No faithful Mark, no Guide secure
To trace the palpable Obscure:
And such the Veil hot Frenzy draws
O'er Reason, Liberty, and Laws.

But, close behind, returning Day
Should chace the Gloom obscene away;
And, mildly beaming, Heaven-sent PEACE
Bid DISCORD and CONFUSION cease;
Lead FILIAL PIETY sincere,
Bath'd in a penitential Tear,
To the fond PARENT's melting Breast,
Long lost, a dearly welcome Guest.
Kind INDUSTRY, with ready Hand,
Should strew her Treasures o'er the Land;
Chearful her wonted Toil resume,
Rich COMMERCE spread, fair PLENTY bloom;
And LOVE, the universal Soul,
Inspire, combine, and bless the whole.

And O! might poor IERNE hope,
In sober Freedom's liberal scope,
To ply the Loom, to plough the Main,
Nor see Heaven's Bounties pour'd in vain,
(1) Where starving Hinds, from Fens and Rocks,
View Pastures rich with Herds and Flocks;
And only view, forbid to taste;
Sad Tenants of a dreary Waste.
For other Hinds our Oxen bleed;
(2) Our Flocks for happier Regions feed,
Their Fleece to Gallia's Looms resign,
More rich than the Peruvian Mine;
Her Fields with barren Lilies strown,
Now white with Treasures not her own.

In vain IERNE's piercing Cries
Plaintive pursue the golden Prize;
While all aghast the Weaver stands,
And drops the Shuttle from His Hands.
Barter accurst! but mad Distress
To Ruin flies from Wretchedness.
Theirs be the Blame, who bar the Course
Of Commerce from her genuine Source,
And drive the Wretch his Thirst to slake
With Poison, in a stagnant Lake.

Hence Ports secure from ev'ry Wind,
For Trade, for Wealth, for Power design'd,
Where faithful Coasts and friendly Gales
Invite the Helm and court the Sails,
A wide deserted Space expand,
Surrounded with uncultur'd Land.
(3) Thence POVERTY, with haggard Eye,
Beholds the British Streamers fly;
Beholds the Merchant doom'd to brave
The treacherous Shoal, and adverse Wave,
Constrain'd to risk his precious Store,
And shun our interdicted Shore.
(4) Thus BRITAIN works a SISTER's Woe;
Thus starves a Friend, and gluts a Foe.

Yet shall this humble Gift impart
The Tribute of a loyal Heart;
And THOU with Smiles benign receive:
('Tis all that loyal Heart can give.)
When on thy Robe with mingled Rays,
The Ruby and the Diamond blaze;
Unmindful of GOLCONDA's Prize,
THOU mark'st our Rapture-sparkling Eyes;
Faintly her Gems their Lustre prove,
Lost in the Flame of BRITAIN's LOVE.
And when the rustic CHORUS sing
In artless Notes, GOD SAVE THE KING;
Altho', with unmelodious Prayer,
In strains like mine THEY rend the Air;
THY ravish'd Ears forget the Lyre,
E'en while THY HANDS the string inspire:
Such Notes, when grateful Crowds rejoice,
Hymn sweeter than a Seraph's Voice;

And such, along the swarming Shore,
Loud-echo'd to the Cannon's Roar;
While BRITAIN's Glory shone display'd,
In all the Pride of Pomp array'd;
Where sovereign of the briny Flood,
Her GUARDIAN GENIUS smiling stood.

NOTES.

(1) The Peasants of Ireland are driven to inhabit Mountains and Bogs, in miserable Huts, where they never taste animal Food, while large Tracts of as rich Land as any in Europe are covered with Oxen and Sheep.

(2) Ireland is prohibited from exporting any Woollen Manufacture, although she might furnish many Foreign Markets, now supplied by France, particularly Turkey and Portugal, with certain Species of Woollen Goods, at lower Prices than the French can afford to sell them. This Prohibition obliges the Irish to carry on a contraband Trade, with the French, in raw Wool so necessary to their Manufactures, that their demand for it raises the Price in Ireland beyond the Reach of the Irish Manufacturer for Home Consumption.

(3) Vessels, freighted with Goods from America, a few Species only excepted, although destined for the Irish Market and passing close to the Irish Coast, are obliged by Law to proceed to, and unload in some Port of Great Britain. Their Cargoes, after much Risk, Expense, and Loss of Time, are there re-shipped to return to the Place of their Destination, through a Passage more dangerous than that from America to Ireland.

(4) The Prohibition to export Irish Woollen Goods is far from being the only Restraint laid upon Ireland, beneficial to the Manufacture and Trade of France. Among many other Instances, the Prohibition of all Irish Goods from being sent to the American Markets, except Linen and Provisions, tempts our Colonists to admit, in a Contraband Trade, many Foreign Articles which might be had cheaper from Ireland.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE ———,

WITH A NEW YEAR'S GIFT OF IRISH POTATOES.

BY LORD KNOWS WHO.[1]

"*Clara micante auro* ——"
"*Materiem superabat opus, nam Mulciber illic.*"—OVID.

COULD a poor HIBERNIAN dare
To emulate the generous CLARE,
Of shining pewter pure and clean,
He'd make a present to the QUEEN.
On it a new invented work,
A charming etching, with a fork,
In curious stile, and matchless goût,
All Herculaneum should out do;
And as for touches, strokes, and air,
Put Cipriani in despair.
There should the royal CHARLOTTE trace
His majesty king GEORGE's face,
In such nice strokes as shew it is
The mind illuminates the phyz.
While HE should shake his sides to see
The likeness of her MAJESTY;
And both beheld their tiny moppets,
(Like the Fantoccini puppets,)
Culling heaps of pretty posies,
To salute their ROYAL noses;
Just such posies as they carried,
To refresh them when they married;
And such whose fresh and rosy hue,

[1] An imitation of "Verses addressed to The Queen."

Recall the GEORGIAN bride to view.
But something more our skill to try on,
As mild as dove, as bold as lion,
Our KING should stand—as thus—a sprig
Of bays should dignify his wig;
While olive branches stuck behind,
To enemies should prove him kind;
Tho', if one chest of tea is tost on
The waves, he's sure to ruin BRITAIN.

To prove the point, in the back ground,
(That so the distance might be found,)
A cloud of stinking smoke should rise,
(A tar and feather sacrifice,)
Such as in summer time is seen,
From burning weeds upon the green,
Which some old woman's purblind eyes,
Impute to dread incendiaries,
For spectacles she will not take,
To see her palpable mistake,
And, just as wisely we' lay stress
On the American Congress.

BUT, close behind, the sun should rise,
By way of clearing up the skies;
And heavenly DARTMOUTH should present
A recipe for sure content;
Like naughty boys, with streaming eyes,
Should introduce the Colonies,
To promise, all their squabble ends,
If dear mama will kiss and friends;
Then how should industry abound;
With not a beggar to be found;
E'en sharpers should grow honest then,
And none be rogues but Fielding's men;
And Love, that little smiling boy,
Give us a belly full of joy.

AND oh! while miracles take place,
May not poor Ireland hope for grace?
No more, to view Heaven's gifts in vain,
Let her have leave "to plough the main";
Because her land's so very poor,
To plough on that she can't endure;
Exports of beef, good Queen, condemn;

Leave Irish bulls for Irish men
That so WE may not still complain,
WE are the only beasts remain;
But chief forbid to cross the seas,
Our sheep——those worst of absentees.
For them we make a double struggle,
Mutton to eat, and wool to smuggle;
Tho', (by the way) my mind it racks,
That Irish wool cloaths Frenchmen's backs;
But Frenchmen, like ill-natur'd fellows,
Will never cease to undersell us;
Thence, to avenge such treatment foul,
We all set up "the Irish howl.'
The godlike weavers catch the sound,
And raging white boys spread around:
Hanging ensues! that unkind way
To terminate an Irish fray.
Theirs be the blame, who are the cause,
By making those strange things call'd laws,
That give the weaver's fancy scope,
In manufacturing——a rope.

LAWS are the cruel obstacles, my dear,
Good Lady, to our Irish chear,
For what, though all along our shore,
The winds are too polite to roar,
Though they blow an invitation
To the ships of ev'ry nation,
The merchants first must pay their court,
By touching at a British port:
A form of law that's very troubling
To the vessels bound for Dublin!
Thus Britain has the upper hand,
Though why I cannot understand,
Unless to shew us, 'gainst our will,
That she's our elder sister still.
And, yet shall these POTATOES prove
Emblems of Hibernian love:
Emblems though poor, yet, as I live,
They're all I can afford to give.
Then scruple not to eat your fill,
As they are tokens of good will:
So, though your Majesty display
Your glittering jewels at the play,

You'd rather see one English grin,
Than view your finest diamond pin,
Because, the ogles of John Trot
Can make your diamonds quite forgot:
And, if St. Margaret's steeple ring,
In broken notes, "GOD SAVE THE KING;"
Although the bells as badly chime,
As even I myself can rhyme,
You'd rather list to them, than play
At your own harpsichord all day;
Because whatever makes a noise,
May seem at least like public joys;
So when the King to Portsmouth flew,
To give the navy a review,
Soon as the guns began to fire,
(A compliment great folks admire,)
The Genius smil'd, and vow'd before,
He ne'er had felt such joys on shore.

FINIS.

THE

GENIUS OF IRELAND,

A

NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO LORD CLARE.

IN RETURN TO HIS LORDSHIP'S TO THE QUEEN.

"*Jubes Renovare Dolorem.*"—VIRG.

WHILST you, my Lord, were proud to raise
A Trophy to your Sovereign's Praise;
And dar'd for This, the Muses Doom,
To bear the Labours of the Loom;
Who, Maids of Honour like, ne'er knew
To weave, or spin, or knot, or sew;
Those happy Maids, whom Court denies
To toil, but with their Tongues and Eyes!
Yet harder still, you dar'd to summon,
These Muses to an Irish Common;

Where,—like the Witches in Macbeth,
So wide, so bleak, so rough, so drear,
Appeared the Scene, They thought that Death
Had summon'd Them to meet with Fear;

And form some solemn Dirge below,
To human Crimes and human Woe.

Affrighted at thy thund'ring Voice,
Without a Moment's Thought for Choice,
They came; and hop'd another GRAY
His Muses summon'd thus away,
To lay the Warp, the Woof to ply,
For Verse of Immortality;
But when commanded thus abroad,

A meer Ephemera to borrow,
The Gewgaw of a New-Year's Ode,
That's Verse to Day, and Dung to Morrow,
Was all your Honour ask'd;——They rose.
In Clamour never known in Prose;
Such Strokes no Mortal can Rehearse,
'Twas JUNIUS Sharpen'd into Verse;
At length the Ladies Crash declin'd,
Whilst thus their last Sobs to the Wind
Euterpe gave,——at such a Time,
'Not strive to build the lofty Rhime!
'Whether[1] Religion or the Queen
'Are drag'd upon the public Scene;
'Ne'er judge what sounds to Each belong!
'Give what is easy for what's fit!
'A Haberdasher in Sing-Song!
'A meer Retailer of Small-Wit!

'And yet this lazy-Rhiming Wight
'We follow'd Morning, Noon and Night:
'At Morn for Thoughts, at Eve for Dreams,
'To Us He was so deep a Debtor,
'That Horace, Antient as he seems,
'Was scarcely known to treat with better;

'And when He chose his Head to Pop
'Into Friend[2] Dodley's Rhiming Shop,
'I speak the Truth, nor more nor less,
'Princes were honour'd by the Press;
'But thus in glowing Stile He wrote,
'E'er Heralds blazon'd up his Coat;

'E'er lazy Title, splendid Ease,
'Discharg'd Us from his Witty Board,
'Forbad a Coronet to seize,
'Or know a Poet in a Lord.

'Above all scribbling Hopes and Fears,
'He laughs away declining Years;
'Nor courts again with aching Head

[1] See a late Poem, Y'cleped Faith, by L—— C——.

[2] See in Dodsley's Collection the Ode to Mankind with an Introduction to Frederick Prince of Wales, and other fine Odes by L——d C——.

'Th' Inspiring Days of good Prince FRED!
'Except when,——what's as warm as Beauty,
'The Politicians term it——Duty,
'Bids the VICE-TREASURER to impart,
'The TRIBUTE of a grateful HEART,
'And for—— 3000 l. *per Ann.*——
'To compliment the best He can;
'To help Him at this painful Lift,
'And fritter out a New-Year's Gift,
'To manufacture Irish Stuff,[1]
'Truth's Emblem, as its plain and rough;

'Here far from Gosfield Grove and Hall,
'In spite of Climate, Wind and Weather,
'Obedient to his Lordship's Call,
'A pretty Group We make together!
'Say Sisters! what shall We afford
'Our Quondam Friend, this Irish Lord?
'To suit his cultivated Taste!'
She stop'd;——For, Tenant of the Waste,
With crouching Gait and Footstep slow,
Tottering beneath the weight of Woe,

With furrow'd Forehead, haggard Eye,
Lank Cheek, pale Lip, and livid Hue,
The Genius stern of Poverty
Slow from his Cavern crawl'd to view;
And thus began,——"Whoever mov'd,
"This Kingdom views, by Nature lov'd,
"Where all that decks the Land or Main,
"Commercial Traffick, Fruitful Soil,
"By Her are giv'n, but giv'n in vain,
"White fetter'd is the Hand of Toil;

"He, He alone, will truly see,
"The Curse of Modern Policy;
"He, He alone will truly feel
"The Sorrows that I now reveal;
"How Industry can scarcely give
"The little privilege to Live;
"Britain just gleans enough for Tools,

[1] Irish Stuff presented with the Verses to the Queen as a New Year's Gift.

"To silence Knaves and fatten Fools;
"Whatever else our Heaven bestows,
"To starve our Friends must glut our Foes;
"The Stream tho' Ours, tho' Ours its Source,
"Forbidden to direct its Course,
"We never taste, while We survey,
"The Bread We might to All convey;
"But with a Toil-confounding Moan,
"Feed every Nation but our own;

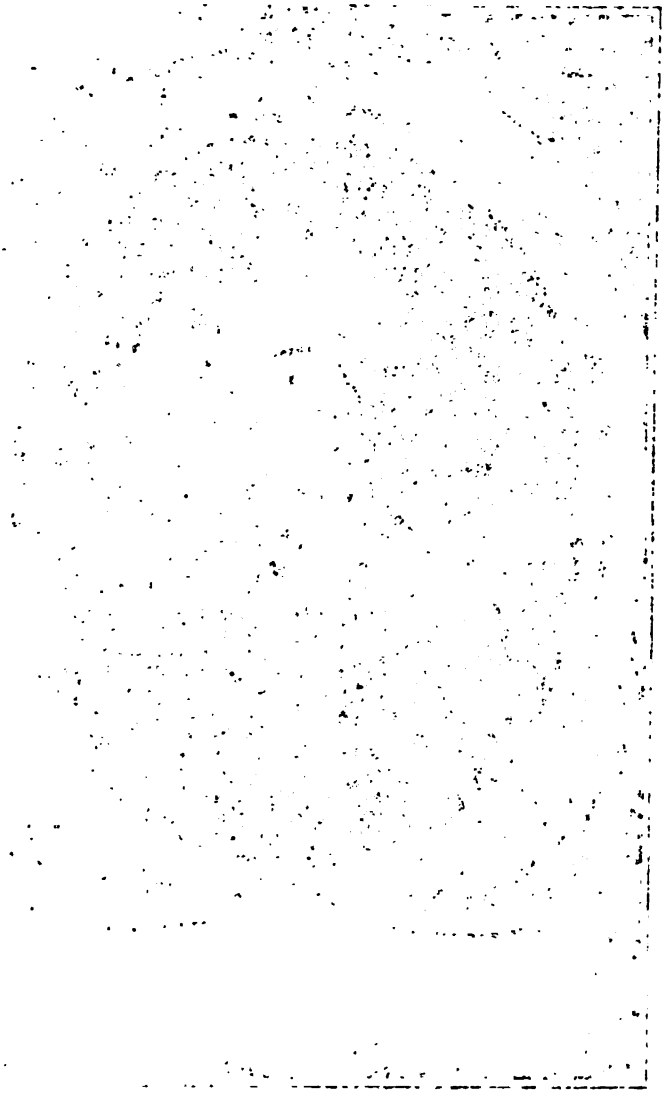
"Each Patriot, thus, in Truth or Jest,
"Of Tyranny the Picture draws,
"But still in Shades he sinks the Rest,
"Nor ever dares to Hint the Cause:
"What Curse is Theirs then who deny
"That Blessed Bond of Amity,
"Which Sea to Sea and Shore to Shore
"Uniting, would each Isle Restore,
"What, by Position Nature meant,
"A Power to guide the Continent;
"To make the Noise of Nations cease,
"And lull the Dogs of War to Peace;
"Whilst o'er these mighty Isles They saw
"One King, one Parliament, one Law,
"Allowing all, that Freedom cou'd,
"Commerce for universal Good,
"Which had for Us each Sail unfurld,
"And in our Power would Guard the World?
"What Curse is Theirs, each recreant Slave,
"Who Nature's Laws thus dares to brave,
"And while two Islands stretch their Hands,
"Steps forth and will forbid the Bands;
"Each pension'd Slave of Strings and Stars,
"The Ruler of our petty Jars,
"Each Patriot Slave, whose petty Cause,
"The Bubble of a Mob's Applause,
"Can scorn the Gift Dominion brings,
"And fetter Liberty with Kings?
"Be it, ay——be it——in one Word,
"A King, Mob, Commoner or Lord,
"For narrow Views by narrow Arts,
"Who separates united Hearts;
"Where one the Interest, one the Voice,
"Wou'd rule Them by divided Choice;

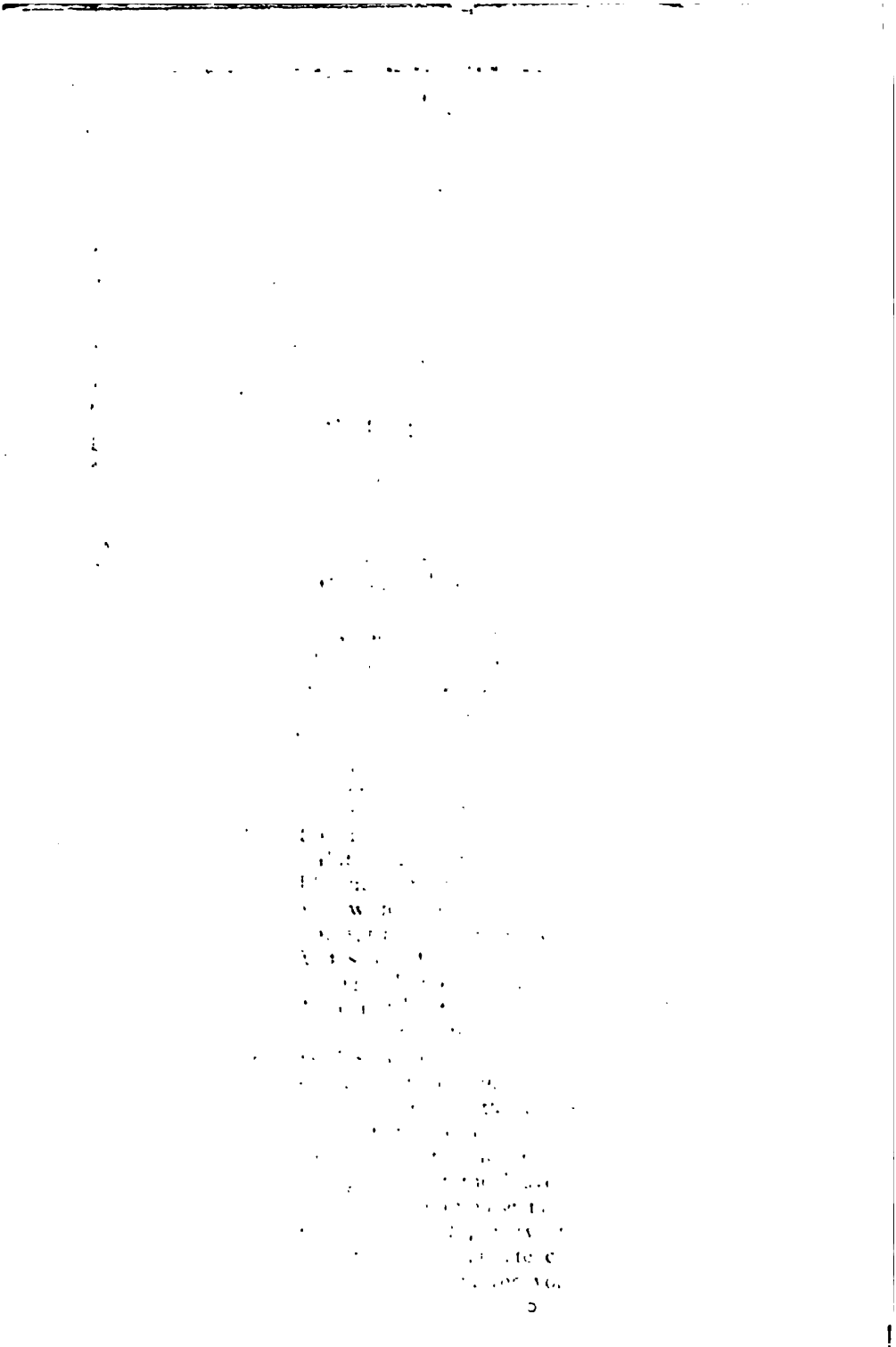
"Would keep the Bridegroom from the Bride,
"The Body sever from the Soul,
"Britain from Ireland, who Divide,
"Give THEM——Alass!——an IRISH HOWL!"
He said,——and with a more than mortal Groan
Shook either Land;——the Muses fled through Fear;
GEORGE wail'd the Base-born arts that rule a Throne,
And CHARLOTTE bless'd each Kingdom with a Tear.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE

By THE SAME.

Heaven in the human breast implants
  Fit appetites for all our wants;
With hunger prompts to strength'ning food,
With love of praise to public good;
These to their object strait convey,
While reason winds her tardy way.
  Yet in one center should unite,
Faith, instinct, reason, appetite:
One perfect plan ordain'd to trace,
And nature dignify with grace;
In one great system meant to roll,
To move, support, and guide the whole.
  But some there are who rigid blame
The mind that thirsts for righteous fame;
And with weak lights presumptuous scan
The springs which move predestin'd man.
And some there are, accurs'd their art,
Though all the nine their charms impart,
Who in false forms of great and just,
Cloath av'rice, treachery, rage and lust:
As if superior beings suit
Those attributes which sink the brute.
But vainly chime the partial lays,
Chaste Fame rejects all spurious praise.
She, fairest offspring of the skies,
The goddess of the brave and wise,
Whose sacred impulse prompts the best
To succour and preserve the rest,
Is deaf to every private call,
And wakes but at the voice of all.





ALEXANDER POPE

From heaps of ill-collected gain,
From hecatombs by heroes slain,
From courts, where guilty greatness dwells,
She flies to penury and cells;
With Erskine, pious exile, goes,
To sooth a drooping father's woes;
Or mingling with the orphan-train,
She flings the bounties of Germain.
Nor pow'r, nor policy of state,
Can ever give intrinsic weight:
And should fallacious art display
O'er titled dross a golden ray,
Still baser through detecting years,
The speckled counterfeit appears.
But when from proof, fair issuing forth,
The ore asserts its native worth;
Then, sov'reign bard, 'tis justly thine
And consecrated with thy name,
To treasure in the stores of Fame.

EPISTLE TO POLLIO, FROM THE HILLS OF HOWTH IN IRELAND.

BY THE SAME.

POLLIO! would'st thou condescend
Here to see thy humble friend,
Far from doctors, potions, pills,
Drinking health on native hills;
Thou the precious draught may'st share,
Lucy shall the bowl prepare.
From the brousing goat it flows,
From each balmy shrub that grows;
Hence the kidling's wanton fire,
Hence the nerves that brace his sire.
Vigorous, buxom, young and gay,
Thou like them shalt love and play.

What, though far from silver Thames,
Stately piles, and courtly dames;
Here we boast a purer flood,
Joys that stream from sprightly blood;
Here is simple beauty seen,
Fair, and cloth'd like beauty's queen:
Nature's hands the garbs compose,
From the lilly and the rose.
Or, if charmed with richer dies,
Fancy every robe supplies.
Should perchance some high-born fair,
Absent, claim thy tender care;
Here, enraptur'd shalt thou trace,
S——'s shape, and R——'s face;
While the waking dream shall pay
Many a wishing, hopeless day.
Domes with gold and toil unbought,
Rise by magic pow'r of thought,
Where by artist's hand undrawn,
Slopes the vale, and spreads the lawn;
As if sportive nature meant,
Here to mock the works of Kent.
Come, and with thee bring along
Jocund tale and witty song,
Sense to teach, and words to move,
Arts that please, adorn, improve;
And, to gild the glorious scene,
Conscience spotless and serene.
Poor with all a H——t's store,
Lives the man who pines for more.
Wretched he who, doom'd to roam,
Never can be blest at home;
Nor retire within his mind,
From th' ungrateful and unkind.
Happy they whom crowds befriend,
Curs'd who on the crowd depend;
On the great one's peevish fit,
On the coxcomb's spurious wit;
Ever sentenc'd to bemoan
Other failings in their own.
If, like them, rejecting ease,
Hills and heath no longer please;
Quick descend!—Thou may'st resort
To the viceroy's splendid court.

There, indignant, shalt thou see
Cringing slaves who might be free,
Brib'd with titles, hope or gain,
Tye their country's shameful chain;
Or, inspired by heaven's good cause,
Waste the land with holy laws:
While the gleanings of their power,
Lawyers, lordlings, priests devour.
Now methinks, I hear thee say,
"Drink alone thy mountain-whey!
Wherefore tempt the Irish shoals?
Sights like these are nearer Paul's."

AN EPISTLE.

By THE SAME.

THROUGH the wild maze of life's still varying plan,
Bliss is alone th' important talk of man.
All else is trifling, whether grave or gay,
A Newton's labours, or an infant's play;
Whether this vainly wafts th' unheeded fun,
Or those more vainly mark the course it run;
For of the two, sure smaller is the fault,
To err unthinking, than to err with thought;
But if, like them, we still must trifles use,
Harmless at least, like theirs, be those we chuse.
Enough it is that reason blames the choice,
Join not to her's the wretch's plaintive voice;
Be folly free from guilt: let foplings play,
Or write, or talk, or dress, or die away.
Let those, if such there be, whose giant-mind
Superior tower's above their pigmy kind,
Unaided and alone, the realms explore,
Where hail and snow renew their treasur'd store.[1]
Lo! heav'n spreads all its stars; let those explain,
What balanc'd pow'rs the rolling orbs sustain;

[1] Job, chap. xxxviii.

Nor in more humble scales, pernicious weigh
Sense, justice, truth, against seducing pay.
So distant regions shall employ their thought,
And spotless senates here remain unbought.
Well had great[1] Charles, by early want inspir'd,
With warring puppets, guiltless praise acquir'd,
So would that flame have mimic fights engag'd,
Which fann'd by pow'r, o'er wasted nations rag'd.
Curs'd be the wretch, should all the mouths of fame,
Wide o'er the world his deathless deeds proclaim,
Who like a baneful comet spreads his blaze,
While trembling crowds in stupid wonder gaze;
Whose potent talents serve his lawless will,
Which turns each Virtue to a public ill,
With direful rage perverted might employs,
And heaven's great ends with heaven's best means destroys.
The praise of power is his, whose hand supplies
Fire to the bold, and prudence to the wise;
While man this only real merit knows,
Fitly to use the gift which heaven bestows:
If savage valour be his vaunted fame,
The mountain-lion shall dispute his claim:
Or, if perfidious wiles deserve applause,
Through slighted vows, and violated laws;
The subtle plotter's title stands confess'd,
Whose dagger gores the trusting tyrant's breast,
And sure the villain less deserves his fate,
Who stabs one wretch, than he who stabs a state.
Now, mighty hero! boast thy dear delights,
The price of toilsome days and sleepless nights;
Say, canst thou aught in purple grandeur find,
Sweet as the slumbers of the lowly hind?
Better are ye, the youthful and the gay,
Who jocund rove through pleasure's flow'ry way!
Ye seek not there for bliss! your toil were vain,
(And disappointed toil is double pain)
Though from the living fount your nectar-bowls
Pour the soft balm upon your thirsty souls;
Though pure the spring, though every draught sincere,
By pain unbitter'd, and unpall'd by fear;
Though all were full as high as thought can soar,

[1] Charles V., Emperor of Germany, who in his retirement amused himself with puppets. See *Strada de bello Belgico.*

'Till fancy fires, and wishes crave no more:
Let lovely woman artless charms display,
Where truth and goodness bask in beauty's ray;
Let heavenly melody luxuriant float
In swelling sounds, and breathe the melting note;
Let gen'rous wines enliv'ning thought inspire,
While social converse sooths the genial fire:
If aught can yet more potent charms dispense,
Some stronger rapture, some sublimer sense;
Be these enjoy'd.—Then from the crowd arise
Some chief, in life's full pride maturely wise.
Ev'n you, my Lord, with titles, honours grac'd,
And higher still by native merit plac'd;
By stinted talents to no sphere confin'd,
Free ranging every province of the mind:
Equally fit, a nation's weight to bear,
Or shine in circles of the young and fair;
In grave debates instructed senates move,
Or melt the glowing dame to mutual love.
To heighten these, let conscious worth infuse
Sweet ease, and smiling mirth th' inspiring Muse.
Then answer, thou of every gift possess'd,
Say, from thy soul, art thou sincerely blest;
To various objects wherefore dost thou range!
Pleasure must cease, ere man can wish to change.
Hast thou not quitted Flaccus' sacred lay,
To talk with Bavius, or with Flavia play;
When wasted nature shuns the large expence
Of deep attention to exalted sense!
Precarious bliss! which soon, which oft must cloy,
And which how few, how very few enjoy!
  Say, is there aught, on which, completely blest,
Fearless and full the raptur'd mind may rest?
Is there aught constant? Or, if such there be,
Can varying man be pleas'd with constancy?
Mark then what sense the blessing must employ!
The senses change, and loath accustom'd joy,
Eden in vain immortal sweets displays,
If the taste sickens, or our frame decays.
The range of life contracted limits bound;
Yet more confin'd is pleasure's faithless round:
Fair op'ning to the sight, when first we run,
But, ah! how alter'd, when again begun!
When tir'd we view the same known prospect o'er,

And lagging, tread the steps we trod before.
Now clogg'd with spleen, the lazy current flows,
Through doubts, and fears, and self-augmenting woes;
'Till fated, loathing, hopeless here of bliss,
Some plunge to seek it into death's abyss.
Of all superfluous wealth's unnumber'd stings,
The sharpest is that knowledge which it brings;
Enjoyment purchas'd makes its object known,
And then, alas! each soft illusion's flown:
Love's promis'd sweet, ambition's lofty scheme,
The painter's image, and the poet's theme.
These, in perspective fair exalted high,
Attract with seeming charms the distant eye:
But when by envious Fortune plac'd too near,
Mis-shapen forms, and grosser tints appear:
Where lovely Venus led her beauteous train,
Some friend gigantic holds her monstrous reign;
Crowns, sceptres, laurels are confus'dly strow'd,
A wild, deform'd, unmeaning, heavy load.
Some pleasures here with sparing hand are giv'n,
That sons of earth should taste their promis'd heav'n;
But what was meant to urge us to the chace,
Now stops, or sideway turns our devious race:
Though still to make the destin'd course more plain,
Thick are our erring paths beset with pain;
Nor has one object equal charms to prove
The fitting center of our restless love.
And when the great Creator's will had join'd,
Unequal pair! the body and the mind,
Lest the proud spirit should neglect her clay,
He bad corporeal objects thought convey:
Each strong sensation to the foul impart,
Ecstatic transport or afflicting smart:
By that entic'd, the useful she enjoys;
By this deterr'd, she flies whate'er destroys:
Hence from the dagger's point sharp anguish flows,
And the soft couch is spread with sweet repose.
In something frail, though gen'ral this design,
For some exceptions every rule confine:
Yet few were they, while nature's genuine store
Supply'd our wants, nor man yet fought for more;
Ere diff'rent mixtures left no form the same,
And vicious habits chang'd our sickly frame.
Now subtle art may gild the venom'd pill,

And bait with soothing sweets destructive ill.
To narrow self heav'n's impulse unconfin'd
Diffusive reigns, and takes in all our kind.
The smile of joy reflected joy imparts;
The wretch's groans pierce sympathizing hearts.
Yet not alike are all conjoin'd with all,
Nor throng with rival heat to nature's call:
By varying instinct different ties are known,
With love superior points to each his own;
Those next the reach of our assisting hands,
And those to whom we're link'd by kindred bands;
Those who most want, and best deserve our care,
In warmer streams the sacred influence share:
Ambrosial sweets her infant's lips distils,
While through the mother's heart quick rapture thrills.
The social fire's friend, servant, neighbour claim,
Which blaze collected in the patriot's flame:
Hence Britain throbs superior in thy soul,
Nor idly wak'st thou for the distant pole.
Yet farther still the saving instinct moves,
And to the future wide extends our loves;
Glows in our bosom for an unborn race,
And warms us mutual to the kind embrace.
For this, to man was giv'n the graceful air;
For this, was woman form'd divinely fair.
But now to pleasure sensual views confin'd,
Reach not the use, for which it was design'd:
To this one point our hopes, our wishes tend,
And thus mistake the motive for the end.
Whate'er sensations from enjoyment flow,
Our erring thought to matter's force would owe;
To that ascribe our pleasures and our pains,
And blindly for the cause mistake the means;
In od'rous meads the vernal gale we praise,
Or dread the storm, that blows the wintry seas;
While he's unheeded, who alone can move,
Claims all our fears, and merits all our love;
Alone to souls can sense and thought convey,
Through the dark mansions of surrounding clay.
Man, part from heav'n, and part from humble earth,
A motley substance, takes his various birth;
Close link'd to both, he hangs in diff'rent chains,
The pliant fetter length'ning as he strains.
If, bravely conscious of her native fires,

To the bold height his nobler frame aspires;
Near as she soars to join th' approaching skies,
Our earth still lessens to her distant eyes.
But if o'erpois'd she sinks, her downward course
Each moment weighs, with still augmenting force;
Low and more low, the burden'd spirit bends,
While weaker still each heav'nly link extends;
'Till prostrate, grov'ling, fetter'd to the ground,
She lies in matter's heap o'erwhelm'd and bound.
Wrapt in the toils of sin, just heav'n employs
What caus'd her guilt, to blast her lawless joys:
Love, potent guardian of our length'ning race,
Unnerves the feeble lecher's cold embrace;
And appetite, by nature giv'n to save,
Sinks the gorg'd glutton in his early grave.
What sends yon fleet o'er boist'rous seas to roll,
Beneath the burning line, and frozen pole?
Why ravage men the hills, the plains, the woods?
Why spoil all nature, earth, and air, and floods?
Seek they some prize to help a sinking state,
No!—this must all be done ere Bernard[1] eat.
Tell it some untaught savage! with surprise
He asks, "How vast must be that giant's size!
"How great his pow'r, who thousands can employ!
"How great his force, who millions can destroy!"
But if the savage would, more curious, know
What potent virtues from such viands flow,
What blest effects they cause—consult with Sloane,
Let him explain the colic, gout, and stone!
Pleasure's for use; it differs in degree,
Proportion'd to the thing's necessity.
Hence various objects variously excite,
And diff'rent is the date of each delight;
But when th' allotted end we once attain,
Each step beyond it, is a step to pain.
Nor let us murmur.—Hath not earth a store
For every want? it was not meant for more.
Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,
Whose measur'd passions reach no wild excess;
Who, urg'd by nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
Nor other means, than nature's force, employs.

[1] A Frenchman render'd famous for a most extravagant expence in eating.

While warm with youth the sprightly current flows,
Each vivid sense with vig'rous rapture glows;
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,
No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage;
Gradual, his strength, and gay sensations cease,
While joys tumultous sink in silent peace.
  Far other is his lot, who, not content
With what the bounteous care of nature meant,
With labour'd skill would all her joys dilate,
Sublime their sense, and lengthen out their date;
Add, blend, compose, each various mixture try,
And wind up appetite to luxury.
Thus guilty art unknown desires implants,
And viler arts must satisfy their wants;
When to corruption by himself betray'd,
Gold blinds the slave, whom luxury has made.
  The hand, that form'd us, must some use intend,
It gives us pow'rs proportioned to that end;
And happiness may justly be defin'd
A full attainment of the end design'd.
Virtue and wisdom this alike implies,
And blest must be the virtuous and the wise.
  Bliss is ordain'd for all, since heav'n intends
All beings should attain their destin'd ends:
For this the fair idea shines confess'd
To every mind, and glows in every breast.
Compar'd with this, all mortal joys are vain:
Inspir'd by this, we restless onward strain.
High though we mount, the object mounts more high,
Eludes our grasp, and mingles with the sky.
With nothing less th' aspiring soul's content,
For nothing less her gen'rous flame was meant;
Th' unerring rule, which all our steps should guide,
The certain test, by which true good is try'd.
Blest when we reach it, wretched while we miss,
Our joys, our sorrows prove, there must be bliss.
Nor can this be some visionary dream,
Where heated fancy forms the flatt'ring scheme.
There sure is bliss—else, why by all desir'd?
What guileful pow'r has the mad search inspir'd?
Could accident produce in all the same,
Or a vain shadow raise a real flame?
When nature in the world's distended space,
Or fill'd, or almost fill'd each smaller place;

Careful in meanest matter to produce
Each single motion for some certain use;
Hard was the lot of her first fav'rite, man,
Faulty the scheme of his contracted span,
If that alone must know an useless void,
And he feel longings ne'er to be enjoy'd.
That can only produce consummate joy,
Which equals all the pow'rs it would employ;
Such fitting object to each talent giv'n,
Earth cannot fit what was design'd for heav'n.
Why then is man with gifts sublimest fraught,
And active will, and comprehensive thought?
For what is all this waste of mental force?
What! for a house, a coach, a dog, a horse?
Has nature's Lord invented nature's plan?
Is man now made for what was made for man?
There must be pleasures past the reach of sense,
Some nobler source must happiness dispense:
Reason, arise! and vindicate thy claim,
Flash on our minds the joy-infusing flame;
Pour forth the fount of light, whose endless store
Thought drinks insatiate, while it thirsts for more,
And thou, seraphic flame! who could'st inspire
The prophet's voice, and wrap his soul in fire;
Ray of th' eternal beam! who canst pervade
The distant past, and future's gloomy shade:
While trembling reason tempts heav'n's dazzling height,
Sublime her force, and guide her dubious flight;
Strengthen'd by thee, she bears the streaming blaze,
And drinks new light from truth's immortal rays.
Great, only evidence of things divine!
By thee reveal'd, the mystic wonders shine!
What puzzled sophists vainly would explore,
What humbled pride in silence must adore,
What plainly mark'd in heav'n's deliver'd page,
Makes the taught hind more wise than Greece's sage.
Yet reason proves thee in her low degree,
And owns thy truths, from their necessity.
Conspicuous now is happiness display'd,
Possessing him for whom alone we're made.
For he alone all human bliss compleats,
To him alone th' expanding bosom beats;
Who fills each faculty, each pow'r can move,
Exerts all thought, and deep absorbs all love;

Whose ceaseless being years would tell in vain,
Whose attributes immense all bounds disdain.
No sickly taste the heav'nly rapture cloys,
Nor wearied sense sink in whelming joys;
While, rais'd above low matter's grosser frame,
Pure spirit blazes in his purer flame.
Such are th' immortal blessings that attend
The just and good, the patriot and the friend.
Nor such alone in distant prospect cheer,
They taste heav'n's joys anticipated here.
These in the smiling cups of pleasure flow,
Or, mingling, sooth the bitter stream of woe;
These pay the loss of honours, and of place,
And teach that guilt alone is true disgrace;
These with the glorious exile cheerful rove,
And, far from courts, fresh bloom in Curio's grove.
Long may such bliss, by such enjoy'd, attest,
The greatly virtuous are the greatly blest!
Enough there are amidst yon gorgeous train,
Who, wretched, prove all other joys are vain.
So shines the truth these humble lines unfold,
"Fair virtue ever is unwisely sold."
Too mean a price sublimest fortune brings,
Too mean the wealth, the smiles, the crowns of kings:
For rais'd o'er these, she makes our bliss secure,
The present pleasing, and the future sure.
While prosp'rous guilt a sad reverse appears,
And in the tasteless now, the future fears.

AN EPISTLE TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT CORNBURY.

BY , ESQ.

WHILE you, my Lord, alas! amidst a few,
With generous warmth your country's good pursue;
While to that centre all your wishes tend,
Accept the zeal that prompts a willing friend.
Others like you heav'n's hallow'd spark inspir'd
Whom soon the blaze of selfish passion fir'd

Soon ruder flames extinguish'd reason's light,
While prejudice foul'd their jaundic'd sight.
Such through false optics every object prove,
And try the good and bad, by hate and love.
All-powerful means each virtue to supply,
All-powerful means each virtue to deny;
To Wyndham strength, and grace, and fire, and weight;
To Granville parts, to save a sinking state.
Hence various judgments form the madden'd throng,
Only in this alike, they all are wrong.
Hence to false praise shall blame unjust succeed,
And cherubs fall, and gods unpity'd bleed.
Would you, my friend, not mix the purer flame,
Nor loose the patriot in a baser name;
Nor factious rage mistake for public zeal,
Nor private int'rest for the gen'ral weal?
By truth's sure test let every deed be try'd,
And justice ever be th' unerring guide.
Her rules are plain, and easy is her way,
And yet how hard to find if once we stray!
All lost alike the maze perplex'd we tread,
However prompted, whether drove or led;
Whether false honour or ambition goad,
Or sneaking av'rice wind the miry road,
Or whether sway'd by passions not our own,
And the weak fear of being right alone.
Alone in such a cause 'tis base to fear,
Though fools suspect, and knaves designing sneer.
Sneer, villains, sneer! th' avenging time is nigh,
When Balbo scourg'd shall weep the taunting lie;
When Stopus foul with each imputed crime,
Shall dread false prose repaid with honest rhyme.
'Tis not enough you scorn a private claim,
And to your country's good direct your aim.
Wrong is still wrong, however great the end,
Though all the realm were brother, father, friend;
Justice regards not these—where right prevails,
A nation is an atom in her scales.
Heaven means not all the good which man can gain,
But that which truth can earn, and right maintain.
However fair the tempting prize may be,
If guilt the price, it is not meant for thee.
Succeeding times may claim the just design,
Or other means, or other powers than thine.

Each part's connected with the gen'ral plan,
The weal of Britain, with the weal of man.
Justice the scale of interest for the whole,
The same in Indies as beneath the pole;
Sure rule by which heav'n's blessings to dispense,
Unerring light of guiding providence.
Others may fail—If wrongly understood,
How fatal is the thirst of public good!
No heavier curse almighty vengeance brings,
Nor plagues, nor famine, nor the lust of kings.
Fir'd by this rage, the frantic sons of Rome,
The suff'ring world of death and bondage doom;
Nations must sink to raise her cumb'rous frame,
And millions bleed to eternize her name.
But lo! her glories fade, her empire's past,
She madly conquer'd but to fall the last.
Nor would I here the patriot's views reprove,
Or damp the sacred flame of social love.
Still may that portion of th' eternal ray
Sublime our sense, and animate our clay;
Above low self exalt th' immortal frame,
And emulate that heav'n from whence it came.
Oh! would it never be confin'd to place,
But beam extensive as the human race:
Be, as it was design'd, the world's great soul,
Connect its parts, and actuate the whole.
So each should think himself a part alone,
And for a nation's welfare stake his own!
Yet farther still, though dearest to the breast,
That nation think but part of all the rest.
For this let equal justice poise the ball,
Her swaying force unites us all to all;
Of manners, worship, form, no diff'rence knows,
Condemns our friends, and saves our better foes.
Confess the heavenly power! nor need you fear
Lest Britain suffer, while you follow her.
Though prosp'rous crimes some daring villains raise,
Nor life's short date my halting vengeance seize;
A nation cannot 'scape—the destin'd rage
Pursues her ceaseless to some future age;
Speeds the sure ruin from the Conqueror's hand,
Or spreads corruption o'er a pining land.
Ask hoary Time, what nation is most blest?
For sage experience shall this truth attest:

"Where freedom sleeps secure from lawless wrath,
"Where commerce shelter'd flows through public faith,
"Where fell ambition lights no foreign wars,
"Nor discord rages with intestine jars;
"Where justice reigns."—Immortal were that state,
If aught immortal here were giv'n by Fate.
Such, lost Iberia! were those happy reigns,
When liberty sat brooding o'er thy plains.
The rich in plenteous peace their stores enjoy'd,
By cares unvex'd, by luxury uncloy'd,
Hope sooth'd the poor with promises of gain
And paid with future joys their present pain;
Shew'd the full bowl amidst their sultry toil,
While those who prun'd the olive drank the oil;
By night of all the fruits of day possest,
Labour soft-clos'd the eye, and sweeten'd rest.
Such was thy state, all gay in nature's smiles!
And such is now the state of Britain's isles.
Hence o'er the ocean's waste her sail unfurl'd,
Wide wafts the tribute of a willing world.
Hence trusting nations treasure here their wealth
Safe from tyrannic force or legal stealth:
And hence the injur'd exile doom'd to roam,
Shall find his country here and dearer home.
Still be this truth, this saving truth confest;
Britain is great, because with freedom blest;
Her prince is great, because her people free,
And power here springs from public liberty.
Hail, mighty monarch of the free and great!
Firm on the basis of a prosp'rous state.
The wealth, the strength of happy millions thine,
United rife, united shall decline.
For time will come, sad period of the brave,
When Britain's humble prince shall rule the slave;
When traffic vile shall buy our ruin and their own.
But long, O long th' inglorious doom suspend!
What virtue gain'd may virtue still defend!
Thrice sacred spirit, never may you cease,
But as you blaz'd in war, shine forth in peace!
Dauntless with all the force of truth engage
The headlong tide of each corrupted age.
O ever wake around one favour'd throne,
Nor let our guardian monarch wake alone!
Though oft defeated, and though oft betray'd,

Numbers shall rise in sacred freedom's aid.
Far as her all-enlivening influence reigns,
Heroic ardour beats in gen'rous veins.
Now bids learn'd Greece barbarian might defy,
Now the soft arts of polish'd tyranny;
Now to no stock, or sect, or place confin'd,
She takes adopted sons from human kind;
While denizen'd by her eternal laws,
They are all Britons who shall serve her cause.
Lo! to the banner crowds a youthful band;
Form'd for the glorious task by nature's hand;
Wisdom unclogg'd by years, with toil unbought,
A zeal by vigour kindled, rul'd by thought.
Such gifts she to the happy few imparts,
To judging heads and to determin'd hearts;
To heads unfir'd by youth's tumultuous rage,
To hearts unnumb'd by the chill ice of age;
And while they both preserve a sep'rate claim,
Their passions reason, and their reasons flame.
Proceed, brave youths! Let others court renown
In hostile fields, be yours the olive crown:
And trust to fame, those heroes brighter shone
Who sav'd a nation, than who nations won.
Now let assuming age restrain your flight,
Fearful to tempt the yet unpractis'd height;
Deceitful counsel lurks in hoary hairs,
And the last dregs of life are sordid cares.
Objects are clear proportion'd in degree,
To gen'ral use, or strong necessity.
Nor are two things so plainly understood,
As the worst evil, and the greatest good;
If rescu'd from the misty breath of schools,
Men will but feel without the help of rules.
So unbewilder'd in the crooked maze,
Where guilt low skulks, and reptile cunning strays,
A nation's interest, and a people's rights,
Distinctly shine in nature's simple lights,
And claim in him who fairly acts his part,
Before a Lonsdale's head, a Lonsdale's heart.
But chief when snatch'd by heaven's preserving hand,
From the fell contests of each hostile land,
A happy island to th' incircling main
Trusts for a sure support and honest gain.
The just are heaven's, earth is for heaven ordain'd,

Form'd by its laws, and by its laws maintain'd.
These one true int'rest, one great system frame,
Political and moral are the same.
Guilt toils for gain at honour's vast expence,
Heaven throws the trifle in to innocence;
And fixes happiness in hell's despite,
The necessary consequence of right.
Proceed, ye Deists! blindfold rage employ,
And prove the sacred truths you would destroy.
Prove Christian faith the wisest scheme to bind,
In chains of cordial love, our jarring kind;
And thence conclude it human, if you can,
The perfect produce of imperfect man!
While prostrate we adore that power divine,
Whose simple rule connects each great design;
Bids social earth a type of heaven appear,
Where justice tastes those joys which wait her there.
But though self-int'rest follow virtue's train!
Yet selfish think not virtue's end is gain!
Older than time, ere int'rest had a name,
Justice existed, and is still the same;
Alike the creature's and creator's guide,
His rule to form, the law by which we're ty'd:
In reason's light, eternal word, exprest,
Stamp'd with his image in the creature's breast.
Thus speaks the sage, who skill'd in nature's laws,
Deep from effects high-trac'd th' all-ruling cause.
"Before creation was, th' Almighty Mind
"In time's abyss the future world design'd;
"Did the great system in its parts survey,
"And fit the springs, and regulate their play;
"In meet gradations plann'd th' harmonious round,
"These links by which depending parts are bound.
"All these he knew, ere yet the things he made,
"In types which well the mimic world display'd.
"The types are real, since from them he drew
"The real forms of whatsoe'er we view.
"Made to their 'semblance, heav'n and earth exist,
"But they unmade eternally subsist.
"For if created, we must sure suppose
"Some other types whence their resemblance flows;
"While these on others equally depend,
"Nor ever shall the long progression end.
"God ere it was, the future being saw,

"Or blindfold made his world, and gave his law.
"But chance could never frame the vast design,
"Where countless parts in justest order join.
"The types eternal just proportions teach,
"Greater or less, more or less perfect each.
"These ever present power omniscient sees,
"On them he forms his ever-made decrees;
"Nor can he better love what merits least,
"Man than an angel, or than man a beast.
"Hence Reason, hence immortal Order springs,
"Knowledge and Love adapted to the things.
"And thence th' unerring rule of justice flows,
"To act what Order prompts, and Reason shows,
"When man in nature's purity remain'd
"By pain untroubled, and by sin unstain'd;
"Fair image of the God, and close conjoin'd,
"By innate union with the heav'nly mind;
"In the pure splendor of substantial light,
"The beam divine of Reason bless'd his sight;
"Seraphic order in its fount he view'd,
"Seeing he lov'd, and loving he pursu'd;
"Nor dar'd the body, passive slave, controul
"The sov'reign mandates of the ruling soul.
"But soon by sin the sacred union broke,
"Man bows to earth beneath the heavy yoke.
"The darkling soul scarce feels a glimm'ring ray,
"Shrouded in sense from her immortal day.
"Vengeance divine offended Order arms,
"And clothes in terrors her celestial charms.
"Now grosser objects heav'n-born souls possess,
"Passions enslave, and servile cares oppress.
"Fraud, rapine, murder, guilt's long horrid train,
"Distracted nature's anarchy maintain.
"No more pure Reason earthly minds can move,
"No more can Order's charms persuasive prove.
"But as the moon reflecting borrow'd day,
"Sheds on our shadow'd world a feeble ray:
"Some scatter'd beams of Reason law contains,
"While Order's rule must be enforc'd by pains.
"Hence death's black scroll, dire tortures hence are giv'n;
"Hence kings, the necessary curse of heav'n.
"And just the doom of an avenging God,
"Who spurn'd his sceptre, feel the tyrant's rod.
"Blind by our fears we meet the ills we fly,

"In rule oppression, want in property."
So spoke the sage, and if not learn'd in vain,
If spotless truth in sacred books remain;
Dearly the child hath paid the parent's pride,
And ill hath Law the heavenly rule supply'd.
Thus boasts some leech with unavailing art,
To mend the tainted lungs and wasting heart;
Bids the loose springs with wonted vigour play,
And sprightly juices warm in cold decay.
Or would imperious reason deign to own,
The world not made for sovereign man alone;
Some things there are for human use design'd,
And these in common dealt to human kind.
To mortal wants is given a power to use,
What to th' immortal part just heav'n might well refuse.
This faithful instinct in each breast implants,
All know their rights, for all must feel their wants.
But soon began the rage of wild desire,
To thirst for more than use could e'er require,
Ere stung by luxury's unfated call,
And ere ambition madly grasp'd the ball;
Vain restless man in busy search employ'd,
Saw somewhat still beyond the bliss enjoy'd,
Press'd eager on; the lowly and the great,
Alike their wish beyond their destin'd state;
Alike condemn'd, whatever Fortune grant,
To real poorness in phantastic want.
And now some sages high by others deem'd,
For virtue honour'd and for parts esteem'd;
Call'd forth to judge where dubious claims are try'd,
Convince with reason and with counsel guide;
Fix'd rules devise to sway th' assenting throng,
And marks distinct impress on right and wrong.
The simple precept subtle wiles evade,
And statutes as our crimes increased were made.
These were at first unwritten, plain and few,
'Till swell'd by time the law's vast volume grew;
And grown with these, to sway th' unwieldy trust,
Thousands we chose to keep the millions just,
Some plac'd o'er others, others plac'd o'er these,
Thus government grew up by slow degrees;
Higher the pile arose, and still more high,
When lo! the summit ends in monarchy.
There plac'd, a man in gorgeous pomp appears,

And far o'er earth his tow'ring aspect rears;
While prostrate crowds his sacred smiles implore,
And what their crimes had form'd, their fears adore.
Low from beneath they lift their servile eyes,
And see the proud colossus touch the skies.
So at some mountain's foot have children gaz'd,
While close to heaven they view the summit rais'd,
Eager they mount, new regions to explore,
But heav'n is now as distant as before.
Thus views the crowd a throne, while those who rise
Claim not a nearer kindred to the skies;
Earth is their parent, thither kings should bend,
From thence they rise, and not from heaven descend.
Happy, had all the royal sons of earth
Thus sprung, nor guilt had claim'd the monstrous birth.
Where from the fire descending through the line,
Rapine and fraud confer a right divine.
Ye mortal gods, how vainly are ye proud?
If just your title, servants to the crowd;
If wide your sway, if large your treasur'd store,
These but increase your servitude the more;
A part is only yours, the rest is theirs,
And nothing all your own, except your cares.
Shall man, by nature free, by nature made
To share the feast her bounteous hand display'd,
Transfer these rights? as well he may dispense
The beam of reason, or the nerve of sense;
With all his strength the monarch's limbs invest,
Or pour his valour in the royal breast.
Take the starv'd peasant's taste, devouring lord!
Ere you deprive him of the genial board.
And if you would his liberty controul,
Assume the various actings of his soul!
So shall one man a people's powers enjoy,
Thus Indians deem of wretches they destroy.
Thus in old tales the fabled monster stands,
Proud of a thousand eyes, a thousand hands.
Thus dreams the sophist, who with subtle art,
Would prove the whole included in a part,
A people in their king; and from the throng,
Transfer to him their rights in nature's wrong;
Those sacred rights in nature's charter plain,
By wants that claim them, and by powers that gain.
Though sophists err, yet stand confess'd thy claim,

And be the king and multitude the dame,
Whose deeds benevolent his title prove,
And royal selfishness, in public love;
Nor, draining wasted realms for sordid pelf,
O scepter'd suicided! destroy thy self.
Where fails this proof, in vain would we unite
The ruler's int'rest with the people's right.
Frantic ambition has her sep'rate claim,
The dropsy'd thirst of empire, wealth, or fame;
Pride's boundless hope, valour's enthusiast rant,
With the long nameless train of fancy'd want.
Urg'd on by these, all view the magic prize,
The prospect widening as they higher rise;
From him who seeks a limited command,
To him whose wish devours air, sea, and land.
Alike all foes to freedom's holy cause,
For freedom ties unbounded will with laws,
Alike all foes to every public gain,
For public blessings loose the bond-man's chain.
Ill-fated slaves of arbitrary sway!
Where trusted power seduces to betray;
Makes private failings rage a gen'ral pest,
And taints even virtue in the social breast;
Bids friendship plunder, charity undo
The blameless MANY, for the favour'd FEW.
'Till guilt high rear'd on crimes protecting crime,
Fills the heap'd measure of predestin'd time.
Far others, ye, O wealthy, wise, and brave!
Though subject, free; more freedom would enslave.
Bless'd with a rule by long experience try'd,
Unwarp'd by faction's rage, or kingly pride;
Bless'd with the means, when'er this rule shall bend,
Again to trace it to its glorious end;
And bless'd with proofs, the proofs are seal'd with blood,
What'er the form the end is public good.
But yet admit the sire his right fore-goes!
Can he his children's sep'rate claim dispose?
What'er the parent gave, what'er he give,
They who have right to life, have right to live.
And spite of man's consent, or man's decree,
A right to life, is right to liberty.
Though for convenience fram'd the laws should shine,
Pure emanation from the source divine;
Such as can pierce the gloom of pagan night,

And untaught savages in woods enlight;
Such as on scaffolds can the guiltless save,
And torture on his throne the scepter'd slave;
Such as th' offending wretch reluctant owns,
And hails its beauty with his dying groans:
In such fair laws the will of heav'n impress'd,
Shines to all eyes, and rules the conscious breast.
Though tortures cease, though night's thick-mantling vail
From mortal ken the secret deed conceal;
Reason and conscience shall awake within,
And light the shade, and loud proclaim the sin.
"But should the universal voice combine,
"To cloath injustice in a robe divine?"
Let the same breath divest the day of light,
To blazon forth the dusky face of night.
Then shall the laws of sainted evil bind,
And human will subvert th' all-ruling mind:
That sacred fount whence lawful rule must spring,
And diff'rent from the robber marks the king.
Yet vainly would despotic will conclude,
That force may sway the erring multitude,
Justice, 'tis own'd, should ever guide the free,
But pow'r of wrong, in all, is liberty;
And for whatever purposes restrain'd,
A nation is enslaved that may be chain'd,
Heaven gives to all a liberty of choice,
A people's good requires a people's voice;
Man's surest guide, where diff'rent views agree,
From private hate, and private int'rest free.
Fatal their change from such who rashly fly,
To the hard grasp of guiding tyranny;
Soon shall they find, when will is arm'd with might,
Injustice wield the sword, though drawn for right.
Blind to these truths who fond of boundless sway,
Bids trembling slaves implicitly obey;
Though by a long descent from Adam down
Through scepter'd heirs, he boasts his ancient crown,
Great nature's rebel forfeits every claim,
And loads the tyrant with th' usurper's name;
While with each lawless act of proud command,
He stands proscrib'd by his own guilty hand.
Bow, Filmer, bow! to hell's tremendous throne,
And bid thy fellow-damn'd suppress each groan!
There sits a king whom pow'r divine hath giv'n,

Nor earth boasts one so surely sent from heav'n.
And thou, blest martyr in fair freedom's cause,
Thou great asserter of thy country's laws;
Vainly oppression stopp'd thy potent breath;
Truth shone more powerful through the vail of death;
Example mov'd whom precept could not save,
And lifted axes wak'd each drowsy slave.
Yet magistrates must rule, they're useful things,
Our guilt the vengeance, and avenger brings.
Whate'er more perfect heav'n might first create,
A state well govern'd, now, is nature's state;
For law from reason springs, spontaneous fruit,
And reason sure is man's first attribute.
Let visionary schoolmen toil in vain,
Who seek in anarchy for nature's reign;
Wretched alike the slaves of lawless will,
Whether the savage, or the tyrant kill;
Unjust alike all rule, where public choice
Speaks not through laws a willing people's voice.
Nor freedom suffers when the guilty fall,
'Tis nature's doom, 'tis self-defence in all.
Such now is man deprav'd that fear must sway,
To tread the paths where duty points the way;
The wretch must suffer to forewarn the rest,
And some must fall to stop the spreading pest.
Alone the gen'ral welfare can demand
The bleeding victim from th' unwilling hand.
Hence public pains—what to the crime is due,
O Judge supreme! must be reserv'd for you.
To you alone, whose all-pervading eye
Deep in the breast can latent thought espy;
Try every action by the known intent,
And to each crime adapt its punishment;
While men, misled by erring lights, dispense
The doom of guilt to injur'd innocence;
Or though repentance cleanse the moral stain,
Inflict on crimes aton'd avenging pain.
Yet blameless they who act sincere their part,
Faultless he errs who cannot read the heart.
Not such fierce flames the mad enthusiast's zeal,
On errors harmless to the gen'ral weal,
Whether false notions wander far from truth,
Or age retain the trace impress'd in youth.
While int'rest prompts the holy murd'rer's hand,

In sacred fires to light th' unhallow'd brand;
To draw destruction from heaven's saving page,
And bid sweet mercy breathe relentless rage.
Accurs'd all such! and he with joy elate,
Whose baleful breath embitters certain fate;
Who on th' imploring face malignant smiles,
And sentenc'd wretches wantonly reviles.
Better, far better in the savage den,
Let the robb'd lion judge o'er prostrate men:
Better let pow'r the lawless faulchion draw,
Than coward cruelty disgrace the law.
This well you know, O ——! whose righteous feat
Gives to the innocent a sure retreat;
Severely just, and piously humane,
The wretch you punish, while you share his pain.
Tears with the dreadful words of sentence flow,
Nor does the rigid judge the man forego.
So feels the breast humane, ye truly brave!
And such is thine, my friend, intent to save!
Whether thy bounty pining want relieve,
Or lenient pity sooth the hearts that grieve;
Whether thy pious hand due bounds prescribe
To little tyrants, o'er the lesser tribe;
Or whether nobler warmth expand thy soul,
And huge leviathan unaw'd controul.
Nor Britain only claims thy gen'rous plan,
Thy rule is justice, and thy care is man.
And may this truth thy fair example prove,
Justice shall fan the flame of social love.

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

CLARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend
The counsels of a faithful friend;
Who with the warmest wishes fraught,
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought.
But since by ruling heav'n's design,
Another's fate shall influence thine;

O! may these lines for him prepare
A bliss, which I would die to share!
  Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home;
To this should all her studies tend,
This her great object and her end.
Distaste unmingled pleasures bring,
And use can blunt affliction's sting;
Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
And few are plung'd in utter woe;
While nature arm'd against despair,
Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear;
And half the thought content may gain,
Which spleen employs to purchase pain.
  Trace not the fair domestic plan,
From what you would, but what you can!
Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,
Because you think you merit more!
Bliss ever differs in degree,
Thy share alone is meant for thee;
And thou should'st think, however small,
That share enough, for 'tis thy all:
Vain scorn will aggravate distress,
And only make that little less.
  Admit whatever trifles come,
Units compose the largest sum:
O! tell them o'er, and say how vain
Are those which form ambition's train:
Which dwell the monarch's gorgeous state,
And bribe to ill the guilty Great!
But thou more blest, more wise than these,
Shalt build up happiness on ease.
  Hail sweet Content! where joy serene
Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene;
And with blith fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought;
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And cloaths each charm with native grace;
Effusion pure of bliss sincere,
A vestment for a god to wear.
  Far other ornaments compose
The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,
Piec'd out with motley dies and sorts,
Freaks, whimsies, festivals and sports;

The troubled mind's fantastic dress,
Which madness titles happiness.
While the gay wretch to revels bears
The pale remains of sighs and tears:
And seeks in crowds, like her undone,
What only can be found in one.
  But, chief, my gentle friend! remove
Far from thy couch seducing love!
O! shun the false magician's art,
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!
Charm'd by his spells fair honour flies,
And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise,
Where guilt in beauty's ray beguiles,
And ruin lurks in friendship's smiles.
Lo! where th' enchanted captive dreams
Of warbling groves, and purling streams;
Of painted meads, of flowers that shed
Their odours round her fragrant bed.
Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,
She wakes upon a desert coast!
No friendly hand to lend its aid,
No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;
Expos'd to every chilling blast,
She treads th' inhospitable waste;
And down the drear decline of life,
Sinks a forlorn, dishonour'd wife.
  Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
But clear from crime, be free from blame!
Though all were innocence within,
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin.
Virtue rejects the foul disguise:
None merit praise who praise despise.
  Slight not, in supercilious strain,
Long practis'd modes, as low or vain!
The world will vindicate their cause,
And claim blind faith in custom's laws.
Safer with multitudes to stray,
Than tread alone a fairer way;
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.
  Beware of the relentless train,
Who forms adore, whom forms maintain!
Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuse thee to the partial crowd;

Foes who the laws of honour slight,
A judge who measures guilt by spite.
Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command!
As if heaven's delegate design'd,
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether she try some favour'd piece,
By rules devis'd in ancient Greece;
Or whether modern in her flight,
She tells what Paris thinks polite.
For much her talents to advance,
She study'd Greece, and travell'd France.
There learn'd the happy art to please,
With all the charms of labour'd ease;
Through looks and nods with meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.
By her each latent spring is seen,
The workings soul of secret spleen;
The guilt that sculks in fair pretence,
Or folly veil'd in specious sense.
And much her righteous spirit grieves,
When worthlessness the world deceives;
Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot sway'd by private ends;
Or husband trust a faithless wife,
Secure in ignorance from strife.
Averse she brings their deeds to view,
But justice claims the rig'rous due;
Humanely anxious to produce
At least some possible excuse.
O ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace
Prepare a triumph for the base!
Mere forms the fool implicit sway,
Which witlings with contempt survey,
Blind folly no defect can see,
Half wisdom views but one degree;
The wife remoter uses reach,
Which judgment and experience teach.
Whoever would be pleas'd and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Great precept undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in custom's school;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads through all the human kind;

Beauty and wit and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.
Rich with this gift and none beside,
In fashion's stream how many glide?
Secure from every mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe;
From social sympathy that shares
The public loss or private cares;
Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or merit pine in fortune's shade.
Hence gentle Anna ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day.
Save where perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent sorrow steep;
Save when perhaps a melting tale,
O'er every tender breast prevail.
The good, the bad, the great, the small,
She likes, she loves, she honours all.
And yet if sland'rous malice blame,
Patient she yields a sister's fame.
Alike if satire or if praise,
She says whate'er the circle says;
Implicit does whate'er we do,
Without one point or wish in view,
Sure test of others, faithful glass
Through which the various phantoms pass,
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone,
No care, no joy, no thought her own.
Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,
Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame;
Intent, so wide her cares extend,
To make the universe her friend.
Now with the gay in frolic shines,
Now reasons deep with deep divines.
With courtiers now extols the great,
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate.
Now breathes with zealots holy fires,
Now melts in less refin'd desires.
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free,
Too various for one single word,
The high sublime of deep absurd.
While every talent nature grants,
Just serves to shew how much she wants.

Although in ——— combine
The virtues of our sex and thine:
Her hand restrains the widow's tears,
Her sense informs, and sooths and cheers;
Yet like an angel in disguise,
She shines but to some favour'd eyes;
Nor is the distant herd allow'd
To view the radiance through the cloud.
But thine is every winning art,
Thine is the friendly honest heart:
And should the gen'rous spirit flow,
Beyond where prudence fears to go;
Such sallies are of nobler kind,
Than virtues of a narrow mind.

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD LONSDALE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

LONSDALE! thou ever-honour'd name,
For such is sacred virtue's claim,
Say, why! my noble friend!
While nature sheds her balmy powers
O'er hill and dale, in leaves and flowers,
Say, why my joys suspend!

II.

Here spreads the lawn high-crown'd with wood,
Here slopes the vale, there winds the flood
In many a crystal maze.
The fishes sport, in silver pride
Slow moves the swan, on either side
The herds promiscuous graze.

III.

Or if the stiller shade you love,
Here solemn nods th' imbow'ring grove
O'er innocence and ease;
Whether with deep reflection fraught,
Or in the sprightly stream of thought,
The lighter trifles please.

IV.

And should the shaft of treacherous spleen[1]
Glance venom'd through this peaceful scene,
Unheeded may it fly.
Provok'd, nor tempted to repay,
Though truth severer prompt the lay,
A mean prosaic lie.

V.

Here with the pheasant and the hare,
Unfearful of the human snare,
Have statesmen pass'd a day.
While far from yon forbidden gate,
Pale care and lank remorse await
Their slow-returning prey.

VI.

O! blind to all the joys of life,
Who seek them in the storm of strife,
Destroying, or destroy'd.
Less wretched they, and yet unbless'd,
Who batten in lethargic rest,
On blessings unenjoy'd.

VII.

But come, my friend, the fun invites,
For thee the town hath no delights,
Distasted and aggriev'd;
While fools believe, while villains cheat,
Too honest to approve deceit,
Too wise to be deceiv'd.

[1] Alluding to a certain scandalous libel.

VIII.

Or dost thou fear lest dire disease
Again thy tortur'd frame may seize;
And hast thou therefore stay'd?
O! rather haste, where thou shalt find
A ready hand, a gentle mind,
To comfort and to aid.

IX.

And while by sore afflictions try'd,
You bear without the Stoic's pride,
What Stoic never bore;
O! may I learn like thee to bear,
And what shall be my destin'd share,
To suffer, not explore.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

Too anxious for the public weal,
A while suspend the toilsome strife!
O think if Britain claims thy zeal,
Thy friends and Britain claim thy life!

II.

Thy gen'rous, free, and active soul,
Inspir'd by glory's sacred flame,
Springs ardent to the distant goal,
And strains the weaker mortal frame.

III.

Happy whom reason deigns to guide,
Secure within the golden mean,
Who shuns the Stoic's senseless pride,
Nor wallows with the herd obscene.

IV.

He nor with brow severely bent,
  Chides pleasure's smiling train away;
Nor careless of life's great intent,
  With folly wastes each heedless day.

V.

But from the mountain's lofty height,
  Now nature's mighty frame surveys:
And now descending with delight,
  Along the humble valley strays.

VI.

So have I seen thee gain applause,
  Though faction rag'd, from Britain's peers;
Then glorious in thy country's cause,
  Go whisper love in Chloe's ears.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

ON Stow, the Muse's happy theme,
  Let fancy's eye enamour'd gaze;
Where through one nobly simple scheme,
  Ten thousand varying beauties please.
There patriot-virtue rears her shrine,
Nor love! art thou depriv'd of thine.

II.

Mark where from POPE's exhaustless vein,
  Pure flows the stream of copious thought,
While nature pours the genial strain,
  With fairest springs of learning fraught;
The treasures of each clime and age,
Grace and enrich his sacred page.

III.

So while through Britain's fields her Thames
  Prolific rolls his silver tide;
The tribute of a thousand streams
  Swells the majestic river's pride;
And where his gen'rous current strays,
The wealth of either world conveys.

IV.

Far other is that wretch's song,
  Whose scanty rill devoid of force,
With idle tinklings creeps along,
  A narrow, crooked, dubious course:
Or foul with congregated floods,
Spreads a wide waste o'er plains and woods.

V.

In action thus the mind express'd
  High soars in Pope the true sublime:
A Stow unfolds a Cobham's breast,
  A Bavius crawls in doggrel rhyme.
Through all their various works we trace
The greatly virtuous, and the base.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

GENTLE, idle, trifling boy,
Sing of pleasures, sing of joy!
Well you paint the crystal spring,
Well the flow'ry meadow sing,
But beware with bolder flight,
Tempt not heaven's unequal height,
But beware! with impious strain,
Mock not freedom's hallow'd train!
Sacred, here, O! ever be
Heaven, and heaven-born liberty!

Let the slaves of lawless sway,
Let the stupid flock obey!
Pent within a narrow fold,
Ty'd, and stript, and slain, and sold.
Happier stars the brave befriend,
Britons know a nobler end.
Theirs it is to temper laws,
Theirs to watch in freedom's cause,
Theirs one common good to share,
Theirs to feel one common care;
In the glorious task combin'd,
From the monarch to the hind.
Yet O! cease not, gentle boy!
Sing of pleasures, sing of joy!
Like thy brothers of the wing,
Idly hop, and chirp, and sing.
Heaven can nothing vain produce,
Ev'ry creature has its use.
Thine it is to sooth our toil,
Thine to make e'en wisdom smile.
Much they err who such despise,
Trifles please the truly wise.

VERSES TO CAMILLA.

BY THE SAME.

WEARY'D with indolent repose,
A life unmix'd with joys or woes;
Where all the lazy moments crept,
And every passion sluggish slept;
I wish'd for love's inspiring pains,
To rouze the loiterer in my veins.
Th' officious power my call attends,
He who uncall'd his succour lends;
And with a smile of wanton spite,
He gave Camilla to my sight.
Her eyes their willing captive seize,
Her look, her air, her manner please;
New beauties please, unseen before,
Or seen, in her they please me more;

And soon, too soon, alas! I find
The virtues of a nobler kind.
Now cheerful springs the morning ray,
Now cheerful sinks the closing day;
For every morn with her I walk'd,
And every eve with her I talk'd;
With her I lik'd the vernal bloom,
With her I lik'd the crowded room;
From her at night I went with pain,
And long'd for morn to meet again.
How quick the smiling moments pass,
Through varying fancy's mimic glass!
While the gay scene is painted o'er,
Where all was one wide blank before;
And sweetly sooth'd th' inchanting dream,
'Till love inspir'd a bolder scheme.
Camilla, stung with grief and shame,
Now marks, and shuns the guilty flame;
Fierce anger lighten'd in her face,
Then cold reserve assum'd its place:
And soon, the wretch's hardest fate,
Contempt succeeds declining hate.
No more my presence now she flies,
She sees me with unheeding eyes;
Sees me with various passions burn,
Enrag'd depart, submiss return;
Return with flattering hopes to find
Soft pity move her gentle mind.
But ah! her looks were still the same,
Unmark'd I went, unmark'd I came;
Unmark'd were all my hopes and fears,
While Strephon whispers in her ears.
O Jealousy! distracting guest!
Fly to some happy lover's breast;
Fitly with joy thou minglest care,
But why inhabit with despair?

TO CORINNA.

BY EARL NUGENT.

WHILE I those hard commands obey,
Which tear me from thee far away;
Never did yet love-tortur'd youth,
So dearly prove his doubted truth;
For never woman charm'd like thee,
And never man yet lov'd like me.

All creatures whom fond flames inspire,
Pursue the object they desire;
But I, prepost'rous doom! must prove
By distant flight the strongest love;
And ev'ry way distress'd by fate,
Must lose thy sight, or meet thy hate.

EPIGRAMS.

BY THE SAME.

EPIGRAM I.

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

EPIGRAM II.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank heav'n! to break my chain.
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!
Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

EPIGRAM III.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

EPIGRAM IV.

Upon the Bust of English Worthies, at Stow.

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not COBHAM's bust a place?
The structure was his own.

EPIGRAM V.

THO' cheerful, discreet, and with freedom well bred,
She never repented an idle word said:
Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

EPIGRAM VI.

LYE on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

EPIGRAM VII.

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

EPIGRAM VIII.

On Mrs. Penelope.

THE gentle Pen, with look demure,
Awhile was thought a virgin pure:
But Pen, as ancient poets say,
Undid by night the work of day.

EPIGRAM IX.

On one who first abused, and then made love to a lady.

FOUL—with graceless verse,
The noble—dar'd asperse.
But when he saw her well bespatter'd,
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;

He gaz'd and lov'd the hideous elf,
She look'd so very like himself.
True sung the bard well known to fame,
Self-love and social are the same.

EPIGRAM X.

WHILE Lucy, chaste as mountain snows,
Gives every idle fop a hearing;
In Mary's breast a passion glows,
Which stronger is from not appearing.
Say, who has chose the better part!
Mary, to whom no joy is missing;
Or she, who dupe to her own heart,
Pays the full price of Mary's kissing.

EPIGRAM XI.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she who plays the trifler's part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
Then grant the boon for which I pray!
'Tis better lend than throw away.

EPIGRAM XII.

WE thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate;
While by your humble self alone,
You seem'd unrated and unknown.
But now on fortune's swelling tide
High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf,
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

EPIGRAM XIII.

LOVELY shines thy wedded fair,
Gentle as the yielding air;
Cheering as the solar beam,
Soothing as the fountain-stream.
Why then, jealous husband, rail?
All may breathe the ambient gale,

Bask in heaven's diffusive ray,
Drink the streams that pass away.
All may share unless'ning joy,
Why then jealous, peevish boy?
Water, air, and light confine,
Ere thou think'st her only thine.

EPIGRAM XIV.

TOM thought a wild profusion great:
And therefore spent his whole estate:
Will thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
And gleans what misers blush to hoard.
Their passion, merit, fate the same,
They thirst and starve alike for fame.

EPIGRAM XV.

To Clarissa.

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?
I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which scorn'd presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

EPIGRAM XVI.

EVER busy'd, ne'er employ'd,
Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd,
Ever doom'd to seek and miss,
And pay unbless'd the price of bliss.

EPIGRAM XVII.

VAINLY hath heaven denounc'd the woman's woes,
Thou know'st no tender care, no bitter throes,
Unfelt your offspring comes, unfelt it goes.

AN ELEGY.

WRAPT in a sable Cloud the Morn appears,
And ev'ry Object Sorrow's Livery wears;
Slow move the leaden Hours, my lab'ring Breast
Struggles beneath a weight of Grief opprest;
The swelling Sighs burst forth, Tears gushing flow,
While all within is Anarchy of Woe.

The sprightly Lay, and social Converse wound
My tortur'd Ear, with an ungrateful Sound;
Nor chears the Dance my unregarding Eye,
Flown is its Grace, and wonted Harmony;
Music essays inchanting Notes in vain,
While Sorrows mingle with the soothing Strain,
Sink deeper to the Heart, and melting move
The kindred Powers of Pity and of Love.
For she is now no more to whom belong,
The Dance, the Lay, the Converse and the Song;
Where ev'ry Love with every Grace was join'd,
And sovereign Reason with free Mirth combin'd.

But lo! Death folds her in his icy Arms,
And clothes in awful Horrors all her Charms;
O'er the dim Eye eternal Slumbers sheds,
The clay-cold Cheek with ghastly Pale o'erspreads,
Steals from the livid Lip its fragrant Bloom,
Too early sunk within a dreary Tomb!

Ah! fruitless Love! and will you then pursue
An Object lost for ever to my View?
Lost thou shalt never be, Immortal Fair!
My Mind shall still the Dear Idea bear,
There shalt thou present be, there ever live,
And there the Fullness of my Heart receive.
In melancholy Raptures will I trace
Thy ev'ry Charm, and each transporting Grace;
My faithful Memory shall past Days renew,
Those happy Moments that I pass'd with you;
So shall each little Circumstance be there,
And each Reflection shall draw forth a Tear.

Ah! now I may, without offence, proclaim,
A faithful, generous, and most secret Flame,
Which burn'd like those Sepulchral Lamps, that light
The silent Mansions of eternal Night.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB

RAISED TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER, AND OF OTHERS HIS ANCESTORS.

BY THE SAME.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tombs a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no sordid av'rice made it more;
With honest fame, and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence round.
May he whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise!

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLOTTE VISCOUNTESS TOWNSHEND,

BARONESS FERRARS IN HER OWN RIGHT, WHO DIED AT LEIXLIP, IN IRELAND, ON THE 5TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1770.

BY EARL NUGENT.

WITH down-cast look, and pitying eye,
Unarm'd the King of Terrors stood;
He laid his sting and horrors by,
Averse to strike the fair and good:
When thus an angel urg'd the blow—
"No more thy lifted hand suspend!
"To conscious guilt a dreaded foe,
"To innocence a welcome friend.
"Bright hosts of cherubs round her stand,
"To her and me confess'd alone;
"Each waving his celestial hand,
"And pointing to th' eternal throne."

The angel spoke—nor husband dear,
  Nor children lov'd (a mournful train)
Could from her eye attract one tear,
  Nor bend one thought to earth again.
The soul, impatient of delay,
  No more could mortal fetters bind,
But springing to the realms of day,
  Leaves ev'ry human care behind.
Yet, oh! an infant daughter's[1] claim
  Demands from Heaven thy guardian care;
Protect that lovely, helpless frame!
  And guard that breast you form'd so fair.
A parent's loss, unknown, unwept,
  Thoughtless the fatal hour she past;
Or only thought her mother slept,
  Nor knew how long that sleep must last.
When time th' unfolding mind displays,
  May she, by thy example led,
Fly from that motley giddy maze,
  Which youth, and guilt, and folly tread!
These never knew the guiding hand
  Which leads to virtue's arduous way:
Mothers now join the vagrant band,
  And teach their children how to stray.
Her shall the pious task engage,
  (Such one was thine, with lenient aid)
A father's sorrows to assuage,
  His love with equal love repaid.
So shall she read with ardent eye,
  This lesson thy last moments give—
"They who, like thee, would fearless die,
  "Spotless, like thee, must learn to live."

[1] Elizabeth, born in August 1766.

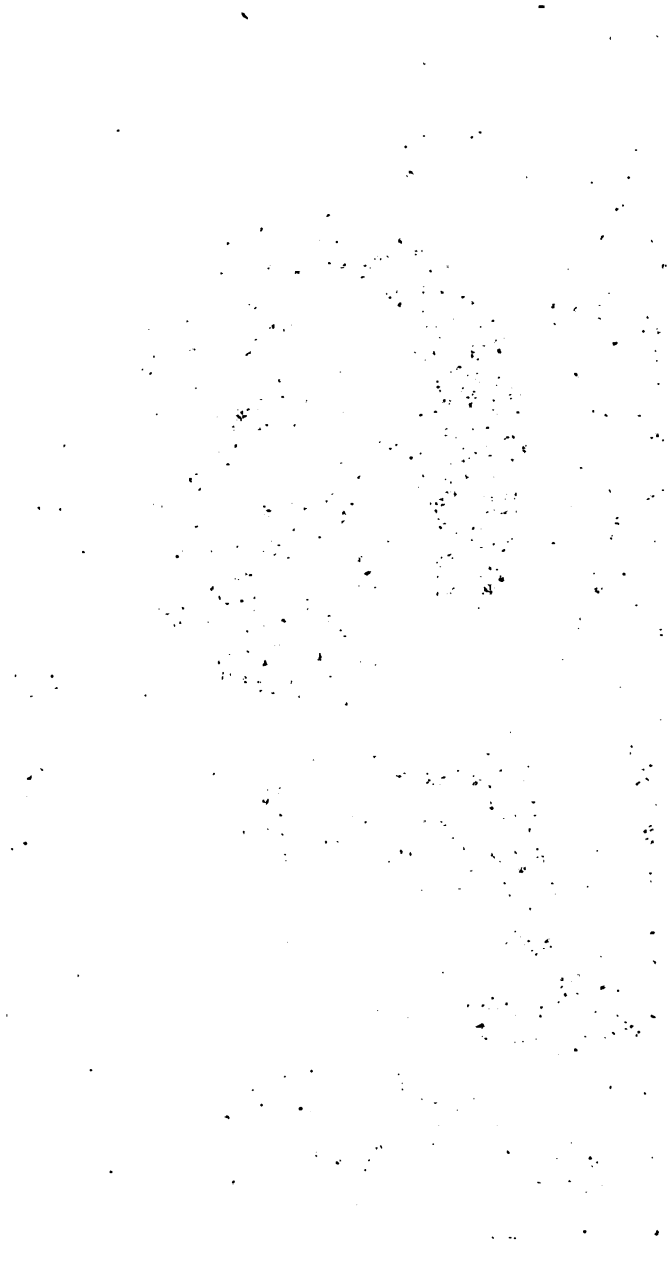
AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ.[1]

WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT.

BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, M.D.

To gratify thy long desire,
(So love and piety require,)
From Brindon's colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen,
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of the age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the Dean:
He only breathes Boeotian air—
"O! what a falling off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth, unmix'd,
Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of Woe?
Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:

[1] Created Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, Dec. 20, 1776.



ROBERT, EARL NUGENT

From an Engraving published in 1784

The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due,
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danced attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung,
On wisdom, dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulph'd the wine, but loathe the lees,
Averting, (so the text commands),
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats, from sinking ships.

While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mongrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
  But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refined;
And there the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
  Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
  So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

LETTERS

LETTERS

THE following correspondence is gathered partly from Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann and others, partly from the Newcastle Papers now in the possession of the British Museum, and partly from original manuscripts, the property of Sir Edmund Nugent, Bart., of West Harling Hall, Thetford.

The arrangement of these letters in any consecutive order has been a matter of absolute impossibility: I have, therefore, considered it wisest to let them speak for themselves, making any explanations necessary concerning them, where I have been able to do so, by means of footnotes. The majority of them are now published for the first time, although all of Horace Walpole's, some of Pope's, and a fragment of one of Lord Chesterfield's have already appeared in print.

Walpole's Letters.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Christmas Eve, 1741.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

You know, or have heard of, Mrs. Nugent (Newsham's mother); she went the other morning to Lord Chesterfield to beg "he would encourage Mr. Nugent to speak in the house; for that really he was so bashful, she was afraid his abilities would be lost to the world." I don't know who *has* encouraged him; but so it is, that this modest Irish converted Catholic does talk a prodigious deal of nonsense in behalf of English liberty.

Walpole's Letters.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

May 20, 1742.

. . . . . .

The great Mr. Nugent has been unfortunate, too, in Parliament; besides being very ill heard, from being a very indifferent speaker; the other day on the Place Bill, (which, by the way, we have new

modelled and softened, and to which the Lords have submitted to agree to humour Pulteney,) he rose, and said, "He would not vote, as he was not determined in his opinion; but he would offer his sentiments; which were particularly, that the bishops had been the cause of this bill being thrown out before." Winnington called him to order, desiring he would be tender of the Church of England. You know he was a papist. In answer to the beginning of his speech, Velters Cornwall, who is of the same side, said, "He wondered that when that gentleman could not convince himself, by his eloquence, he should expect to convince the majority."

Walpole's Letters.

To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington St., July 22, 1744.

. . . . Lord Middlesex is going to be married to Miss Boyle, Lady Shannon's daughter; she has thirty thousand pounds, and may have as much more, if her mother, who is a plump widow, don't happen to *Nugentize*. The girl is low and ugly, but a vast scholar.

Walpole's Letters.

To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1750.

. . . . . .

Nugent had flamed and abused Lord Sandwich violently, as author of this outrageous measure. When the Bailiff appeared, the pacific spirit of the other part of the administration had operated so much, that he was dismissed with honour; and only instructed to abridge all delays by authority of the House——in short, "we spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." This is a new fashionable proverb which I must construe to you. About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's [1] assembly, Lord Hervey [2] was leaning over a chair talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it——yes, spit in it!—and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, "Pay me my wager." In short, he had laid a

[1] Anna Chamber, wife of Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, afterwards Earl Temple.

[2] George, eldest son of John, late Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol, whom this George succeeded in the title.

HORACE WALPOLE

guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any farther occasion for his hat?—"Oh! I see you are angry!"—"Not very well pleased." Lord Cobham took the fatal hat, and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the Spitter, (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'em,) to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it rested for a few days; till getting wind, Lord Hervey wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him. This too was complied with, and the *fair conqueror* [1] shows all the letters.

Walpole's Letters.

TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 14, 1779.

. . . . . .

I will not answer so positively for what I am going to tell you, as I had it only from the person himself. The Duke of Gloucester was at Bath with the Margrave of Anspach. Lord Nugent came up and would talk to the Duke, and then asked if he might take the liberty of inviting his Royal Highness to dinner? I think you will admire the quickness and propriety of the answer:—the Duke replied, "My Lord, I make no acquaintance but in London," where you know, Madam, he only has levees. The Irishman continued to talk to him even after that rebuff. He certainly hoped to have been very artful—to have made court there, and yet not have offended anywhere else by not going to town, which would have been a gross affront to the Duke had he accepted the invitation.

[1] George, Lord Hervey was a very effeminate-looking man, which probably encouraged Lord Temple to risk this disgusting act of incivility.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,699.
Vol. xiv. f. 270.

London, June 2d.

DEAR PARSON,

I am sorry you have not receivd my Letter because I shall not now be able to see you in London, for I go into Essex upon Saturday next. I have settled with Mr. Stone, secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, that upon your resigning St. Ive it shall be given to the Person whom you mentiond in your Letter to me. You must therefore come to Town without Loss of Time, and make personal Application, in my Name, to Mr. Stone, who will give you all necessary Directions.

I am,
Your Friend and Servt.,
R. NUGENT.

To the reverd Mr. Richards at St. Ive near Callington, Cornwall.
Endorsed, June 2.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,708.
Vol. xxiii. f. 352.

Gosfield near Braintree in Essex,
Sep. 21st, 1746.

SIR,

The very strong Proofs which you have given me of good Nature and Friendship in a late Instance, which ever shall be fresh in my memory, induce me now to apply to you, and to you only, in Favour of a very near Kinsman, a french officer Prisoner upon his Parole in the Marshalsea of Southwark. I send you his Letter to me, together with a memorial addressed to the Duke of Newcastle. His Letter is unsealed at my Desire, and the Request containd in his memorial must be of infinite Importance to him, who to my Knowledge has been an officer upwards of twenty years in the french service, and is now no more than a Captain. I find by his Letter that he is sensible of the Duke of Newcastle's humane Dispositions towards all Those who are in like Circumstances with himself, and I hope his Grace's generous Example will be followd by our Enemies, if it should happen that any of our officers shoud by the Chance of war stand in need of its Influence. of this Truth I will beg Leave to assure you, and if I coud hope it woud have any weight with his Grace, I woud beg of you to assure him, that his Complyance with the Request which I now make in Favour of my Kinsman, whose whole

Fortune seems to depend upon it, will lay me under an obligation which I shall ever acknowledge with the utmost Gratitude. I am Sir with Truth and Esteem

your most obliged and
most obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

I need not say from the Nature of the Case that Dispatch will render the obligation greater and more effectual. If the memorial succeeds be pleased to let the Prisoner be acquainted with its success.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Sep. 23. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,708.
Vol. xxiii. f. 393.

Etherup in Bucks, Sepr. 30, 1746.

DEAR SIR,

Indeed I want words to express my Sense of the friendly and humane Part you are pleasd to take in Favour of my Kinsman. A Breast like yours will easily feel the motives which render me solicitous that your Endeavours may have their full Effect. one Effect they certainly shall have. They will ever confirm me

Dear Sir with the highest Esteem
your faithful and
most obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Be pleasd to direct to my House in Dover street.

Endorsed, Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,726.
Vol. xli. f. 76.

Janry 23d, 1752.

MY LORD DUKE,

Your Grace does me Justice in being convinced that no Body coud receive greater Joy than I did from the Event of yesterday. and to the most hearty Congratulations, give me Leave to ad my warmest wishes that the same success may ever attend your Grace's Endeavours for the Good of your Country.

my Lord Granville objects to Thursday as he must that Day

attend a Cause. but he leaves every other Day to your Grace's Choice, and my Servant waits to convey your Grace's Commands to my Lord

Your Grace's most faithful
and most obedient servant
R. NUGENT.

Endorsed, Jan. 23rd, 1752. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle House,
Jan. 23rd, 1752.

DEAR SR,

I am sure you had great satisfaction in the Majority of yesterday, So I heartily wish you joy of it. I have received your commands for Monday next, but as our great Debate comes on the day after in ye House of Lords, and as It may be necessary possibly to have some Meeting of Lords the night before, or at least to be settling our Business amongst ourselves, I should wish to attend you, when I should be more at liberty to think of nothing else but the pleasure of the Day. If therefore the Thursday after be as convenient to you, I should be much obliged to you If you would put off ye dinner to that day.

I am, Dear Sr, yrs
most affectly,
HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

MR. NUGENT.

Newcastle House,
May 2, 1754.

DEAR SR,

I cannot sufficiently express the Joy which your great success has given The King, and The Loyalty Zeal & Affection, which His Majesty's faithful Subjects of The Second City in His Kingdoms have shewn upon this occasion. May I presume after this to say, no man can take a greater share in This Success than myself, My Duty and Zeal for the King, my real friendship and Regard for you, must make me more joy'd of this great event Than of any which has happen'd in any part of The Kingdom; tho' thro'out every part of it, Elections have gone well beyond our most Sanguine Hopes. The Principle upon which our Friends preferr'd Mr. Beckford to Sr John Philips is highly commendable, and even makes that preference meritorious, as I wish you would tel our Friends from me, whatever may have been my private sentiments upon the first accounts which I received from you.

We hear that Alderman Beckford intends to chuse Sr John Philips at Petersfield, Meare (as I am afraid is too certain) that he is chose for the City of London. It will soon be for the honor of Bristol. Then they have virtue & Resolution to distinguish those who are real Friends to the King, and the Government, & to the Liberties, & Trade of this Countrey. You have now an opportunity of doing a very agreeable thing to the King, a very Honorable one for yourself, and a very proper one for one chose by the Zealous friends of the Government in Bristol, by chusing at St Mawes as worthy, as honorable and as useful a Friend to the Government as can come into parliament, I mean Sr William Calvert, who I am afraid for those very qualifications will be rejected by the City of London. I am perswaded Mrs. Nugent would not disapprove this measure, If you would explain it to Her, in the light in which it certainly is. I beg you would not shew this letter, but assure all our Friends that they may command the best wishes of

Dear Sr,

Your Most Affect Humble Servant,

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

MR. NUGENT.

From the Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,736.
Vol. li. f. 133.

Gosfield, August 1st, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

Having read in this Day's Newspaper that by the Death of Mr. Dawnay a Prebend of Canterbury is become vacant, I can not refrain from putting your Grace in mind of poor Tucker. Thus much I must say in Excuse for the Liberty I take, that were I quite out of the Question, and the man not my particular Friend, I should stil most earnestly wish that He who has so eminently distinguished Himself, upon various occasions, in the Whigg-Cause, and recommended Himself beyond any other Person whatever, by his merits and his sufferings, to his majesty's best Friends at Bristol, should receive a distinguished Reward from your Grace, and I wish this the more, as I sincerely desire to see your Grace rivitted in the Hearts of my Constituents, as you are in the steady Affections of, my Dear Lord Duke,

your Grace's most faithful and most obedient Servant,

R. NUGENT.

I have acquainted my Lord Berkley with your Grace's kind Answer to his Request.

The inclosed Letter comes from the chief Quakers at Bristol, who sent your Grace the Turtle that dyd on the Road.

Endorsed, Mr. Nugent's Letter, August 1, 1754. Rd. Augt. 2.

From the Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,736.
Vol. li. f. 358.

Gosfield, August 26th, 1754.

My Dear Lord Duke,

I am order'd by a Committee of the Union Clubb to enclose an Invitation to your Grace to dine with Them at Bristol on the 4th of September. But, as They are aware that your Grace may probably be elsewhere engaged on that Day, They only Desire (N: B: The Union-Clubb never desire any Thing unreasonable) that your Grace should be present in a Bumper, immediately after the King and Royal Family. may I take the Freedom to make use of this opportunity to remind your Grace, that Gosfield lys upon the best and shortest Road between Euston and London, and that it is inhabited by,

my Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most faithful and most obedient Servant,

R. Nugent.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Aug. 26th, 1754. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 28th.

(Invitation to dine with the Committee of the Union Club at Bristol.)

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,854.
Vol. clxix. f. 224.

Dover-street
half an Hour after
4, *April* 22, 1755.

My Lord Duke,

Sir Cordel Firebran has at the rising of the House declared his Intention of making the same motion, that was apprehended from Lord Powlet; and altho presst to say for certain whether it should be Tomorrow or the Day after, He declined giving a positive Answer. will it not be necessary to have a meeting upon this Occasion? and shoud not *all* be summond who generally are sent to? If this is to be done, no Time shoud be lost. your

Grace will, I dare hope, impute the Liberty I take to the sincere zeal for your Service which ever shall animate, my Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most faithful
and obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Endorsed, April 22nd, 1755. Mr. Nugent.

Charlton, 2 July, 1755.

DEAR SR,

I enclose a Letter from Stambury the Exciseman whose Case I communicated to you at Ranelagh, and whose name you took down in order to remind the duke of Newcastle of a wretch made miserable by him (now for 15 months together) only for having given his Vote to yr humble Servant, at the last general Election.

You cannot wonder after what pass'd last winter and the particular mention (more than once as you well know) of this Affair, that I should make no direct Application in behalf of this Person, nor can you think it wd become me, or any Gentleman under the like Circumstances, to ask the Relaxation of a most unreasonable severity exerted upon one of his Friends, & upon such a motive, as a favour at any man's hands,—much less in so pityfull an Instance as this, and after the slights that have been manifested on the Occasion.

I therefore do not trouble you to solicite any Thing; but as my very good Friend, and one already acquainted with his Story, to make the same Request to you, which you will observe the poor Fellow makes in his Letter to me—viz. *that you will be so kind as to find out whether he is intended to be released from the desolate Scituation where he is, or not, that he may determine how to act, as to the settlement of his Affairs.*

I know your Friendship for the Duke, and therefore should be sorry to induce you to believe by ye manner of this Letter, that I take anything ill of him, in this or any other Instance—you may be possibly convinced of the Contrary when you recollect a Story in Sr Wm Temple, wch I dare say you will remember more accurately than I do upon ye first mention of it, and wch will shew you how reasonable men (upon whose Sentiments I endeavour to form my own as nearly as I can) consider those Incidents in the Light of Obligations, wch more vulgar understandings absurdly think they have Cause to resent.

At a Time when Spain had great Occasion for Friends and allies to maintain her Possessions in the Low Countries upon the

Point of being irrecoverably lost to France, she treated with our late King William, then Prince of Orange, to avail herself of his Interest with the States. The Prince stood upon no good Terms with Spain upon various accounts, among the rest upon having been trifled with about a reasonable Claim to a debt due to his Family for a long Time by that Court. Yet in this Conjuncture he inclined more to Spain than France (as he honestly thought it best for ye Interests of ye the States to do) and in Consequence recd solemn assurances (tho unrequired by him) that the money shd be paid, nay he was even told that it was actually lodged in the Hands of a certain Banker abroad to be remitted without delay. The Day of Payment wch had been named elapsed—many more afterwards passed, and no debt discharged. The Prince said nothing. But the Spanish Minister at ye Hague who did not imagine for that Reason that he was insensible to ye usage he had received, thought it for the Interest of his Master not to leave the Matter upon the Prince's mind, without attempting some apology for his satisfaction. He therefore took occasion him self to mention the affair to ye Prince, excused the delay by pretending the money had really been paid, but that the Banker had fail'd, and assured him that Care would be taken of another Remittance in a Short Time, conjuring the Prince earnestly not to conceive any Prejudice against his Court on account of so untoward an accident, wch it had been out of his Power to prevent.

The Prince of Orange heard him patiently, and undoubtedly without any Resentment, because he made him the following answer with a smile, That he was surprised the Court of Spain shd imagine he had Conceived any discontent at their Proceedings in Regard to him. On the Contrary he consider'd himself as under the highest Obligations on that Account, for if they had not thought him the honestest man living, they never would have treated him as they had done.

I am, Dear Sr,
Your very faithfull Friend & humble Servt,
EGMONT.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,857.
f. 137.

Dover Street, Wednesday Evening.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

If there be any Thing too strong in the Letter I send your Grace, strike it out, or destroy the whole and I will lower my stile in an other Letter. But I think I know the man to whom I

write, and that it is of Importance to set you well together before He has time to communicate his Displeasure to other Correspondents. upon this Occasion and all others your Grace's Commands shall be obeyed by

your Grace's most faithful
and obedient Servant
R. NUGENT.

Endorsed, July 16th, 1755. MR. NUGENT.

(MR. WALPOLE.)

Pall Mall, Saturday Noon.

DEAR SR,

In the following method you prescribe in yr Letter after having said enough of Antient History, I shall descend to that of modern Times, and particularly to that part of it wch relates to my Friend Stambury v. Exciseman. I am willing to receive all that you recount Concerning him, so far as it regards the Duke of Newcastle, as you would please that I shd take it, & with many Thanks to yr self, for the Pains you have employ'd in his behalf. But you will give me Leave to express some Concern that you shd think *it unreasonable for me after what has passed, to desire his being replaced at Bridgewater.*

I should be sorry to Commit the Duke with the Person whose Name you have forgot; I know the Importance, the Steadiness & the Sincerity of his Friendship, and should therefore think it hard upon the duke to press him to give him just Cause of Discontent. But Mr. Webb must certainly have mistaken the Duke's Promise to him, or his demand of ye Duke, wch is of a nature strangely vindictive, *that none removed from Bridgwater on Account of ? Election should be restored.*—Upon due Consideration of all Circumstances relative to his Interest & mine &c. to have promised *that none of his Friends should be removed on Account of that Election* would have been a strong Engagement.

But to speak plainly upon this Subject, I submit it to yourself, whether in a Borough (where your own Hints import a Supposition that a Re-election may possibly happen soon), it ought to be left in doubt with the People there, whether I have Influence enough to restore an injur'd man, turn'd out by an Antagonist, (Still out of vanity and that only) affecting to maintain an Interest in direct opposition to mine. Is this not evidently to create all the Vexation, Trouble & Expence that is possible to me?—And is this Consistent with any Profession of Sincerity or Regard for me? I

may most certainly defy, and set at Naught all the malignant efforts that may be made against me, but it is a most unnatural thing, and too absurd (if I can help myself) to endure, either in ye Present, or in any future Instance. If therefore any Justice is to be done this Man, you cannot wonder that I should expect his being not only directly restored to what was before, but that he may receive some Time hence farther Marks of favour as an amends for what he has already suffer'd.

In Regard to what you are pleas'd to say concerning the Continuance of ye duke of Newcastle in his present Scituation, I have perhaps contributed my endeavours more than he ever believed, and more than I care whether he ever knows or not, to keep him there, & at Conjunctures when he has thought me most adverse. But whatever you or I may think most honest to wish, or whatever we might be disposed to do for him, I may venture to pronounce will not prevent his fall, or Confusion to the Kings Affairs; without an Early and great decision of his own, as well as his Masters, in which whether I may have any Concern or not, (so far as it may affect myself only) is matter of inconceivable Indifference to me.

I am, Dr Sr,
Yr obliged & faithfull humble Servt,
EGMONT.

P.S. I did not receive yr Letter of Thursday till this morning.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,857.
f. 526.

Bristol, August 1st, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

The Letter with which your Grace honoured me this Day had every Effect I hoped from it. I first shewd it to a chosen Few; and, by their Advice and Persuasion, had it read aloud to upwards of two Hundred of your Grace's Brethren of the Union. They answered with a Bumper and a loud Huzza. They insisted upon having it inrolld with their Records, but when I beggd to be excused from giving up the Letter, They would have been contented with a Copy, I thought this second Request equally improper to be complyd with, without your Grace's express Leave. I shall have the Honour of waiting on your Grace at the Board on Wednesday, when I hope to have an opportunity of communicating some Things to you not unworthy of your Attention, and of congratulating your Grace upon a

further Progress in what has been so fortunately begun. That I may have many opportunities and occasions of a like Nature, is the hearty wish of, my Dear Lord Duke

your Grace's most faithful
and obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Endorsed, Bristol, Aug. 1, 1755. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 4th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,860.
f. 389.

Mr. Nugent sends his Compliments to the Duke of Newcastle, and takes the Liberty to inform his Grace of a Circumstance relating to Mr. C—— Townshend, necessary for Him to know. Mr. Nugent has been told that a Reelection at Yarmouth will be attended with great Difficulties and Hazard.

Thursday.

Endorsed, November 6th, 1755. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,866.
Vol. clxxxi. f. 326. (Copy.)

Claremont, July 31, 1756.

DEAR SIR,

I must take the Liberty to trouble you, as usual, with My best Compliments to My good Friends and Brethren of the Union Club. Their distinguish'd Zeal for His Majesty, and His Government, and for the Support of the Whig Cause; Their Friendship and Regard for you, and Their Goodness to Me, must engage My warmest Wishes for their Prosperity and Success; and I depend upon the Knowledge You have of my Sincere Esteem for Theirs, and Gratitude for the Favors, They have shew'd Me;—That you will assure them, of all the Service that I may be able to do them.

I heartily wish, That It had been in My Power to have added to the Joy of your Meeting, in Commemoration of the Happy Day when His Majesty's Royal Family came to reign over us, by congratulating you, upon the Success of His Majesty's Arms in Defence of the Rights and Possessions of His Majesty's Crown, and the Trade and Commerce of His Subjects. As His Majesty has done Every Thing on His Part, To promote the Interest of His People, and to defend Them in all their just Rights and Privileges; We may have the firmest Dependence, That no Misfortune, (to whatever Cause it may be to be assigned), will

divert the King from the same great Pursuit, and It is to be hoped by the Blessing of God on His Majesty's Arms, The Success may answer His Majesty's great Views and Expectations, and the Earnest Wishes of all His Faithful Subjects, & Good Friends to their Countrey. I am, Dear Sr, with the greatest Respect and Affection

Your Most Obedient
Humble Servant,
HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

Honble. ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.

Endorsed, Copy to Mr. Nugent, July 31st, 1756.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,866.
Vol. clxxxi. f. 324. (Copy.)

Claremont, July 31st, 1756.

DEAR NUGENT,

I hazard the Enclosed Letter to your Discretion. You see I have touched upon a Ticklish Point, I must therefore insist, That you neither let a Copy be taken of it, nor Extract from it. I should even wish, That It might not be read in Publick, and only shew'd by you to some particular Friends of the Club,—& the Substance of it mentioned by you in Discourse to Others.—I thought I could not avoid touching upon the Loss of Minorca; I thought it not fair, to lay the Loss Expressly upon Byng, Tho' there it will, & must be laid, and there only. I would not answer for the Regaining it,—and yet I have said enough, To shew We intend to do our best everywhere. I beg you would make My particular Compliments to My Friend Mr. Tucker, I am truly sensible of His great Merit, and what is much more to the Purpose, The King is so too. If I don't point out any particular Preferment, It is, Because I would not disappoint Him. The Deanry of Bristol, or Gloucester, was what He seemed to wish for; That of Bristol is absolutely engaged to Dr. Warburton, at the Recommendation of Sir John Legonier, & the Attorney Genl.—I don't love to make promises or Engagements, but you may assure Mr. Tucker, That I will endeavour to serve Him as soon as I can, consistently with My Prior Engagements. I will talk This Matter fully over to you,—when we meet. I am,

Dear Nugent,
Ever most Sincerely Yours
HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

Mr. NUGENT.

Endorsed, Copy to Mr. Nugent, July 31st, 1756.

Gosfield, August 3d, 1756.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867. f. 193.

My Dear Lord Duke,

The enclosed Letters will explain to your Grace the Cause of our Friends Silence; Their mouths were full of Turtle, and if you come in the second Place it is as much as I can hope for you. Their Address will I dare flatter myself partake of their Diet, for Turtle is wont to inspire warm, kind, and vigorous sensations. when the Bristol Petitions are presented, will it not be right to try what can be done at Liverpool? I have many Friends there, and among Them one who tho a Dissenter and a good Whig, is a leading man among the Tories. He has been much neglected, but He still professes much Friendship for me. I shall talk this matter over with your Grace when I attend you in Town next Wednesday, as I suppose that Day still remains fixd for our meeting. Is not Tucker a fine Fellow? He deserves a Bishoprick. It will be best not to mention the story of the Pretender, and I wish it were not mentioned at Bristol, as it will be thought a Desire of ours to be revenged on Smith. If our Friends do as They ought, and I dare say They will, indeed They shoud be extricated out of the Difficulties in which They are now plunged by their zeal for the Whig-Cause. This will confirm Them ours for ever, and sure They are worth keeping. you say nothing of Lord Egmont's man, nor of the merchants Petition relating to the Gun-Powder. I hope your Grace has not mislaid it, and that I shall have it when I come to town. I have a Letter from Frederick upon that Subject, in no Degree satisfactory. Your Grace's Letter is much more than I can deserve. If I did not wish you personally well, as I really do, I shoud still think myself in Honour obliged to act consistently with my former Professions, and to demonstrate myself in the Day of Tryal my Dear Lord Duke

Your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servt.
R. Nugent.

you will see by a former Letter of Tucker's how the Address from the Tories was obtaind. I think it upon the whole a lucky event.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Sep. 3d, 1856. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 5.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,866.
Vol. clxxxi. f. 347.

Bristol, August 3d, 1756.

My Dear Lord Duke,

I found our Friends here in much better Dispositions than I had Reason to hope for from what I had heard before I came. They feel the Loss of minorca in common with all others, but not with that Dejection of spirit which disgraces London, nor do they ascribe it to the same absurd and improbable Causes. You will easily believe my best Endeavours have not been unemployed in confirming and extending this rational and manly Temper in my Constituents, and for this Purpose, I shall stay among Them some Days longer than I at first proposed, and not return to London sooner than will be necessary to attend your Grace at the Board on Wednesday the 11th Inst. as I understand it will be inconvenient for Sir George Lyttleton to be then present. If the Humour of instructing members shoud revive, as is threatened in other Places, I dare promise myself such Instructions from this City as I shall follow with very great Pleasure, and after the Royal Family and Success to his majesty's Arms, your Grace's Health was drunk in a bumper, by Two Hundred *particular* Friends, at our yesterday's Entertainment, where your Letter was not read in Public, altho' it might have been with many good Effects and without any bad one, for without Flattery nothing could be better writ upon the Occasion, and to demonstrate to your Grace that I do not mean to flatter you, I will make you no Compliments upon the Letter which accompanyd it, and which fell so very short of my very reasonable Expectations for Doctor Tucker, and of what He deserves of your Grace, that for both your sakes I would not shew it to Him. Indeed, my Dear Lord Duke, a faithful and an efficient Friend should at no Time have been treated as this poor man has been, and the Circumstances of this Time do not make it better Policy at present. I know no man in England, without Exception, more capable of serving you with his Pen than He is. If your Grace does, I wish He were employed as well as rewarded, for such are certainly wanting. Forgive this Freedom my Dear Lord Duke in one who if He did not feel upon this occasion must have a greater Indifference for your Service than ever shall be found in, my Dear Lord Duke,

Your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servt.
R. Nugent.

Endorsed, Bristol, August 3d, 1756. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 5th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,866.
Vol. clxxxi. f. 456.

Gosfield, August 15th, 1756.

My Dear Lord Duke,

If your Grace approves the inclosed Letters, let them be seald and sent to the Post. I choose that the meeting of our Friends should be desired, in Hopes you may be able to contrive Things so as to preserve Them in good Humour and bind Them stil faster to you. of this your Grace is much a better Judge than I am, but I mean it honestly for your Service, and if They were once extricated out of those Difficulties in which a Few have plunged the whole Body, I know no other Cause that can possibly disunite them. I wish your Grace Joy of the Decision of the Court martial, which has proved more conformable to my wishes than I had Reason to hope from the Information given me. The Proceedings of the City of London will I am assured be more moderate than was at first apprehended, but a shew of moderation may possibly be only meant to reconcile and unite unprejudiced People to the measures of the more violent and Designing. If an Address of another stamp from the Corporation of Bristol be thought expedient, I shall be ready to obey your Commands in this, as in all other Things that can demonstrate the truth and zeal with which I am, my Dear Lord Duke,

Your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servt.
R. Nugent.

Endorsed, Gosfield, August 15th, 1756. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 16th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,866.
f. 458. (Copy.)

Gosfield, Aug. 15th, 1756.

Dear Sir,

I write to the Committee by this Post, to inform Them of what has passed, between My Lord Granville, and Me, upon the Subject of Their Message to Him Relative to the Petition; and I give it as my opinion, They had better defer The Meeting of our Friends, untill Mr. Spencer's Arrival, which will be in a few Days.

I have no news, to send you, at this Distance, which must have reach'd you sooner Than This Letter can. But I cannot Close it without requesting You to Assure your worthy, and Respectable Brethren, of my unalterable Attachment to Them;

and that I have not failed to represent, in its proper Light, The Excellent Temper, and Disposition in which I found, and left, The Mayor, and Aldermen of Bristol; Deserving the Approbation; and Imitation, of Every Corporate Body in This Kingdom. I must confess, Altho' I wish Every Individual of His Majesty's Subject may do right, It is no small Pleasure to me, That my Constituents should be more in the Right, than any other Body of People, and That The City of Bristol, tho' only the Second in Wealth and Numbers, should be the first in other Respects, still more valuable than these, with a Magistracy at Her Head, in which There does not exist One Man, who is not an Approved Friend to His King, and Country.

This Our Gracious Monarch knows, and our Noble, and good, Friend, The Duke of Newcastle, has Faithfully reported to Him, Every Thing I have said upon This subject. I am

Dr. Sir, and ever shall remain
Your, and Your worthy Brethren's,
Most faithful & Affectionate Servant,
R. NUGENT.

HENRY DAMPIER, ESQ.

Endorsed, Copy of a Letter from Mr. Nugent to the Mayor of Bristol, Gosfield, Aug. 15th, 1756.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,166.
f. 460. (Copy.)

Gosfield, Aug. 15th, 1756.

SIRS,

I had not an Opportunity of Discharging Your Commission, to My Lord Granville, until the very Moment I was setting my Foot in my Chaise, to come to This Place; And, as by His Answer, Referring you to Mr. Spencer, who will be in London in a Few Days, I found it would not be proper to come to any Determination, without a previous Application to Him; I defer'd writing until my Arrival here. At the same Time, That you Apply to Mr. Spencer, for The Three Thousand Pounds, I suppose you will think it right, To lay open to Him the Expences already incurred; The Debt now due by you, and The Impossibility of raising, by Subscription, a Sufficient Sum to carry on a Petition in the House of Commons. When you have His Answer, it will then, and, in My Opinion, not till then, be the proper Time, for A Meeting, to take the whole Matter under your Consideration. I do not write News to you, which you must have from London, sooner than this Letter can reach you.

Mr. Byng's Tryal will be brought on, as soon as the officers can be recalled, from the Mediterranean; whom He has commanded as Witnesses. When That happens, The Cause of That Misfortune, which we all lament, must appear in its True Light. Those, who feel Themselves Blameless, must no Doubt, be as impatient for This Explanation, as the most clamorous Petitioners for an Enquiry, can possibly be. But God forbid, That any Man, however criminal, should be refused any Legal Means, which, He may think necessary, for His Defence. It has been a sensible Pleasure to me, and I have boasted of it with Pride, for *my* Constituents, That the whigs of Bristol, at the same Time, That They are sensible of the Loss of Minorca, bear it with the Firmness, That becomes Brave Men; and are not Transported into Absurd Notions; which, in general, are propagated by The Bad, and believed by The Weak. That They may, upon every Occasion, Distinguish Themselves as much to Their Honour, as They do upon This, in the opinion of Every Unprejudiced well-wisher to His King, and Country; will, I make no Doubt, be your Endeavour, and is the hearty Prayer of, Sirs,

Your most faithful, &
Affectionate Servant
R. NUGENT.

Union Committee.

Endorsed, Copy of a Letter from Mr. Nugent to the Union Committee.

Gosfield, Aug. 15th, 1756.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,866.
fol. 470.

Gosfield, August 17, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

I send your Grace the enclosed Letter from Lord Egmont, which if it strikes you as it does me will not displease you. It opens I think a way to the Negociation, which surely ought not to be neglected or delayed. Terms rather unreasonable when you treated with Him before, shoud in my poor opinion not be refused now. If your Grace thinks my Letter may be of any Service, order it to be forwarded; if not, burnt. Be pleased to return me his Letter, and believe me as I really am, my Dear Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most faithful
and most obedient servt,
R. NUGENT.

Endorsed, Aug. 17th, 1756. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867.
f. 30.

Gosfield, August 24th, 1756.

My Dear Lord Duke,

I received the enclosed Letters since I last writ to your Grace. And I have informed Lord Egmont that I woud transmit to you the Letter from Bridgewater, and that I made no Doubt when your Grace returned from Sussex, of having such an Answer as will be agreable to his Friends, if the Place be not already promised at Dodington's Recommendation. Knowing that some Place belonging to that Borough has been so promised. I mentioned this Circumstance to obviate all suspicion of Unkindness if the Fact shoud be that your Grace is previously engaged.

When ever your Grace shall be prepared with sure and practicable Ground for Negociation, I shall be willing and ready to execute your Commands. Altho I really think the Baron as proper a Person as can be employd.

When you formerly treated with Ld Egmont, a Peerage for his Son was, as I have been told, his object. but whether his marriage may not induce him now to substitute some other Consideration in the Room of that, deserves to be attended to in forming those Proposals which you mean shoud be offerd to Him. For I am very doubtful whether He will have Confidence sufficient in any Friend of your Grace, to trust Him with an Overture upon what He may be willing to accept, until He can be sure of having it. and indeed my Lord, if He can not be made absolutely sure without dallying and Delay, it will be much better let Things remain as they are. The Time is short, and He thinks, tho' without just Grounds, that He has already been trifled with. Tucker is your Grace's Servant for Life. I have a Letter from Him full of Gratitude and Thanks. If any Thing can be done for Bristol, it shoud be done very soon, before our Friends meet and quarrel. They will meet as soon as They hear from Mr. Spencer, and They will as surely fall out among Themselves when They do meet. and if They shoud become Lukewarm and out of Humour, They may not be so easily manageable in other Things as They now are. I write to your Grace with an Arm that has been just now let Blood for a feverish Disorder. But as I find myself much better since the Operation, I hope in a very few Days to be able to obey any Commands your Grace shall have for, my Dear Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most faithful
and obedient Servant,
R. Nugent.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Aug. 24th, 1756. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867.
f. 52.

Gosfield, August 25th, 1756.

My Dear Lord Duke,

Your Grace will I fear grow tired of seeing my Hand, if my Letters shoud be as long as they have been. This therefore shall be a short one, and is only meant, while it encloses the two Letters I received from Knox, to inform your Grace that Tucker thinks the Tories will be for an Address in the same stile with that of London, and that He and some other of our Friends are of opinion it will be better not to oppose the Proposition for an Address in absolute and peremptory Terms, but to urge it will be proper to stay until Byng's Tryal is over, and then to make the Discoveries which may appear the Foundation. I entirely agree with Knox that our Friends will not intermiddle without a Hint from me, and do not perceive the utility of making the Concession Tucker mentions. I shall therefore upon second Thoughts add to the Bulk of this Pacquet, and a Letter to Tucker for your Grace to dispose of as you shall think proper. Sr Thomas Robinson is here, and presents his best Respects. He will be in Town early on Friday. I have not exactly observed the Promise with which I begun this Letter, but however I may err by Excess, I never will by stopping short in any Act by which I can demonstrate my Self, my Dear Lord Duke,

Your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servant,
R. Nugent.

Knox is one of the chief merchants at Bristol.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Aug. 25, 1756. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 27th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867.
f. 125.

Gosfield, August 28th, 1756.

My Dear Lord Duke,

I have orderd the messenger to proceed on to your Grace with the enclosed Pacquet, it will inform you of what has been done by our Enemies, and you will see what I do to ward the Blow. if you approve, send the whole or any Part by Express to Bristol, under Cover to the Post-master in my Name. you may place an entire Confidence in Tucker and add to, or take from my Instructions to Him as your Grace shall think proper. I wish you coud have enabled me to arm our Trusty Friends with some-

thing more powerful than words upon a Body of men already exhausted, and subject to great and pressing Demands. I have not been wanting on my Part to warn your Grace of the Necessity of this measure. All that your best Friends can do is to serve you with the means in their Power to use, and as far as these go, your Grace may depend upon the Service of my Dear Lord Duke,

your Grace's most faithful
and obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Be please to turn.

I had like to have forgot sending you the Address from the merchants which I beg may be carefully returnd, with your Grace's Directions to me upon it.

Endorsed, Mr. Nugent, Gosfield Hall, Aug. 28, 1756.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867.
f. 153.

Gosfield, August 30, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

I have just now received the inclosed Copy of an Address from my Collegue Mr. Smith, with a kind Invitation to accompany him to Kensington to present it. I send you a Copy of my Answer, together with Letters to the Union-Committee and the mayor of Bristol, which I beg you will forward by an Express if you approve of Them. Our Friends are fond of Expresses, and They will think me the more in Earnest. I am, my Dear Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most faithful
and obedient Servt,
R. NUGENT.

What am I to say to Egmont about his Boatman? Tucker informs me that the Tories were obliged to go from Door to Door for Names to their Address, and that all the moderate ones declared against it, even Smith who is not to present it.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Aug. 30th, 1756. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 31st.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867.
f. 154.

[Copy of my Answer to Mr. Jarrit Smith.]

August 30th, 1756.

SIR,

As you have not favourd me with any of their Names who have signed the Address of which you have been pleasd to send me

a Copy, and as I have not received the Sentiments of any one of my very numerous Friends and Correspondents at Bristol upon it, you doubtless do not expect, by the Return of your messenger, a positive Answer from me. when I shall be properly informd, with any Degree of Certainty, of the real Sentiments of the Gentlemen, Clergy, merchants and other principal Inhabitants of the City of Bristol, I shall act a Part becoming of their Representative, and of one indebted merely to their good will for being so. I am, Sir, with much Regard, etc.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Aug. 30th, 1756. Mr. Nugent to Mr. Smith.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867.
f. 328.

Gosfield, Sept. 5th, 1756.

My Dear Lord Duke,

I thought it woud not be displeasing to you to read the plain, honest and warm Sentiments of our Friends at Bristol. That you may find many such all over England is the hearty wish of my Dear Lord Duke

your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servt,
R. Nugent.

I hope the King will say something when I present the Addresses that will tell well at Bristol. prepare Him for them. I shall present them on Thursday.

To His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Sept. 5, 1756. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867.
f. 270.

Gosfield, Sept. 10th, 1756.

My Dear Lord Duke,

I send your Grace a Copy of the Address from Bristol, signed by many Hundreds. I hope you will think it free from the objections to which the Paper I last sent you was certainly lyable. with your Grace's Leave I will present it on monday next, and if you think it proper to have it inserted in the Gazette, you will be pleasd to give your orders accordingly. I am, with an unalterable Attachment, my Dear Lord Duke,

your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servt,
R. Nugent.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Sept. 10th, 1756. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,867.
f. 365.

Gosfield, Sept. 21, 1756.

My Dear Lord Duke,

Mr. Knox, the warmest and most efficient Friend we have at Bristol, will present a memorial for Relief in a Case of extreme Hardship to Him, and many others of your Grace's well-wishers. your Grace will be more inclined to grant his Request, as it may be of Advantage to the Public, at the same Time that it gives a Chance to innocent Sufferers, for the Recovery of some Part of their Loss. I am, my Dear Lord Duke,

your Grace's most
faithful and obedient Servt,
R. Nugent.

This matter requires immediate Dispatch.

Endorsed, Gosfield, Sept. 21st, 1756. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,871.
f. 159.

Cheltenham, May 28th, 1757.

My Dear Lord Duke,

I have just now received a Letter from my Servant in London to inform me that your Grace wanted to know how to direct to me. I came to this Place two Days ago to visit Sr William Stanhope, and shall be in Town on Tuesday, ready to obey any Commands you shall have for my Dear Lord Duke

your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servant,
R. Nugent.

Endorsed, Cheltenham, May 28th, 1757. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,878.
f. 116.

My Dear Lord,

I coud not let your Grace go out of Town, without discharging my Debt of Thanks for the share of Concern you have been pleasd to take in the Health of a faithful humble Servant. I am now much better tho not free from Fever, and an other very uneasy Disorder attending it.

The Dean of Gloucester is dead, and as your Grace told me there had been some solicitors for his Preferment upon a vacancy, I thought it best to give your Grace early Notice of it, that a

speedy Nomination of Doctor Tucker may save you from further Importunity. I am with unalterable Attachment, my Dear Lord,

Your Grace's ever obedient
and devoted Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Spring Gardens, March 4th, 1758.

Endorsed, March 4th, 1758. Mr. Nugent. (Dr. Tucker to be Dean of Gloucester.)

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,879.
f. 406.

MY LORD,

In obedience to your Grace's Commands I have hastily thrown together a few Thoughts upon the Importation of Cattle from Ireland. They will I hope be sufficient, and I propose no more, to set your Grace a thinking upon the Subject. If it appears to you as it does to me, I shall be in no Pain for the Bill, as I am convinced from my Knowledge of your Grace, that no personal Connections can have Influence with you where the Intrest of our Country is concernd. I am, with an inviolable Attachment, my Lord,

your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servt,
R. NUGENT.

Richmond, May 4th, 1758.

Endorsed, Richmond, May 4th, 1758. Mr. Nugent. (Irish Cattle.)

The Price of lean Cattle had been rising for many years before the Distemper: Runts that used to be sold at thirty shillings a Head, five and twenty years ago, rose to fifty, and are now much dearer. They were dearer in England last year than ever was known, altho the Distemper had ceasd and Fodder was scarce.

The Price of Beef has not kept Pace with the advanced Price of lean Cattle; and many Farmers, especially last year, have been deterd by this Circumstance from venturing upon a full stock for their grounds. This has, more than probably, been one Cause of the Scarcety and high Price of Beef in the present year.

while these Causes subsist, the same Effects must follow, and beside the Evils of an advanced Price upon universal Consumption, every Acre of grazing ground understockd, creates a national Loss of a proportionable Quantity of such Ground, and of fat Cattle,

in Favour of a small Gain to a few Individuals upon barren Heaths and lean Runts.

The disproportionate Price which lean Cattle bear to fat, plainly arises from this Cause and from no other: The Improvements made by Inclosures, foreign and home Grass-Seeds and Turnips have, in numberless Instances converted poor breeding Grounds into Pasture, and by Consequence while the Demand for lean Cattle is increasd by these means, the stock to supply that Demand is lessend. This Evil can only be remedyd by opening an other Supply.

The Grazier in Ireland has a monopoly upon the Breeder, from whence it follows that the Price of lean Cattle is low there, and the breeding stock can never increase beyond the Demand of the irish market. while this monopoly remains, the vast Tracts of totally unprofitable Bogg and mountain in Ireland must remain unreclamed which in the first stage of Improvement, by draining and inclosing, woud otherwise be made good breeding Ground.

In Scotland and Wales the Breeder hath a monopoly upon the Grazier of Great Britain and the Price of lean Cattle is by Consequence higher than in Ireland. But as all other Species, whether of Produce or manufacture, are dearer in Ireland than in Scotland or wales, being a richer Country, it necessarily follows that the Price of lean Cattle in those Parts of the united Kingdom is disproportionate to all other Things; and while it remains so, the Produce which lends least to the Advantage of the Community, as it employs and maintains fewest Hands, will be most cherishd, and will exclude every other Production of Labour or Art, which alone ever has or ever can enrich a Country. The poor, lazy and ignorant owner of lean Cattle will conclude, as many now do, that barren mountains never can be fertilized, nor breeding Grounds be converted into Pasture or Tillage.

From Hence it is evident, that as the great Difference of Expence and Hazard in Conveying Cattle by sea from Ireland, and driving them by Land from Scotland and wales, must ever operate in Favour of the latter against the former, we never shall get any Cattle from Ireland, except when a real or artificial Scarcety raises their Price in those Parts of the united Kingdom to a Pitch prejudicial to their real Intrests. and that one of the good Effects arising from an Importation of lean Cattle from Ireland, will be the setling a juster Proportion, in Scotland and wales, between the value of such Cattle and that of other Species of Produce and manufacture.

The Apprehensions of great Numbers of fat Cattle being imported, if an Evil, are vain and groundless; as fat Cattle woud

be exposed to more Accidents in Transporation; as the Loss of one fat Beast by such Accidents woud be equal to two lean Beasts; and as the Profits upon importing lean Cattle woud be greater from the higher proportionate Price They bear at our markets.

Endorsed, Mr. Nugent's Letter of May 4th, 1758.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,890.
f. 27.

My Dear Lord,

I have had no Letter, except that with which your Grace has honourd me, concerning Sir William maynard's Determination; and as it is necessary for me to know whether it be agreed that his Friends shoud appear at the meeting which is to be appointed at Chelmsford, I send this Letter by a special messenger, and shall hope for an Answer by tomorrow's Post, that I may form my Applications here accordingly. I had upon a former Occasion engaged many voters for Sir William maynard, in opposition to Sir John Abdy, who were not at all satisfyd with his having then declined the Contest. They still remember the Disappointment, and I much apprehend that some will now take the opportunity of resenting it. I shall do what I can with Them, and hope that Mr. Honeywood and I shall be able to give a good Account of this End of the County, in Conjunction with some other Gentlemen, zealous Friends to Government, who have not the Honour of being known to your Grace. I am extremely happy in your Grace's Approbation of the small Part that fell to my share in the House of Commons. I always have endeavoured, and always shall endeavour to deserve it, by every Thing that can demonstrate the sincere Attachment with which I profess myself to be, my Dear Lord,

your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servant,
R. Nugent.

Gosfield, April 11th, 1759.

Endorsed, Gosfield, April 11th, 1759. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 12th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,891.
f. 283.

My Lord,

I am just now stepping into my Chaise, to accompany Lady Berkeley to Eton, where Lord Berkeley is somewhat out of Order, enough to alarm her Fears for Him. If the Letters

that accompany this be thought proper by your Grace, you will be pleasd to order them to be sent by this Night's Post, or by an Express, to Bristol. I am with the utmost Respect my Lord,

Your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Spring Garden, May 24th, 1759.

Endorsed, May 24th, 1759. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,900.
f. 331.

MY DEAR LORD,

I came to this Place last Night, set out from hence this morning for Bristol, was elected unanimously, and am now returnd to Dinner which waits for, my Dear Lord,

Your Grace's ever
faithful and most
obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

my Election has not cost me a single Dot of Ale.

Bath, December 26th, 1759.

Endorsed, Bath, December 26th, 1759. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 29th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,900.
f. 534.

MY DEAR LORD,

your Grace's Answer to me yesterday has affected me greatly, as you now seem determin'd that Mr. Erskine shall not have the Living of Fobbing. I have already explaind to your Grace the peculiar Circumstances of Hardship that attend His Case, and let me earnestly intreat you, before the Decision is absolutely made, to consider the much more cruel situation in which I shall be placed, in the near Neighbourhood of a worthy man ruind by the Confidence He reposed in what I told Him. Ask your own good Heart what it woud feel in such Circumstances, and then determine upon what must be felt by my Dear Lord

Your Grace's ever faithful
and most obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Spring Garden, Jan. 30th, 1760.

Endorsed, January 30th, 1760. Mr. Nugent. (Living of Fobbing.)

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,881.
f. 133.

FROM MR. NUGENT.

The Reverend John Erskine to succeed Dr. Hibbins in the Living of Fobbing in the County of Essex.

Endorsed, Mr. Nugent. (For the Living of Fobbing in Essex.)

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,904.
f. 414.

Mr. Nugent sends his most respectful Compliments to the Duke of Newcastle. He received the Honor of His Grace's Card here, where He has been detaind by Gout and Rheumatism ever since last wednesday was se'ennight. As soon as He can get rid of these troublesome Companions He will in Person acknowledge The Honor His Grace was pleasd to attend Him.

Gosfield, April 17th, 1760.

Endorsed, Gosfield, April 17th, 1760. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 28th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,905.
f. 327.

MY LORD,

I do not wait upon your Grace as I know you do not choose to be troubled with visits on a Treasury-morning. Has your Grace been pleasd to move The King for Leave that I may go to Spa, so as to enable me to kiss his majesty's Hand this morning, or if you have not, woud it be improper to hope for a Line from your Grace to the Lord of the Bed-Chamber in waiting for this Purpose. I am Thus urgent, because if I do not tomorrow kiss his Hands at Saville and Leicester House, I must wait a fortnight longer, and I have Business which will necessarily call me back into England in the month of July. I am with the most sincere and respectful Attachment my Dear Lord

your Grace's faithful
and most obedt Servt,
R. NUGENT.

Spring Garden, May 7th, 1760.

Endorsed, May 7th, 1760. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,907.
f. 278.

My Lord,

I had yesterday a Letter from my son to inform me that He intended to apply to your Grace for his majesty's Leave to serve this Campaign in our Navy In Germany, as there is no Probability of the Royal volunteers being ordered abroad. If His majesty shoud be graciously pleasd to grant his Request, may I beg Leave earnestly to intreat your Grace that you will honor Him with a Recommendation to Prince Ferdinand, that He may be admitted as one of his Aid-de-Camps. He speaks the German Language fluently, and I hope possesses the other Qualifications necessary to that station.

As I coud have no french Pass at the Hague in monsr D'Affry's Absence, I obtaind a Pass from Prince Charles at Brussels, which monsr Cobentrel assured me woud be sufficient. He desired me to assure your Grace of his Respects, and behaved Himself with very great Civility towards me. There are here a Lieut. General, Le Comte D'audelau, who commands in the Country of Liege; and a marechal des Camps, le Chevalier de Grollier, who commanded last in the Duchy of Cleves. Both infirm. They are very polite, and we converse with as much Ease as if the Nations were in profound Peace. These with their Aids de Camps, and the Bishop of Augsburg with his attendants, are the only Company worth naming at this Place. I am, with unalterable Attachment, my Dear Lord,

Your Grace's ever faithful
and most obedient Servant
R. Nugent.

Spa, June 17th, 1760.

Endorsed, Spa, June 17th, 1760. Mr. Nugent. Rd. July 8th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,918.
f. 485.

My Lord,

I confessd to your Grace that I had no Pretensions to the Favor you was pleasd to promise me for my cornish Friend, but the weaker my Title is the stronger will my obligation be to your Grace if you be pleasd to take me out of a Scrape into which I was inconsiderately drawn by a hasty Promise, when I thought my self at Liberty to serve some Friend of yours. Indeed my Lord, if I coud help myself in any other way I woud not trouble you upon this occasion, but I have a proud man to deal with to

whom I am bound by a positive Ingagement, upon which He insists in a Letter which I received from Him as I was stepping into my post-Chaise to come hither. I am, and ever shall be, as much as any man living, my Lord,

your Grace's faithful
and devoted Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Gosfield, Feb. 12th, 1761.
Endorsed, Gosfield, Feb. 12th, 1761. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 14th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,930.
f. 188.

MY LORD,

I had the Honor of your Grace's Letter here by the last Post, and shall certainly obey your Commands. I propose being in Town to-morrow, notwithstanding a bad strain in my Foot, to attend the usual meeting held before that at the Cockpit, if I find that I am summond to it. your Grace, I dare hope, does me the justice to believe that no member of the present Parliament wishes more sincerely than I do a happy Issue to its Deliberations, as a Lover of my Country and my Lord,

your Grace's faithful and
most obedt Sert,
R. NUGENT.

Gosfield, Oct. 30th, 1761.
Endorsed, Gosfield, Oct. 30th, 1761. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 31st.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,935.
f. 129.

MY LORD,

I shall certainly obey your Grace's Commands, and think with you the Clause which passd the Committee inadmissable upon many Considerations. But your Grace will forgive me for expressing my apprehensions, that if some less exceptionable Expedient be not found to bring the Counties concernd in the Clause nearer to an Equality with others, much bad Humor will mix itself in the Debate, and produce other Consequences which ought to be avoided. I am, with the most respectful Attachment, my Lord, your Grace's

most faithful and obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Parliament Street, Feb. 28th, 1762.
Endorsed, February 28th, 1762. Mr. Nugent.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,939.
f. 339.

MY DEAR LORD,

You are, as I supposed you woud be, one of the very Few who have kept their words with me; and no one coud do it so much to my Satisfaction, as you have effectually relieved me from the Anxiety I was under from Reports spread here, with all the Air of Authenticity, of Circumstances attending our noble Friends Resignation very different from those which He communicated to you. what really passd does Honor to majesty; and perfects the Character of as able, faithful and disinterested a minister as ever served the Crown; and the affecting manner in which you relate it does Honor to your Friendship and your zeal. That the King may never want such a servant, and that our Friend may find in Retirement and self-approbation an ample Recompense for the Loss of Power is all that is now left for you and me to wish for with Regard to Both. when you receive any News of Lord Albemarle, for God's sake communicate them to me. you know how deeply and particularly I am concernd in the Events that may happen where He is; and I can trust to your Friendship, which I never knew stop short in promising without ever thinking of a Performance. adieu, my Dear Lord. I wish you Joy of your new Situation, because I am sure it is more pleasing to you than that in which you was before engaged, and no man living is with more sincere Regard

your Lordship's faithful
and obedt Servt,
R. NUGENT.

Dublin, June, 5th, 1762.
Enclosed in Ld. Barrington's, June 14th, 1762.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,968.
f. 230.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have now resigned the Place which I owed to your Grace's Friendship, I may therefore without Aukwardness assure you there is not a man living who is and who has been with more sincerity,

your Grace's faithful
and most obedient Servant,
R. NUGENT.

Parliament-Street, July 24th, 1765.
Endorsed, July 24th, 1765. Mr. Nugent. Rd. 25. Ad. 27th.

Newcastle Papers, Add. MS. 32,872.
f. 283.

Treasury Chambers,
July 20th, 1757.

DEAR ERSKINE,

I have now a positive Promise. If Hibbins shoud dye while I am in Gloucestershire, write a Letter to the Duke of Newcastle to inform Him of the vacancy, and say you have done it by my Directions. Let me hear from you at the same time. my Compliments to Mrs. Erskine. I am this moment setting out for Gloucestershire.

your most affectionate Friend
and Servant,
R. NUGENT.

To the Reverend John Erskine at Gosfield near Braintree, Essex.

Endorsed, Treasury, July 20th, 1757. Mr. Nugent to Rev. Mr. Erskine.

SIR,

I return you your manuscript,[1] which I intended to have finished this day, but I am in hopes you will favour me with it again, when you have made such alterations to it as you intend, & in the mean time I should be obliged to you for the second volume.

I am, Sr,
Wth great truth,
Your most obedient humble servant,
WM. PULTENEY.

Arlington street, May 7th, 1738.

Grosvenor Square,
Monday night, 12 o' th Clock.

SIR,

The Sheets I have wrote to evince ye necessity of settling the Province of Nova Scotia with protestant Subjects; & those added to it, which contain an imperfect, tho' heitherto uncorrected Plan for doing it, you will soon find by the Purport of them are improper to be made publick.—I send them in Confidence to you, as a Person heartily attatched to every national Concern, equally an able and zealous Friend to the Publick, & give me Leave to add, one, whose Character I have the highest Regard for.

[1] Probably Nugent's paper entitled "The origin and consequences of the Influence of the Crown over Parliament."

I am glad I have it now in my Power to send you my Papers, as in all Probability the affair will come before the House of Commons on Wednesday; & if you have Time to read them to-morrow morning, I shall be glad of any opportunity you will give me of explaining any Points that may be imperfectly stated.

I am with great Regard, Sir,
Your most obedient Humble Servant,
DUNK HALIFAX.

DEAR SR,

If you can keep Company with a parcell of young fellows (of wch Mr. Potter will be ye Eldest) & can dine upon Chickens & mutton, I should take it as a Favour to see you on Tuesday next between three & four, or I will dine at any hour that shall be more convenient for you. I am with Sincere Respect,

Dear Sr,
Yr most affectionate faithful
Humble Servt,
J. WILLES.[1]

Bloomsbury Square, May 22nd, 1748.

SR,

By order of Councill I am directed to appoint Four Persons to walk with white Staffs at the Funeral Procession of our late Dear Master, as Chamberlain, Comptroler, Steward, and Treasurer; and as I imagine that you will choose to walk in your proper Place, I give you this Noting, and desire your answer as soon as convenient. There is as yet no Day fix't for the Ceremony, but imagine it may be about Saturday Sennight.

I am, Sir,
Your very Humble Servant,
CHANDOS.[2]

Upper Brook Street, April 5th, 1751.

I believe Sr you will not think it an easy task to draw from the letters you sent me any fact which may make the merry Gentlemans Case the proper Subject of a serious petition: common humanity moves one to assist such a person but common sense scarce can find the method. his letter says, as it were by the by, that the fact was Committed some years agoe, and tho the prosecutor names april last, yet I have Laid hold of that Plea to add to

[1] Chief Justice of Common Pleas, appointed 1737.
[2] Henry, the second Duke, succeeded 1744.

the accusers character and upon this have wrote to the Duke of Devonshire, which at this distance is all I can doe. I have sent him the Copy of the Certificat, but not that of the petition to which it was anex't. this account of what I have done will suffise if you think proper to Second my request when you return to London. the mirth of a person in Mr. Delanors circumstances seems to Surprise you, I therefore judg you will not wonder that I was surprised at the addition of his familiarity to one who once mett him in a visit, and once admitted him with the rest of the officers of the Rigment by way of Compliment in passing thro a town where they were in garrison; notwithstanding which I hope he will not be hanged but that you will join your endeavours for obtaining his pardon with those of

Sr, your most humble Servant,
M. Norfolk.[1]

May 16, 1741.

if you are return'd to London I desire my Compliments to Mrs. Nugent.

To Robert Nugent, Esqr.
at His House in Dover Street, London.

Clonin, the 29th of october, 1745.

Deare Cossen,

I had the favor of yours and am very much obliged to you for your very kind regarde and wishes for me the experience of which I had very often found. I thanke you for your kind intention to serve me if I have any occasion but I hope as I always behaued myself and shal constantly doe that thoe this ferment is very greate that I shal be quiet. my Lord Deloin who went to Dublin to waite on my Lord Chesterfield communicated your letter as you desired to my Lord Mongarret and Trimlestonn. my Lord Deloin receiued a letter lately from Cossen John Nugent which giues me greate trouble he hauing writ that you were il at Gosfield of a Reumatisme but as you are young I hope it wil be removed with moderat Phisik. I shal be uneasy til I haue the pleasure of a letter from you which I hope wil give me the satisfaction of your being pritty wel recovered which I assure you noe relation you haue more sincerely wishes than I doe. my Lord Deloin makes his compliment to you. his and mine I pray to my Cossen your lady sister and son. I am very glad he enjoys good

[1] *née* Blount, wife of Edward, ninth Duke.

healthe and as he has a very good capacity I doe not doubt he wil advance in his learning. I am with very great regarde and affection, deare Cossen,

Yr most obedient humble servant and affectionat Cossen,
WESTMEATH.[1]

DEARE COSSEN,

I had the favor of your kind letter about ten days agoe for which I give you much thankes for til I receiued yrs I was very uneasy hauing heard that you lent a large sume of money to the late Prince of Wales you lost so much by his death not to haue lost your money. I wou'd haue acknowledged the favour of yours before now but that I was very much indisposed with a very greate cold which considering my very greate age affected me much.

I am very proude of the good character you giue of my Cossen your son who I hope wil continue a greate pleasure to you.

I am glad my Cossen yr lady and sister are wel my most sincere and humble respects to them. I find that the naturalation bil you were sollicitous about is like to miscarry as you was solicitous about it I am much concerned that it is like to miscarry that I doe not know of a benefit it wou'd be to us it wil be a greate pleasure to me to be favored by yr writing some for it giues me much pleasure to be assured by yr letters that you are wel I wish you a long continuance of good health.

I am, deare Cossen,
with very greate respect and sincerely your most
faithful and obedient humble servant and kinsman,
WESTMEATH.

Clonin, the 27th of April, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

I have had so continual a succession of Company and business that it has not been possible for me to read over th' packet I return you. I have read but three acts and as you desired to have it to carry into the country I must lose the pleasure of finishing it till some other opportunity. I wish you much health and diversion and am

Dear Sr,
Yrs very faithfully,
W. PITT.[2]

Saturday morning.
To MR. NUGENT.

[1] Fourth Earl. [2] Afterwards Earl of Chatham.

DEAR SIR,

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that Mr. Pownall will remain Secretary till the Distinction for him can take place. I rejoice extremely with you upon this circumstance, persuaded that you will receive great facilities, in the Beginning of your operations, from the experience and knowledge of a very able Officer, who has the thread of business. allow me only to add at present, that I wish you wou'd mention to my Lord Lieutenant, as soon as conveniently may be, the Creation of Viscounts, requesting His Lordship to lay it before the King. I am ever with affectionate regard and consideration

My Dear Sir,

Your most faithfull & most obedient
humble servant,
CHATHAM.

Friday, Decr. 5th.

MY DEAR SIR,

I return you the enclosed which I read with great pleasure and congratulate you behon hand on an easy re-election, you will, to be sure, kiss the King's hand to Day: of which His Majesty is apprised and which his majesty has approved. I am in the middle of engagements and able to add no more than the warm assurances of esteem and consideration which I am always

Dear Sir,

Your most faithfull & most obedient humble servant
CHATHAM.

Wednesday Morning.

The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., vol. xix. p. 243.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO LORD ORRERY.[1]

MY LORD,

I shall not hesitate one moment to send your lordship Mr. Pope's letters, as likewise that from Bath; but how am I to convey them to you? not by post surely, for then I might be justly accused with folly or breach of trust, to venture them by so uncertain and dangerous a way. If your lordship will order a faithful servant, or a gentleman with a line under your hand, to call for them, I shall deliver them with pleasure; and this I should

1 * * * The publication which had given Pope so much offence had now taken place, and Mrs. Whiteway was no longer reluctant to return the letters. The blanks are occasioned by defects in the original manuscript, which is very inaccurate besides.

not do to any other person whatsoever, without an immediate direction to myself from Mr. Pope, who knows I refused them to Mr. Robert Nugent, from whom I had two letters in the last, telling me Mr. Pope desired me to send them by his mother, then going to England; and by the same packet, and the same date, I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who told me he would expect them by Mr. M'Aulay, who intended long ago to have been in London, if business had not prevented him. I am so far from suspecting any person of this side the water, (and, therefore, it would be unjust to guess,) that I do not believe they were taken here. I will tell you my reasons for it. First, I do assure your lordship, the Dean kept no copies of Mr. Pope's letters for these twelve years past, to my knowledge, or [of his own letters,] to anybody else, excepting to a lord-lieutenant or a bishop, whom he feared might make an ill use of them; and of those to Mr. Pope, I saw him write and send off immediately. This, therefore, makes me think it reasonable to suppose, it is not from this quarter that Mr. Pope hath been ill used, but must have been betrayed by his English servants, who have more cunning, and a nearer way of making money of them than ours have; and I cannot imagine any person above the degree of a servant capable of so base an action. My lord, I beg leave to talk freely with you, and I can have no other view in it than to defend the Dean in a particular which concerns his honour, and all those he thinks proper to place confidence in. You must, I believe, have seen a book of letters stitched together by the Dean, wherein there are numbers of them from the greatest men in England, both for genius, learning, and power, such as Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, Ormond, Bathurst, Peterborough, and Queensborough; Parnell, Addison, Gay, Prior, Congreve, and Mr. Lewis, to say nothing of your lordship, (because I am writing to you,) which are in my possession, and may be commanded whenever [you] please, for I have lately got the Dean's leave to give them even when he is alive, which he at first refused me; and were there a person vile enough in this kingdom to be bought, why were not these sold to Curl as well as others; for surely, not to mention Sr., some of the rest might be thought as entertaining to the world as the Dean's, and as easily to be stole. Permit me, my lord, to ask a question or two. Do you think the letters to and from Dr. Swift are genuine? if so, will you look over them again, and explain to me this sentence? Mr. Pope taking occasion to mention Mr. Wycherly, immediately after says,—"Some letters of yours and mine have been lately published, not without the concurrence of a noble lord, who is a friend of yours and mine." I hope what I have said will convince your lordship, how much I detest the base practices of those who could

be capable of betraying friendship. I once more repeat my concern, that I had not power enough with the Dean to prevent their being given to Mr. Faulkner, and returned to Mr. Pope. If you think it proper, when you send him the papers, to present him my most obedient respects, and this letter, for I am sure anything of this kind from me is not worth his paying for. However, I shall submit this and everything else to your lordship's judgment. There is one particular I had like to forget, that one of the letters of Mr. Pope's I took out of the Dean's stitched book with his permission, and, I must say, I think equal to any he writ, and yet this letter is safe, and not printed, although the book hath been lent to many of the Dean's friends.

The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., vol. xix. p. 251.

MR. NUGENT, TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Bath, April 2, 1740.

MADAM,

I had not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. Pope know his obligations to you; of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town next week; so that you may be pleased to direct to me, by the first convenient opportunity, at my house in Dover-street, London. I am, Madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant,

R. N.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Swift. I shall say nothing of the picture, because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr. Bindon[1] know I would have the picture no more than a head upon three quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. Pope.

Twitenham, March 26.

SIR,

When you did me the favour to acquaint me of Mrs. Whiteway's offer, I thought it not necessary to give you a trouble, which I imagined wd be less so to my Lord Orrery. But upon

[1] The greatest painter and architect of his time in these kingdoms. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil soon after the year 1750; and afterwards lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1765.

reflection, I believe He is not upon the best terms with the Lady; at least as She chose to propose this to yourself, it may be better to apply by ye same Person to whom she mention'd it: And for my own part, I assure you Sir, you are not the last man I wd owe a Favour to. I shall be therfore truly obliged to you, if you write as you proposed, & thank her in my name for securing those papers agst all disagreable accidents: If she sends them, by some honest hand, to you, I shall know they are as safe as in my own custody.

Tho I have many Poetical Thanks to pay you, I must particularise your ode to Lord Marchmont, both the Design & Execution of which manifest yr Spirit, wch once animated the Heads & Hearts of Poets, & for which your odes, like those of Alcaeus, will challenge Esteem, as well as Praise.

I am Sir,
Your most obliged & obedt humble Servant,
A. Pope.

I may remember Mrs. Nugent as one of ye Companions of my younger & gayer Days, & sigh to be able to live on with ym. But we are no longer Creatures of ye same Element: They are all Air and Fire, & I am Earth; however I admire their Flights, & am their Servant.

Twit'nam, May 21.

Sir,

I hope you are return'd wth as much Health, as Success from yr Elections, & I rejoice that your negotiations for yr self & yr Friends in Cornwall have prov'd more effectual than those for me wch you kindly undertook in Ireland. You have brought a great Book upon yr head; and to show that you can bear any Burden with patience, pray send for it to Mr. Murrays in Lincolns inn fields where one has been left some time to be deliver'd to any one you order. I hope soon to see you either here or in Town, who am wth all regard Sir

Yr most obliged & obedient Servant,
A. Pope.

My old fashion'd Services attend Mrs Nugent.

To
R. Nugent, Esq. in
Dover Street
Piccadilly
London.

Augst 14th, 1740.

SIR,

I cannot enough acknowledge yr obliging endeavors as to what has given me so much apprehension, the affair of the Letters: all which, I am now convinced, has been a mere Feint to amuse us both. For last week I receiv'd an acct from Faukener the Dublin Bookseller, "That the Dean himself has given him a "Collection of Letters, of his own & mine & others, to be "printed; & he civilly asks my Consent: assuring me the D. "declares ym genuine, & that Mr. Swift, Mrs. Whiteway's Son in "law, will correct ye press, out of his great respect to the Dean "& myself." He says, they were collected by some unknown persons, & ye Copy sent with a Letter, importing yt "it was "criminal to suppress such an amiable Picture of the Dean, & "his private Character appearing in those letters, & that if he "wd not publish ym in his life time, others wd after his "death."

I think I can make no Reflections upon this strange Incident, but what are truly melancholy, & humble ye Pride of human Nature. That the greatest of Genius's tho Prudence may have been the Companion of wit (wch is very rare) for their whole Lives past, may have nothing left them at last but their Vanity. No Decay of Body is half so miserable! I shall write, & do, all I can upon this vexatious Incident, but I despair of stopping what is already no doubt in many hands. Can it be possible the Dean has forgot, how many years, & by how many instances I have press'd him to secure me from this very thing? or can it be imagined Mrs. W. has remonstrated agst it? The moment I had yr Intimation that she wd return them, I wrote to her, & embraced her offer with thanks: She answer'd me lately, yt she wd not send ym to Mr. Nugent, but to a certain Mr. Mac Aulay: I presume now, that she wd have sent but a few of no consequence; for the Bookseller tells me there are several of Ld Bolingbroke's &c. (which must have been in the Dean's own custody; and one of which was printed twelve years ago). I would therfore trouble you no more in this unlucky affair. I believe they had entertained a Jealousy of you, as the same persons did before of my Lord Orrery: they then prevented the Dean from complying to any purpose with my request: they then sent a few, just to save appearances; and possibly to serve as a sort of plea to excuse them from being taxed of this Proceeding, wch is now thrown upon the Dean himself.

The Mundicks will arrive very seasonably: If any thing will amuse me at present, it must be playing ye fool any way but by

writing; and yet you see how long this Letter is. I heartily wish you Success in bringing a little more English Spirit into Cornwall, and in routing the Gog-magog's of ye present age. I am not without hopes of meeting you at Bath, and joyning with the waters to heat yr Head to Poetry.

—Satyrarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor, gelidos veniam caligatus ad agros.

I am, Sr,
Your most obliged & faithfull Servant,
A. POPE.

Aug. 16, 1740.

SIR,

I did not think, when I troubled you so lately with an Account, in how surprizing a manner your kind negotiations in my behalf were terminated; that I shd so soon again have interrupted your present, better, business. But upon reflection, that my answer to Faukener concerning this, ought to be hasten'd, & in an Apprehension that some pretence might be taken, as if it was not received, I thought it proper to have it transmitted otherwise than by the common Post. I beg therfore that you will send it by or thro' some hand you know, who may deliver it personally to Faukener, after you have read it, or (if you think fit) copy'd. Excuse this in one, who sees, and is oblig'd by, the Part you have taken, and wishes himself capable of proving how much he is

Sir,
Yr most faithfull humble Servt,
A. POPE.

To R. NUGENT ESQR, at
The HON. MRS. NUGENT's, at
London.

Sept. 3, 1740.

SIR,

The more I read yr Ode, the less I find any necessity of making it clearer; you have sufficiently distinguish'd your Idæa of the Multitude. The very few things I cd imagine alterable,

I have put in; but in so modest a character, as easily to be erased if you disapprove them. I could be willing to be of greater Service to you, but you must thank your Superior Circumstances, as a Poet no less than as a man, that I cannot. I am however intentionally, tho not virtually,

Sir,

Your most faithfull and obedient humble Servt.

A. Pope.

I hope yu have had my letter, wch I beg yu to forward by some particular hand to Faukener.

Mrs. Nugent I know remembers me, and so do I her, always, & acknowledge her Good Temper towards me, who does not quarrel with me as other Ladies have done.

To R. Nugent, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I hope you think better of me than to impute my silence hitherto on the subject of the Roller either to disrespect or neglect in obeying your commands; it is true indeed I might, & am afraid ought to have told you I had receiv'd & would obey them; but that would have still been only words, & tho' you are pleased to express some partiallity for mine, I was ashamed to trouble you with any more of them on that subject till they could come accompany'd by Deed. I have at last procured the inclosed sketch, which tho I ordered to be made immediately after receiving your letter, is but just now deliver'd to me. I hope it will be intelligible to the workman you employ. You may observe that the shafts may be apply'd to either end of the frame, which is to avoid the turning about the Roller where there may not be a sufficient space to do it without tearing up the ground by turning too short.

I found fault that the inside work of the Roller is not described, but I was answer'd that any Carpenter or Millwright who understand their Business would know how to put it together.

We wish'd extreamly for the pleasure of seeing you here on your return from Cornwall & regreted the shortness of your stay with us on your journey thither; we now flatter ourselves with the hopes of meeting soon at London, where wheels within wheels compose a more complicated & curious machine than the inclosed & begins now to be more in season. I beg you will

present my sincere compliments to Mrs. Nugent. My Wife and sons join theirs with mine to you both.

I am with great truth
Dear Sir
Your most obedient humble servant,
QUEENSBERRY.[1]

Ambresbury, Decr. 9th, 1752.

Sunday morning.

DEAR SR,

I am extreamly concern'd at not being able to waite on you to day, but I am oblig'd to go out of town, not in pursuit of pleasure, for if that was my scheem I should certainly dine with you, but to gett quit of an ugly cold that prevents my being fitt company for anybody; I hope you will pardon this & give me leave to take some other opportunity of waiting on you.

I am, Dear Sr,
Your most obedient & most humble servant,
MARLBOROUGH.[2]

Friday Morning.

DEAR SIR,

You can do me a favour, & I think you will take the trouble not very unwillingly, otherwise I would not ask you to do it.

The London Ev'ning Post from Tuesday to yesterday tells the World that I have kissed the Prince's hand for being Ld of his Bedchamber.

The Newswriters may when they please, marry or kill me, but all other Actions of mine I will have at my own disposal. If they say I take a purse, I shall break their bones; if they say I take a place I cannot so conveniently do it, for fear of striking others to whom I would not be uncivil. But I cannot like that any Body's Footboy at the Land's End should think me possess'd of honours which I have not aspir'd to, and therefore I beg of you by Malloy or whoever else you can properly employ to get a paragraph put into Ev'ng Paper which has thought fit to tell this Lye to contradict it, & say that *We are assured that the Report that Lord Cornbury was made Ld of the Bedchamber to the Pr: of Wales is without the least foundation.*

[1] Charles, third Duke.
[2] Charles, second Duke, succeeded 1733.

This I beg to have done immediately & that I may not be known to have had any share in this paragraph as I am sure I had none in whatever could give grounds for the Other.

Yrs with a better heart than Pen,

CORNBURY.[1]

Mr. Yorke[2] presents his compliments to Mr. Nugent, & is much obliged to him for his kind Note & compliments of condolence. He has been so much out of order, and lived so much out of the world for some days, that he did not know the new *Marriage Bill* was prepared; much less the substance & the provisions of it. He only begs the favour & friendship of Mr. Nugent that the *Second* Reading may not be brought on till the week after next, which will give Mr. Y. an opportunity of attending, consistently with his other engagements; which will fill his time during the course of next week, at the Cockpit, & in the House of Lords.

As the *Session* will certainly last several weeks longer, Mr. Y. thinks the matter cannot press so, as to make this request unreasonable; and relies on Mr. Nugent's friendship in what he takes the liberty to suggest.

Mar. 15, 1764.

To THE RT. HONBLE MR. NUGENT,
&c., &c., &c.

1754. 7 Mar. 3.

Powis House, May 2*d*, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

I am extremely obliged to you that, in the midst of your Triumphs, you have spar'd a moment to send me the very agreeable News of your Success. I most heartily congratulate you and our selves upon it, & desire that you will have the goodness to make my best compliments, & return my best Thanks, to my good Friends at Bristol, for their generous & zealous Labours in the public Service upon this occasion. I know their worth, & their good Principles, & attachment to the King and his Government; and no body can set a higher Value upon them than I do. Such is the make of the humane mind, that great success gives one a hankering after more; & some of us cannot help wishing that a good Partner had been found for you to have added to your Victory.

[1] Only son of the last Earl of Clarendon and Rochester.
[2] Charles, second son of the Chancellor.

Give me leave once more to repeat my sincere Congratulations & to assure you that I am, with great Respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient & faithful humble Servant,

HARDWICKE.[1]

The Lord Chancellor salutes Friend Hanbury and assures him of his sincere Respects.

London, Sept. ye 20th, 1739.

SIR,

I wish I had enough of the kind of madness you mention to be able to return you my thanks for your invitation in the same language it was writt in, but I am naturally so very sober in that Article, that I must have been really mad in every other to have attempted it. I own however, I did all I could towards it; I walk'd upon the Banks of the Silver Thames you mention, and endeavour'd to fancy it the Hippocrene; Richmond Hill I call'd Helicon, and encourag'd all Poeticall delusion to such a degree that I imagin'd all the women I mett to be muses, and consequently Chaste and sensible. Was it possible to carry delusion higher? but 'twas all to no purpose. Take me then in humble prose, and lett the language of a very sincere and friendly heart make amends for an uninventive, unpoeticall head. This is the more reasonable too, because I believe we have a much greater share in molding our own hearts than in forming our own heads.

You are the first Man surely that ever made a Parnassus of an Irish Mountain, and that prevail'd with the Muses to follow him to Howth. Numerous and Chaste as they may be, yett by the account you give of the Effects of Goat's milk, added to your naturall abilitys, which I always mention with honour and reverence, *elles trouveront a qui parler*. It is plain by your productions that you have enjoy'd 'em, and so well too, that I dare say they'll be constant, unless Pope sometimes tempt 'em to an infidelity, for I see no other Rivall you have.

Though I can't accept at present your invitation to Ireland, yett I confess there are two circumstances in it very Tempting, the first without a compliment, is being with you, with whom I would as willingly be upon the top of an Irish mountain as with any Man in Europe. The next is the promise you make of transfusing into me with the milk, the propertys of the Goat. I am persuaded of your good intentions to me, but they would prove

[1] Philip, first Earl, Lord Chancellor.

ineffectuall, for unfortunately, I am not *Goatabile*, as the Italians say *non papabile*. And farr from thinking now of giving existence to others, I have much ado to preserve my own; in order to do it, I go to the Bath next week, which I wish you would think your best way from Ireland to London. Tunbridge did me a great deal of good for about two months, but of late I have had returns of my old complaint. The Tenement in short is so decay'd, that it wants frequent repairs, which is very troublesome and disagreable, especially when one knows the foundation to be so bad, as not to deserve 'em.

I hear you are often with the Dean of St. Patricks, which I am glad of for both your sakes, and wish for my own only that I could make a third. When you see him next pray make my compliments to him.

As I knew of certainty that *men and measures* was not Pope's, I really thought it must be, and took it for yours, but I am glad it is not, because I am glad we have any body who can write well enough to be mistaken for you.

I rather chuse to end this letter abruptly, than to putt the truths I would tell you in the place that form and Custom have appropriated to peroration compliments. I would have my friendship and esteem for you as free even from any suspicious circumstances, as I am from form or flattery, when I assure you that I am

Most faithfully and truly
Yours
CHESTERFIELD.

London, May ye 9th, 1741.

SIR,

I have paid Mr. Snow the eight hundred pounds, and receiu'd my Note; but I cannot think that the bare payment of the money would be a sufficient acknowledgement of the obligations Hammond and I have to you for advancing it. Few would have done what you did, and from as few would I have receiv'd it; few friendships now-a-days can stand the Test of money, and few enmitys resist the reconciling force of it. To value it neither too much nor too little is the difficult point, and I know few but yourself who have hit it.

I set out next Tuesday for Aix la Chappelle, in pursuit of reall Happyness, that is, in my mind, health; for without it I am sure there can be no happyness; and with it, I hardly see how a rationall creature can, or at least need, be unhappy. Montaigne says he has no notion of any pleasures, but *les plaisirs maniables*,

and I think this will hold as to pains, those of sensation are the worst. We chiefly make the others ourselves, and if we either reason'd less or more, we should have very few of 'em. And a true notion of the futility of every thing would make any thing pretty indifferent, sensation excepted. In consequence of this System, I intend to make the Channell the Lethe to me; and in crossing it, will forget every thing that could ruffle the serenity I propose to enjoy abroad. I will forget all the knaves and fools I leave behind me (an extensive oblivion you'll allow) and wonder at the new ones I meet with, as if I had never seen any before. I'le see Slavery with pity and surprize, without once remembering that my own Country either is, or soon will be, in the same condition; in short I'le forget every thing here but my friends, a reminiscence too pleasing for one in the pursuit of pleasure to part with. As I reckon you in that Number, I need not tell you I shall think of you, but I desire you will give me more reasons than my own to think of you, that is that you will lett me hear from you. Write me word how you do, and what you do; in prose or in verse; and what others do; the *quinquid Agunt homines.* Homo comprehends *woman* too. In return you shall hear of the most materiall occurrences at Aix and Spaa. How the waters pass with Lady Cardigan and Miss Pitt, The Rhenish with the Germans, and the days with myself. These are inducements to write, which I am sure you can't resist, so direct your letters to me at Aix till the seventh of June O. S. and after that at Spaa, till the 7th of August.

Adieu. May you continue to enjoy the Beggars blessing in the same perfection you do at present; the first part of which you communicate so liberally to your female friends, and the latter part to your male ones.

Yours sincerely,
CHESTERFIELD.

Spaa, June ye 20th, 1741.

SR,

The *Laudet diversa sequentes* has always been a very common case, and I find it is both yours and mine; In full possession of all *les plaisirs maniables,* you despise 'em; while robb'd of 'em all, I regret the loss, and lament being reduc'd to those of the mind. I think I am in the right, for who in Youth, health, and vigour, ever thought of any pleasures but the maniable ones? and who will prove to me that a man is not wisest when he is strongest? Must wisdom wait for relax'd Nerves, and

enfeebl'd limbs? And is our Understanding at the worst, when our organs are at the best? Surely not; from whence I conclude that the pleasures of the mind, in meditation, contemplation, and abstracted reflections, are only Imaginary comforts which we catch at, when sinking from the solid Joys of Life. But since you like 'em so well, be easy, a time will come when you as well as others, will be reduc'd to 'em. Those Athletick calves will one day shrink and dwindle into the tremulous supports of a nodding superstructure. Those Herculean shoulders, now able to ease Atlas of his burthen, will one day bend and crouch under the load of increasing years; Then you may retreat to the comforts of the mind, indulge your Metaphysician Genius in most usefull researches, and preferr Spirit to matter, and morall entitys to naturall ones. This consideration, I confess, is an ill natur'd sort of a comfort to me in my unhappy situation, and I say to my self, since this must inevitably happen to Nugent, who am I, that murmur that it has already happen'd to me?

Apprener Ames Vulgaires
A Mourir sans murmurer,

is the conclusion of St Evremond's Epitaph upon Madame Mazarin which mutatis mutandis, I apply to an expiring part of myself.

. . . . I heartily congratulate you as member of Parliament, and would congratulate my country upon it, if you could propagate your principles in that house as effectually as you have your likeness in many others, but there, I doubt, *les plaisirs maniables* in the litterall sense, will stand in your way, with the Majority; Though by the by, I don't very well know of which side the Majority is, considering our Victorys in Cornwall, and Scotland, and no losses, that I observe any where else. But be that as it will, I fear I shall never see any Majority, mean what they should mean, and act upon such principles as can alone save our Constitution, a few righteous will never save us, Gods Vicegerents differing from him a little in that particular. Having mention'd Gods Vicegerents, whom I always mention with Veneration, I saw with great Satisfaction the Skull of one of 'em three days ago at Aix la Chapelle; it was that of Charlemagne; I examined it with great attention and found it as hard as thick, and in as good repair as I dare say it was when crown'd and annointed there nine hundred and odd years ago. Which I can only ascribe to the peculiar care of heaven, that watches over those sacred and annointed Skulls. For the ignoble Skull of a Subject would no doubt in much less time have moulder'd away to its primitive dust. The best argu-

ment in my mind that I have mett with of the Divine right of Kings.

I have been here but three days, full long enough to find it a damn'd disagreable place, but not long enough to know what compensation the waters will make me for being here. Those of Aix la Chapelle did me no good, not having the purgative effect upon me which they usually have upon others. If these will do me any, I am in a disposition to receive it, being much better for my Journey and the change of air. But this is enough of myself, and I would not have said so much, if I had not been convinc'd of the part you take in the existence and wellfare of one whom you know to be with so much truth and attachment

Your most faithfull humble servant

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray my compliments to Mrs. Nugent.

Spaa, Augst ye 1st, 1741.

SR,

Since our controversy about pleasure is suspended at least, or rather (as I think) decided in my favour by your yielding; your last letter brings me to another subject very opposite (in my mind) to pleasure, that is Politicks, and indeed I should begg pardon for having ever mention'd any other Subject than Politicks to a new Parliament man. Come on then Politicks, and be the Publick good our Pleasing theme. I congratulate both you and my Country upon the Strength of the minority in this present Parliament. Near two hundred and seventy persons (which I take the Minority to consist of) thus closely united by the same pure and disinterested Motives, compacted together by all the tyes of honour and mutuall engagements, and cemented by the publick good, compose a band, not only invincible, but irresistible, especially led as it will be by Generals whom no dangers can intimidate, no allurements sooth, no temptations seduce. From this impenetrable Macedonian Phalanx or Thundering Legion, (which you please) what may the Nation expect? or rather, what may it not expect? For my own part, I anticipate the glorious Scene, and already look upon our Constitution as restor'd, our honour retriev'd, and our rights and Libertys settl'd upon a Solid and immoveable basis. I am sensible that Sr Robert, who is at once both a Wagg and a boaster, would be apt to ridicule these hopes of mine as fond and sanguine; He would tell me possibly that though indeed the Minority stood at present strong upon paper, paper too might happen to reduce it, That he knew the price of many and guess'd the Price of all; That the numbers

indeed might raise it, but, that still greater Numbers, and neither his Master nor he must pay it. With many other weak arguments of this kind which he would not fail to urge in his usuall way. But you and I who know the individuals, know better things. Fair Virtue is the Banner under which they fight, Amor Patriæ their word, and Liberty their object. Go on therefore and indulge your Joy at the pleasing prospect; The corruption of the deceas'd Parliament has putt on incorruption in this; The Slaves of the Court shall be vanquish'd, and you shall lead Captivity Captive. These are the Triumphs that wait, animate and invite you in your house; But what are we to do or hope for in ours? I am sure I know not; but I am not without general hopes that Providence by its unsearchable ways is working out something for our Good, since it has now brought the Lords House back to what it was in our Saviour's time, at once a House of Prayer, and a Den of Thieves. Lett us now cast our eyes abroad. There the waters seem troubl'd, especially those that bathe Hannover's proud city; even Hungary water I believe is but turbid. . . . France seems inclin'd to fish in all these troubl'd Streams. But here again I have hopes, from the confidence I have in his Majesty, who though he is now acting as Mars upon the Continent, will doubtless at his return to the Empire of the Sea, Like Neptune, pronounce the

Quos ego . . . sed motos prestat componere fluctus.

And long experience authorizes me to expect that he will keep peace within *our walls*, and plenteousness within *his Palaces*. Having thus fully consider'd both Foreign and Domestik Affairs, one word with your leave, upon a much less interesting Subject, meaning your very humble servant. I sett out from hence, thank God, next sunday for Paris, where you will direct your letters for me, Chez Monsieur Chabert Banquier, who will give 'em me if I am there, or send 'em after me if I am gone Southward, which I shall be after a very short stay at Paris. The Sun, they say, ripens minerals, and as I have from these waters a pretty vein of Iron in me already, I'le try what his rays in Provence and Languedoc will do with it. If I could direct their influence, I could easily point out the part where I would have it exerted. But this is too trifling and sensuall to entertain a Philosopher and a Senator with, so I return to the nobler operations of the mind, which I assure you direct or impell me to be both in actu primo and actu secundo

Your most faithfull humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Upon the Rhone, between Dauphine and the Vivarer, in a boat that lets in Water, Sept. ye 14th N.S. 1741.

Sr,

You graciously tell me I may laugh till my sides ach at Politicks; I tell you I do laugh, and have laugh'd for this month at least, till my sides have ach'd, without the help of Politicks. We are not reduc'd to that in this country, nor oblig'd to supply the want of fancy and Imagination with the repetition of dull, trite, publick facts, and reasonings upon 'em. We don't say from morning till night as you do in England—Well the Obstinacy of the Queen of Hungary is unaccountable—She ought to have made up matters at first with the King of Prussia and have got him on her side—Sr Robert must be very uneasy to be sure, both with regard to foreign affairs and to the strength of the minority in this parliament—If matters are well conducted he is demolish'd—These, and such like extraordinary discoverys, we leave to extraordinary heads, Modestly supposing *qu'il n'en sera ni plus ni moins* for all we could say upon those arduous subjects. But instead of these dissertations, nous faisons bonne Chere, laugh and grow fat. All the time I was at Paris was employ'd in enjoying the present good and not in recollecting past or anticipating future ills. This I hold to be the Judgment, and will stick to it as long as I can, that is, till decency obliges me to return to England, and gravely chew the cud of Politicks with you wise men. I use the word Decency, because I think nothing else could prevail with one to return at all into England, in the present situation of things, where no one Man, and much less myself, can imagine he can do good, or that any good is to be done. I seriously think I shall sacrifice a great deal when I leave this Climate, and this people, to return to the Climate and the people you invite me to; however as soon as I have finished my Southern course, I shall return to Paris where I shall be as much within the call of my friends as in almost any county in England except Middlesex. It is really surprising how much I find myself the better since I have been in France which makes me willing to stay in it as long as I can, especially in this delightfull part of it. I shall be at Avignon to-night, in two or three days more at Aix, from thence to Marseilles, Nismes, Montpelier, and back at Paris about the middle of next month O.S. while you meditate Speeches in Parliament, or write; *quod Caisi Parmensis Opusenla vineat.* I might with truth apply all the rest of that Epistle to you, but it is too long to transcribe. When you see me again at

the rate I go on you may very probably see Epicuri de grege Porcum, in the plump'd up person of .

Your most faithfull and attach'd servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

My compliments to Mrs. Nugent, who I hope is well.

Downing Street,
April 1, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

How does the Law of American Naturalization now stand by the Several Provincial Regulations & Encouragements? This shou'd be known exactly & whether it wou'd be agreeable there as well as whether it wou'd meet with no opposition here, before any positive Opinion can be given upon a Question of this kind. I shou'd with the greatest Pleasure dine at Bt. Wilbraham Bootles if I was not engag'd as you know. I am however oblig'd to him for his intention of inviting me which I desire you will tell him with my best Compliments to him.

I am ever, my Dear Sir,
Your most Faithful & most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE GRENVILLE.[1]

RT HONBLE ROBERT NUGENT.

Bath, April 28, 1764.

MY DEAR SIR,

Tho' I hope very soon to have the Pleasure of seeing you in Town, & propose to set out upon my Return thither on Tuesday next, yet I cannot defer till then expressing my sincere Thanks to you for your very Friendly attention in writing to your Friends at Bristol who have invited me to dine with them & have received me in the most obliging manner in every Particular that was possible. We had a very magnificent entertainment, & as cheerfull a Meeting as cou'd be. In short your Influence prevailed in that Respect as well as in your kind wishes towards me & nothing cou'd have been more agreeable to us unless you had been present which I am confident wou'd have greatly added to the satisfaction & joy of the Whole Company as I am sure it wou'd to that of,

My Dear Sir,
Your most Obedient & most affectionate Humble servant,

GEORGE GRENVILLE.

RT HONBLE ROBT NUGENT
&c., &c., &c.

[1] Brother to the first Marquis of Buckingham.

Putney, Septr. 16, 1752.

DEAR SIR,

You are desired to read ye inclosed tract with coolness & attention, & your sentiments upon it will much oblige him who has ye greatest regard for them, & is ever with ye greatest affection,

Dear Sir,
Your most obedt & most humble Servant,
H. WALPOLE.[1]

Mrs. Walpole joyns in compliments to yr selfe & Mrs. Nugent.

Putney, Novbr. 1, 1752.

DEAR SIR,

I think my selfe extreamly importunate that I should be amusing my selfe in ye neighbourhood at a game of 12th whist, when you have taken ye trouble twice to call upon me, but that you may be sure of finding me if you will doe me ye favour to take a family dinner with me this day you will much oblige,

Dear Sir,
Yr most affectionate friend & humble servant
H. WALPOLE.

Cockpitt, Novbr. 28, 1752.

DEAR SIR,

You may communicate to Lord Grenville the Medley of Politicall Reflexions I lent you if you think it will stand ye test of so intelligent & criticall a Judge in things of that Nature, but it must be understood on this condition that His Lrdp will not take any notice to any body whatsoever of his having seen it, and that he will read it with this indulgence, as not being a Regular Treatise, but a Rapsody of thoughts occasioned first by ye difficulty ye ministers were under how to justifye ye omission of ye treaty of 1715 in ye specification of treatys to be renewed both in ye preliminarys and in ye subsequent treaty of 1748; in wch their opinions were much divided, that consideration lead me into an examination of all ye articles & my making as went along some observations as occurred from my having been conversant in foreign affairs as memorandums only for my own satisfaction; ye latter page relating to ye treaty concluded by Mr. Keen, was wrote at ye desire of a friend; for my sentiments upon it.

I am ever most affectly yrs, &c.
H. WALPOLE.

[1] Horatio, first Lord Walpole of Wolterton.

Cockpitt, March ye 29, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

It is with great pleasure that I have learnt that your wishes, and consequently mine with respect to your selfe, are in a manner compleated, upon wch I heartily congratulate you. I early saw great hopes of its being done, and had a mind, but upon reflection, thought it was not proper for me to take notice of it to you.

I am ever most affectly yrs, &c.,
H. WALPOLE.

To R. NUGENT, ESQ., &c.

Kensington, Aug. 14, 1739.

DEAR SR,

I recieved yesterday the Favor of your Letter, & think my-self much obliged to you for remembring me at so great a distance upon any occasion, but more particularly upon this, as you know how much I have at heart both the reputation & profit of Doctor Middleton in this undertaking; but as he wants no assistance to advance the first, all my aplication is to the Last. I send you inclosed the two dozen of Receipts & return you no thanks in his name, because I like to flatter my-self with thinking his share in this Favor is nothing more than the accidental Consequence of your desiring to oblige

Dear Sr,
Your most faithfull & obedient humble Servant,
HARVEY.[1]

To ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ. at the
Globe-Coffee-House in Essex Street
in Dublin.

Woburn Abbey,
Oct. 30th, 1743.

SR,

As you mentioned to me the last winter your desire of having some young Beech plants, I have set aside 10,000 of them for you, and only wait your directions for taking them out of the ground and sending them up to you. They will be easily carried from hence by the Woburn Carrier to London, and I will give particular directions to have them safely delivered to your house in Dover Street. This season is the most proper for planting of them, so shall send them up immediately upon the receipt of your

[1] John, Lord Hervey, father of the second Earl of Bristol.

answer to this. I must desire of you that they may be sent the very first opportunity after their arrival to Gosfield, as the Success of them depends very much upon their being put as soon as may be into the Ground. All here join in compliments to Mrs. Nugent and yourself.

I am, Sr,
Your obedient humble Servant,
BEDFORD.[1]

ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.

Octbr. 27, 1748.

DEAR SR,

I have just receiv'd the honour of your letter of yesterday, and immediately communicated the contents to Lord President, who is of opinion with your faithfull servant, that your letter should be taken into consideration in a General Councill, and as next satturday morning is appointed for a meeting to attend the new Lord Mayor, it is intended to be taken into consideration att that time, you will therefore, by that post, hear what is the resolution of the Lords of the councill. We are now taken up with the *agreeable* office of considering, and directing the proper instruments for satisfying, the Treaty of Peace lately signed att Aix. You will give me leave, tho' you say nothing to me of it, to congratulate you upon this good news. You are too good an Englishman not to have seen with concern the scituation we were in the beginning of this year, and I am sure you are too much an *Austrian* not to rejoyce, when we have extricated ourselves by a Peace out of those difficultys. We have att the same time so far taken care of Her Imperial Majestys interest, as not to disoblige her, but seem to have so far satisfied her, that she is an acceder the very day or day after the signature of our Treaty. So much for Politicks, I think we shan't differ in this point. I am sure we never shall in what personally concerns yourself, or, Dear Sr,

Your faithfull and obedient servt,
H. PELHAM.

August ye 3*d*, 1751.

DEAR SR,

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have had a full conversation with your freind my neighbour; We talk'd as frankly and as cordialy as you could wish, and I flatter myself the

[1] John, fourth Duke.

conference ended to our mutual satisfaction both as to publick and private business; you were not forgot in it, and I doubt not but he has given you a fair and ample account of what pass'd. Believe me, I am your sincere freind, and humble servant, and to shew you that I am so, tho' I could animadvert upon some things you said to him relative to your humble servant, I am determined neither to speak nor think of 'em. I had a letter, by the last post, from the gentleman to whom the offer was made of Lord Galways place, before I heard any thing of your thoughts or intentions, and I find he is come to a resolution to accept. I understand you know it is Mr. Herbert that is meant; He has been of the board of Trade upwards of twenty years, tho' *in it* I beleive not as many times. You know the connections I have had, and now have with that family, how many years they have serv'd the King, and what access almost every branch of them have att Court. In this scituation could I refuse my good offices for such a change of employment, and can you think I have not stood much stronger demands from the same quarter. I hope therefore you will not think it neglect of you, that in such circumstances I find myself pre-engaged to Mr. Herbert, and that you will the more readily beleive me, when I assure you, upon my honour, I had no Idea of your acceptance of it; I am confident, if you had it, you would not like it. I presume the King will scarce dispose of it actualy till the meeting of the Parliament, something may become vacant in the mean time, which may answer your purpose; tho' undoubtedly it is very uncertain: I will take care to have no engagements, but what I have already mention'd to you, that I may at least not fall into an unwilfull error any more. I have said more on this subject than perhaps is necessary, from what I feel within my self, I shall trouble you no more upon it, but let time and truth speak for me. The town is so empty, that it furnishes little news, the death of the Duke of St. Albans and Lady Thanet must have reach'd you long agoe, the disposition of the former's employments is not yet declared, nor of the latter's estate yet publickly known, both considerable to those persons who have the good fortune to draw the benefit tickets. Wall is declared Ambassador Extraordinary from Spain, and has taken the character upon him accordingly. Our letters from that part of the world are very promising; and in my opinion this great mark of distinction to Mr. Wall is a good symptom of the disposition of His Court to us. Great preparations are talk'd of for celebrating the expected birth of a Duke of Burgundy, if that should happen, our young folks may be very merry, but the more thinking people will know it is the worst event that can happen to this country. Dear Nugent

think kindly of me, and look kindly upon me, when I see you; let me know you have not a worse opinion of me than you used to have and you shall ever find me, as far as I am able, your

most faithfull freind and servant,
H. PELHAM.

My compliments to Mrs. Nugent.

Septr. 24, 1751.

DEAR SR,

Tho' I had much rather talk than write upon these subjects, yet after what has confidentialy pass'd between you and me I cannot see any vacancy of an honorable employment likely to happen soon, without learning your thoughts upon it, before it does happen. My old and worthy friend Mr. Plumptree I fear cannot last many days, he is, as I suppose you know, Treasurer of the Ordinance, the value of the place I am indeed a stranger to, but I know it was always look'd upon as an employment of the first rank. The person that had it immediately before Mr. Plumptree was Lieut. General Mordaunt brother to the late Lord Peterborow, and one so famous in his time, that I conclude you must have heard of him. Ever since his death, which is now full thirty years, Mr Plumptree has had it, who might have changed it during that time for almost any other, except the three or four first employments, but he chose rather to stay where he knew he was pleas'd, than to run the risk of meeting with what he, upon tryal, might not like so well. I say so much to you on this subject, rather as an excuse for my offering to you my good offices on this occasion than from any other motive. If you like it, I will certainly engage to no other person, but most zealously support your interest with His Majesty. If you do not, there is no hurt done; it will be time enough to talk to others after I know your opinion. Believe me, Dear Nugent, it will be a great pleasure to me to have you chearfully as well as zealously with us, and if att any time you have thought me cold towards you, you have mistook me, and so far done me wrong. Your last letter gave me great pleasure, for in that I am sure you did me justice; I will trouble you no longer on this head, but wait your answer, and then act according to your commands. As *your* friend, and *my* neighbour is not in town, I have spoke of this to no one, but I hear my Brothers thoughts and disposition are the same as mine. There is such a dearth of Politicks att this season of the year, that I have little or nothing to send you. Sr Charles Williams has sent over a Treaty from Dresden, signed by him att the Dutch Minister *sub spe rati;*

we have sent back satisfactions, with some few explanations; as you know I am not a favorer of Subsidiary Treaties in General, I shall not trouble you with my particular animadversions on this. The great Genius's prognosticate great good from it, and the lesser ones, in which number I rank myself, heartily wish they may be in the right. The Parliament will undoubtedly meet early in November, which I hope will bring you to town early; if you deign paying your Court att St. James's on the Birth day; I hope, in case my petition is second, that you will do me the honour of making one of the Chancellor of the Exchequers company. I must desire the favor of you to make my services acceptable to Mrs. Nugent, and flatter myself you believe me with the greatest truth and Respect, Dear Sr,

Your most faithfull and obedient servant,
H. PELHAM.

Greenwich House,
Septr. 27, 1751.

DEAR SR,

Since I wrote to you last, I have learnt that the Treasurer of the Ordinance's salary is but five hundred pounds per ann: which I protest I did not know, when I wrote to you. The rest was made up by the interest of money in their hands, and such perquisites, which I presume you would, as Mr. Plumptree I understand does, give to the Clerk: I do imagine therefore you will not think it, in this respect, of rank proper for you to accept. What led me into thinking otherwise was the people that have formerly had it, and the certain knowledge I had of the present Possessor being unwilling to change it for much better employments. But that I find proceeded more from his Philosophy and love of being master of his own time than from any other cause. As I would by no means deceive you, I thought it incumbent upon me to give you notice of what I have now learnt, before any single person has heard that I wrote to you, or that your name was ever mention'd upon this occasion, except my Brother, who I dare say, was in as great an error as myself. Dear Nugent, you are now master of all I do or can know; that the office is of rank for any body is certain, but that it is very far short of what I thought it, when I wrote to you, is most true; you will therefore in this instance except the will for the deed, judge entirely for yourself, and let not any thing that has pass'd from me be a

byass on that judgment in the least degree. If you think I act friendlily I have my end; and you shall believe me, Dear Sr,

Your most faithfull humble servt,

H. PELHAM.

P.S. Since writing what is above, your kind letter is come to my hands, and I imagine what I have already wrote is an answer to your several questions. I am exceedingly mortified that things turn out as I now find it. I was in hopes we should have open'd this sessions not only friends but fellow servants, and that upon such a foot as you and your best friends would have thought honorable for us both. I shall not mention your name to any one, except my *neighbour*, till I see you in London. I am glad to find it will not be long before we shall have that pleasure; your kind expressions give me infinite pleasure, as they are a proof of what I most desire, the being understood by you as a faithfull friend and servant,

H. P.

DEAR SIR,

I beg you would excuse my waiting on you this evening. My old friend Lord Orford lyes att the point of death, and I have such a violent cold in my head that I am realy not fit for company. My best compliments to Mrs. Nugent, and believe me,

Dear Sr,

Your most faithfull humble servt,

H. PELHAM.

Tuesday morning.

DEAR NUGENT,

I obey your commands in sending back your Bristol letters. I heartily wish things may go well there. I shall take up no more of your time than just to tell you I am come to town as well as ever I was in my life, and if I wanted any thing to make me better, the K——s kind reception of me this morning would undoubtedly contribute greatly to it. My compliments to Madam, and believe me ever most faithfully yrs,

H. PELHAM.

Arlington Street, Jan. 12th.

Saville Row, Sept. 25th, 1755.

SIR,

I don't know what Apology to make for the Liberty I am going to take, but must depend on your Goodness for pardoning

it. It is in behalf of a Person I am very desirous to Serve, & whose Application for my Interest & Assistance I have this moment receiv'd by Express from Chester for a Place in the Gift of the Lds of the Treasury just now vacant, by the Death of Jonathan Lyttler, it is Tide Surveyor at Park Gate, the Persons Name that I interest myself about is George Boswell, an Inhabitant of Chester, & one I'm assured very Capable of the Business, he has a Wife & a very numerous Family, so that besides the great pleasure you would do me in granting this Request, you would really do a great Act of Charity. If I have ask'd any thing improper, or been too troublesome, I must again repeat that I hope you will pardon it, in Consideration of the Motives I have mention'd, for nothing but a very earnest desire of Serving the Family I have recommended to your Favour, could have induced me to be so troublesome to you.

I am, Sir,
Your most Obedient & most Humble Servant,
CHARLOTTE FINCH.[1]

MY DEAR NUGENT,

You will be informed from much better hands that the Treaty is happily concluded & likely to be observed; but I ought to send you an Account of it, especially as I am personally concern'd in its consequences. I should be still more unworthy than I am of what is allotted to me, if I had ever directly or indirectly aspired to be Secretary at War: But the offer came in such a manner that I could not but accept it with great satisfaction and gratitude. I should have been a shabby dog to have hesitated one moment about the acceptance of an Employment which I should have been a Fool to have desired, & a Puppy to have ask'd. I did not know what was to be my fate when I saw you last, & I had hopes that I might have profited by yr kind Invitation; but the communication I had at Newcastle House on thursday morning stop'd me; tho' I find the changes are not to take effect till the meeting of Parliament. I shall see you on or before Wednesday & I am at all times & in all fortunes,

Dear Sir,
most faithfully yrs,
BARRINGTON.[2]

Sepr. the 27, 1755

I beg leave to add my best Respects to Mrs. Nugent & to Lord & Lady Rochford if they are with you.

[1] Lady Charlotte Finch of the Winchilsea family.
[2] Second Viscount.

Goodwood, July 2d, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

The Dutchess of Richmond & I have a great while had a mind to aske the favour of you & Mrs. Nugent to come & pass some time with us this sumer at Goodwood, butt that wee understood you were a going into Essex. now as Wee hear you are still in town, I am in hopes you will both accept of the proposition & then the next thing wee should aske is that you would lett us have that pleasure as soon as you conveniently can. I shall be in town on Tuesday, & if you will give me leave I will call upon you after court is over to know your resolution which I hope will be favorable to us. On Wednesday wee are to make a Campagne on Hounslow heath, & on Thursday I beleive I shall return with *leurs excellences de Cambis's* to Goodwood. The Dutchess of Richmond presents her humble services to you & Mrs. Newgent, & hopes you will not refuse us your company.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your most faithfull & obedient servant,
RICHMOND, &c.[1]

Tuesday.

I am very sory, Dear Sir, that I can not waite on you & Mrs. Nugent to dinner to day, being engaged to dine at the French Ambassadors, butt if you will give me leave will call upon you in my way from Kensington. Your accepting our proposal makes me very happy as I am sure it will the Dutchess of Richmond.

I am, Dear Sir
Your faithfull humble servant,
RICHMOND, &c.

Holland House,
May 15, 1753.

SIR,

I have inoculated my Son,[2] & do not intend to be at the House till Monday. But To morrow I must be at the War Office in the morning. If I knew any time after to morrow morning that it would be convenient to you to take the air this way, I should be glad to talk with you on Monday's Business and would desire you to call upon, Sir,

Your most obedient & most humble servt,
H. Fox.[3]

To R. NUGENT, ESQR, Dover Street.

[1] Second Duke. [2] Probably Charles James Fox.
[3] First Lord Holland.

DEAR SIR,

Upon receipt of yours I sent & have obtain'd a Discharge which you'll find in the inclos'd Letter. Coll Whitmore expects ten Guineas the usual Sum to the recruiting fund. Desertion is a Malady very subject to Relapses, I hope however John Palmer will not desert you. I am heartily glad you have a Prospect so promising.

My Boy from extreme & continued extreme Danger for 4 or 5 Days together has now nothing to complain of but Weakness which Children easily recover.

I am much oblig'd to you, & with sincere Regard, Sir,

Your Most Obedient & Most Humble Servt,

H. Fox.

April 27, 1754.

R. NUGENT, ESQR.

I hear Mr. Brigdale do's not answer your expectation & that it is not *Crede quod haber & habes.*

DEAR SIR,

LT. NUGENT late of Shirley's, recommended formerly by you, & I fear not yet provided for, is now appointed a Lieutt, & will be the eldest Lieutt but one in the Regiment now to be rais'd under Coll Shirley. Will you be so good as to acquaint Him with it, & me how to direct to Him by next Teusdays Post. I am, with the greatest Regard, Sir,

Your Most Obedt & Most Humble Servt,

H. Fox.

War Office, Octr. 5, 1754.

R. NUGENT, ESQR.

DEAR SIR,

The Ltcys are all given to such as are already in the Army; so I have not forwarded the inclos'd. But if you will send it with the single alteration of putting *Ensigns* instead of *Lieutts* Commission, I will certainly make good your offer.

If your Cozen John Nugent thinks as you do, He may easily change an Irish Commission for one in America, for there are too many who think quite differently.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your Most Obedt Humble Servt,

H. Fox.

Holland House, Octr. 9, 1754.

If Le Geyt don't accept, & you like an Ensigncy in one of these Regiments for your Cozen J. Nugent, let me know it & write to Him in Ireland which I will accompany with a Commission & an order to Him to go to Cork directly.

Bath, Octr ye 14th, 1754.

SIR,

I know nothing of Bortman's preferment, but what I have seen in the news-papers, but be that as it will, I may venture to Prophesy that it will not be long before your Cousin John Nugent is a Military man, your two Advocates are very zealous in the Cause, and desire their best Compliments to you.

I am with the truest esteem,

your faithfull and most obedient humble servant,

DORSET.[1]

May I trouble you with my best respects to Mrs. Nugent.

DEAR SIR,

The Duke says Lt Padget is a gallant officer & He is very glad to grant the Request of Bristol. To its Mayor therefore I am sending a Letter by express of which the inclos'd is a Copy.

If you send any Letter back by the Bearer & immediately it may go by the same Express.

May all your Commands be obey'd with as much Expedition & Inclination as these have been by, Dr Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

H. FOX.

Sunday, Novr. 17, 1754.

MR. NUGENT.

To The Honble R. NUGENT, Esqr, in Dover Street.

Sunday, 17 *Nov.,* 1754.

SIR,

H.R.Hs. The Duke is very glad to receive from You and Your Brethren, an application in favour of so gallant a Man as Lt Padgett, & has immediately comply'd with it.

Mr. Padgett must immediately embark for Cork where He shall find himself a Captain in Sir Wm Pepperels Regiment, and I will send His Commission to be there deliver'd to Him by the Major of the Regiment.

[1] First Duke.

Lt Padgett must go instantly & without delay wherefore I send this letter by Express hoping you will use the utmost Expedition in imparting to him the Contents of it.

I am &c.,
H. Fox.

17 *Novr.*, 1754.

Copy of The Secretary at War's letter to The Mayor of Bristol.

Saturday Morn.

DEAR SR,

I have gone thro' yr book and I assure you wthout Compliment it appeares to me a very ingenious as well as honest intentioned performance, but you will forgive me if I think the first parts of it particularly extreamely speculative, & as such liable to a great deal of dispute, & I imagine you to be a truer freind to liberty than to be willing to trust its Cause upon the uncertain foundation of Metaphisicall deductions. Give me leave to steal a quotation out of yr 14th chap: A prescription wch explains what I mean better than I can do it in other words. "The most usefull truths "are simple & easy in proportion to their necessity: there are "few minds too narrow to take in the more necessary truths: "they are formed to a certain standard, & if in generall they do "not rise beyond it, it may be so ordained that we may be "Confined from rambling into useless researches."

Forgive the liberty wth wch I give you my thoughts, & believe me to be wth great truth

Yr faithfull humble servant,
W. WYNDHAM.

Wensday night, eleven a clock.

DEAR SIR,

I am Sure yr Good Heart Can Conceive what anothers must feel for an obligation such as you have Laid upon my Lord Southwell & my self. I must acquaint you that my Lord was Soe Senceable of yr Goodness, that he would not eat his Dinner till he Sent to yr House to enquire if theer was a posebiltye of seeing you that he might in person thank you. he heard that cood not Be Done BeCause you Dined abroad, & was not expected Home till eleven a Clock to night. to Morrow Morning he waits on you, to thank you with the Most Gratefull Heart. as to me, noe words Can express what I feel for the freindShip you have Shew'd to us. ye Moment my Lord Came from the Treasurye, I Sent an express to the Dutches of Newcastle with a

Letter of Thanks, which I had Great Reason to Doe, & am verry much obliged to you for putting me in mind of it. I finnish now Dr Sir, with Returning you my Best thanks

& am yr most obliged & ever faithfull obedient
Humble Servant,
M. SOUTHWELL.[1]

MY DEAR NUGENT,

Ministers & those who stand so near ministers as you do must expect to be pestered with suitors. This is a Tax from wch you have no right to be exempt, especially from those who for so many years have lived upon the Terms you & I have done. I lay a claim therefore to your Assistance.

It is thought the Receiver genl of the Land tax for Bedforshire cannot live many months. No *Commoner* in that County is more interested in the Appointmt of a proper Officer to that Post because there is none who contributes to the Land Tax there so much as I do. I shd therefore wish to recommend one. I do not pretend to interfere wth the Recommendations of great Dukes if any such shd come to the Treasury. When Stars of such Magnitude appear, we little meteors (who are supposed to rise, you know, from a Bog) hide our diminished Heads. But if no superior claim intervenes, I desire thro' your means to obtain the Nomination, I will answer to you, & you will trust me that I will recommend none whose Principles & consideration will not justify such a mark of Favour being conferred by the Government.

You will tell me perhaps that you are not the Person to dispose of these Posts & that I ought to apply to the Head of the Treasury: I would not on any Account be wanting in any mark of respect due to that great Officer. But I apply to you on the Footing of old friendship, because that in my opinion is the only Title wch one can have to ASK Favours. I might add too, that from my first entrance into Life to this Hour I have never had a single Reason to think that one *of my Name* would be permitted to *receive* Favours. But when your merit and my Demerit are blended together I shall be absorbed in the composition. Stand forth therefore with your broad shoulders & support the very humble Pretensions of

Yr faithfull friend & Servt,
THO: POTTER.

June 28th, 1755.

[1] Margaret, wife of Thomas, first Viscount Southwell.

My Dear Nugent,

If the inclosed is to your satisfaction, use it as you please, if it is not, burn it & think no more of its Contents. Do not mistake my Situation. It is not as it was in Mr. P——ms Time. If I am upon no footing of friendship with my Neighbours yet I am upon no Footing of hostility as I then was. Nor do I apply on any such Purposes. I feel the Weight my Property gives me. I have a Right to ask what I now apply for, but there are those whose superior Property gives a superior Title. I shd think however, & I beleive my opinion well founded, that no Application whatever will be made *directly* from a certain Quarter. Some friend will probably come recommended by some Side Wind, but not directly.

I write this from the Jacobite, old Interest Ld Wenmans. I leave it to Day & proceed Westward. Letters will find me at Dr Milles' at Exeter.

I am, my Dear Nugents'
very faithfully,
Tho: Potter.

June 29th, 1755.

Liverpool, April 15, 1755.

Sir,

Mr. Chas Pole having wrote us our whole affair about Africa had been lost but for your Self I am order'd by our Merchants to return you our hearty thanks for it & be assur'd shall always retain a gratefull sense of your kind assistance on this acct.

I am got much better since my return but I was very poorly at London & my bad Health depriv'd me of all Spirits.

I am with true Regard, Sir,
Your very hum. Servt,
John Hardman.[1]

P.S. If Mr. Clegg writes you about his Son a Sailor I know you'll serve him if you can.

To Robert Nugent, Esq.,
Member Parliament,
London.

[1] A Bristol man.

Liverpool, April 15, 1755.

Sr,

The Letter with which you were pleas'd to favour me and Mr. Pole informg Mr. Hardman how bravely you stood for us and the Public, even against the Solicitations of the Bristol Agents, has warm'd the Breasts of every individual here that wish well to themselves and their Country, which many of them dispair of ever having the Pleasure to express, except by a general Letter.

Excuse my impatience not waiting such Forms to own the particular marks of your respect to me and my gratitude for the honor done.

Y. Obet Servt,
JOHN WELCH.[1]

To ROBERT NUGENT, ESQR,
Member Parliament,
London.

MR. NUGENT TO MR. GRENVILLE.

Bath, October 20, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

By a letter lately received here, General Durouse, Governor of the Castle of St. Mawes, is dying or dead in France. My son, who is just returned from Cornwall, is very urgent with me to extend my request to you upon that subject, and to beg you may be pleased to recommend him to succeed to the Vacancy, as he finds that the part which he and I took in the Cyder Bill has given the Boscawen family some advantages over us among his Constituents.[2]

The Lords of the Manor of St. Mawes have formerly, in many instances, been appointed to that Government, although not military men; and I am not only Lord of the Manor, but proprietor of at least four-fifths of the town. There are other circumstances which, if I should die before Mr. Newsham,[3] may render it very useful to my son's interest to have this weight thrown into his scale; as in that event, the property which I possess in the borough would be divided with Newsham during

[1] A Bristol man.

[2] Colonel Nugent was subsequently appointed Governor of St. Mawe's. He was one of the Members for the Borough.

[3] Mr. Nugent married Mrs. Knight, formerly the widow of a Mr. Newsham, consequently the person here mentioned was his son-in-law.

his life. After having said all this, I must say, what I sincerely feel, that if a grant of my extended request should expose you to any difficulties worthy of your attention, I had much rather depart from it than have mine, or my son's interest, served at your expense. Upon this principle I never have, and I think I never shall again trouble you with a request for anything in Cornwall, which, by the bye, may serve as one answer to Lord Falmouth, who under every Administration has had an ample share in favour of his friends.

The Duke of Bedford is in excellent spirits and good humour, and the Duchess is in love with you. I am not quite clear, from the things she has said to me, whether she does not mean I should be a convenient person between you. It is true she talks much of the inviolable union subsisting between the Duke and you, as if that were a bias upon her inclinations; but this is an old device, not to be imposed upon a man of my gallantry.

I paid her in her own coin, and told her that if she answered for the Duke, I could answer for you, from the things I had heard you say of him.

Prouse [1] is here, not at all well, and lives very much retired. I have heard some things of him, which I do not entirely like, although they are only symptomatic. Hunt [2] who voted constantly against us last year is I think in better temper, and declares himself personally very much your friend, but with a *But*, which will not serve our purpose. Suppose you was to write me a letter containing a paragraph relating to both, or either of them, fit for them to see, in answer to this letter?

The eldest Buller is I think in a dying way, swelled as if he had drunk a hogshead of cyder; or rather, as if he had swallowed the apples whole, for his belly is as hard as a board.

Lord Strange is much better, but not quite so well as you and I wish him: we drink your health sometimes together, and I wish he drank it only with me, but he will dine at the Tons, and he loves jollity. Sturt [3] has been here, and continues firmly yours, as does my good uncle Colleton.[4]

At Bristol I do not believe now there is one single discontented man; but from the circumstance of the present Mayor being brother-in-law to Lord Westmoreland, which adds to his influence in the Corporation, I do not care to press the choice of a steward to succeed Lord Hardwicke. Lord Botetcourt and I have talked this over, and he is of my opinion. I have seen a friend of

[1] M.P. for Somersetshire.
[2] George Hunt, M.P. for Bodmin.
[3] M.P. for Dorsetshire.
[4] M.P. for Lostwithiel.

Conolly's here, lately come from Ireland, who tells me that he has heard him express hopes that his presence may not be necessary the next session; a letter from you will, I daresay, bring him, and I should think the sooner it is writ the better. If Drax[1] does not come to me, I have thoughts of making him a visit. My son begs leave to join his respectful compliments and good wishes with those of, dear sir,

Your, etc., etc.,
R. NUGENT.

MR. NUGENT TO MR. GRENVILLE.

Great George Street,
Dec. 4, 1766.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have this day accepted His Majesty's gracious offer of being made First Lord of Trade, and have communicated my acceptance only to two persons, with whom I am obliged to take some necessary arrangements. It is of some importance to me that it may not be authentically known to many for some days. I flatter myself with hopes that a change of situation will produce no abatement of that friendship with which you have honoured me, and which I shall ever endeavour to deserve by every testimony of affection and respect, with which I ever shall remain, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,
R. NUGENT.

May 1st, 1770. Viscount Clare, M.P. for Bristol and Ex-President of the Board of Trade to the Marquess Townshend. *Dated in London.*

MY DEAR LORD,

I feel in common with my late brothers, Messrs. Ellis and Grenville, your Excellency's very kind attention to our interests although I do not mean to avail myself of it, as I hope to qualifye in Ireland. But my Obligation to your Excellency is the very same. I know how well you understand and have at heart the Importance of the Linen Manufacture of Ireland. I wish that other Natives of that Country, who are indebted to it, not only for their Existence but for the means of preserving it, members of both Houses here, were half so zealous in their Endeavours for its Service: but many of them forsooth, are too great to bend their attention to such low Concerns, and we were left, as usual, in the

[1] Thomas Erle Drax, M.P. for Wareham.

House of Commons with very few indeed belonging to Ireland either by Birth or Fortune, to determine upon the Continuance of the Bounty now given in Common to certain Species of British and Irish Linens exported from Great Britain. The Friends of Manchester took advantage of this thin Attendance to come to a Compromise with the Scotch, by which a Part of the Bounty was to be taken off from those Linens and apply'd to chequed and striped British Linens. I soon perceived and exposed the Injustice of this Proposition. The Scotch adhered to the Compact with us, and the Friends to this Expedient did not venture to propose it in a formal Question to the House. The Bounties upon Linen will be continued. But as it proposed to give also a small Bounty upon British chequed and striped Linens, I shall try whether we cannot obtain the same for those of the Manufacture of Ireland, which are now prohibited to be imported here by an excessive Duty. I shall also endeavour to have the Bounty upon white and brown Linens of Great Britain and Ireland, which is now absurdly confined, extended to printed Linens of the same Species. But in neither of these Propositions have I much hopes of succeeding.

I wish when there is a Vacancy at the Linen-Board to be appointed a Trustee; and, without much Vanity, my Countrymen ought to wish it at least as much as I do; for I mean, when I return into Ireland to make myself as much as I can master of that important subject.

I hope I said nothing in my last Letter to convey an Idea to you as if you had been reflected upon by your Country-man, or any other person, in the Debate upon the Irish Pensions. Not a Glance of that Tendency was thrown out: and when Justice was done to your Love for Ireland manifested upon that and every other subject, it was Praise, not Vindication. I do not believe we shall rise quite so soon as was believed. I think we shall sit three weeks longer, even if no extraordinary Event should happen. Wilkes is my near Neighbour, and passes every Day before my Door as unnoticed and unattended as any other passenger.

CRAGGS-CLARE.

MY DEAR OSBORNE,[1]

Instead of setting out for Ireland so early as Trenton mentioned to his wife, I have not as yet positively fix'd the day: when I do, you shall know it; but under a positive Injunction not to make me a visit, which, however welcome it would certainly be when I

[1] It will be observed that this letter was written in the same year as his death.

first came here, if you were not detained by a Cause which has my warmest wishes, would now be an idle errant, as you would not stay above a Day or two at most. as it seems you have Servants, now idling their Time in the Country, I will order my Coachman and Laundry maid to set out in a stage-Coach for Park-Gate, as soon as yours can come to Town; and I will part with the Housemaid, who has been but a short Time in my Service. take your measures, therefore, accordingly, the sooner the better. you needed not to assure me that you had not divulg'd my design of letting Gosfield, as I never would suspect you of divulging a secret. with my best Compliments to mrs. osborne, I am, Dear osborne,

most sincerely and affectly yrs,
CRAGGS NUGENT.

Bath, April 4th, 1788.

To JOHN OSBORNE, ESQ.,
Great George Street,
Westminster.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

APPENDIX I

NUGENT'S only son, Edmund, by his first wife, Lady Emilia Plunkett, was educated at Fagan's Academy in Wine Tavern Street, Dublin, where his father had been educated before him, and also his illegitimate half-brother Robert. Nugent subsequently bought him a commission in the First Foot Guards. In 1755 he is alleged to have married Elizabeth Vernon, but for some reason, of which no record can be traced, this marriage was afterwards set aside, owing, perhaps, to Robert Nugent's instrumentality, or to some flaw in the legitimacy of the marriage, which was not discovered till too late for rectification. Sure it is, however, that they were married without the consent of their parents, and that they remained in hiding some considerable time, for in 1756 a daughter was christened in Chelsea Parish Church under the name of Elizabeth O'Donnell; and two sons were christened in St. Andrew's, Holborn, on June 30, 1757, and July 19, 1758, under the names of George and Edmund Jones, and educated at the Charterhouse under the name of Fennings. The Clandestine Marriage Bill was passed about this time, which renders the solution not altogether untenable, that the young couple, in their anxiety to escape the detection of their parents, omitted some essential point in the marriage service which Robert Nugent was only too eager to seize upon in order to effect its dissolution. This seems the more probable, moreover, when we find that Elizabeth Vernon, on discovering the illegitimacy of the marriage, left her supposed husband, returned to her family, and was eventually married to a Count Dupont.

It was not long before Robert Nugent forgave his son, acknowledged his grand-children, and allowed them to assume the name of Nugent; Elizabeth was placed under the care of Margaret, Nugent's sister, but died at an early age, and the two boys were sent respectively to Woolwich and into the navy. Elizabeth died young, but the subsequent achievements of George and

Edmund went very far towards obliterating the unfortunate stain which through no fault of their own sullied their names.

Their father meanwhile became engaged to Miss Katherine Edgar, and presented her with a portrait of himself in pastilles, which still hangs at the Red House, Ipswich, the family seat of the Edgars. He died, however, in 1774, before he was able to marry her, and Miss Edgar, who was afterwards called in the family "Good Aunt Vi," died unmarried.

SERVICES OF F.-M. SIR GEORGE NUGENT, BART., G.C.B., M.P.

THIS officer was educated at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; he was appointed to an Ensigncy in the 39th Foot on July 5, 1773, which regiment he joined at Gibraltar in February 1774, where he remained until March 1776. On November 23, 1775, he obtained a Lieutenancy in the 7th Foot; in September 1777 he joined his regiment at New York, and was employed in the expedition up Hudson's River, under Sir Henry Clinton, for the relief of General Burgoyne's army. He was present at the capture of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, by assault; he then proceeded with his regiment to Philadelphia, and there remained till the evacuation of that place by the British, in June 1778. On April 28 in the latter year he obtained a Company in the 57th, and served with that corps in North America, where he was engaged in various desultory services; on May 3, 1782, he was promoted to a Majority in the 57th, which he commanded during the latter part of the war in that country; and in November 1783 returned to England. On September 8, 1783, he received the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 97th, and was placed on half-pay; on December 26, 1787, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the 13th Foot; and about the same time first Aide-de-Camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On June 16, 1789, he was removed to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 4th Dragoon Guards; and on October 6, 1790, exchanged into the Coldstream Guards. He accompanied the brigade of Guards to the continent in March 1793, and served the campaign of that year in Flanders. He was at the siege of Valenciennes, battle of St. Amand, and action at Lincelles, &c., &c., &c.; and on the army going into winter quarters, he returned home for the purpose of raising a regiment, the 85th, which he completed in three months from the date of

Colonel the Hon.ble Edward Nugent.
From a Painting by Gainsborough.

Colonel the Hon.ble Edmund Nugent.
From a Painting by Gainsborough.

the letter of service; and then on February 28, 1794, obtained the rank of Colonel. In September following he accompanied his regiment to Walcheren, where he held the local rank of Brigadier-General; and in October joined the army of the Duke of York, and obtained the command of a brigade of the line, cantoned in and near to the town of Tiel on the Waal. In April 1795 he was appointed Brigadier-General on the Staff in Ireland; Major-General in the army on May 3, 1796, having held the command of the Northern district in Ireland during the whole of the rebellion; and Adjutant-General in Ireland, July 1799, in which situation he continued till April 1, 1801, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Jamaica, with the local rank of Lieutenant-General, and where he continued until February 20, 1806, when he returned home. September 25, 1803, he received the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army; and on August 21, 1806, was placed on the Staff in Great Britain, where he continued till October 1809. On December 27, 1805, he received the Colonelcy of the 62nd Foot; on May 26, 1806, that of his present regiment, the 6th Foot; and the rank of General on June 4, 1813. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the King's and Company's forces in the East Indies early in the year 1811, and second in council at Calcutta; and returned to England after a four years' absence, having been succeeded in his military capacity by General the Earl of Moira.

The following is a copy of a letter from this officer to Lieutenant-General Lake, relative to some of the operations against the rebels in Ireland, which, from not being published at the time, should be here recorded—

Belfast, June 13, 1798.

SIR,

Having received intelligence on the 9th instant, that the rebels were assembling in and about Saintfield and Ballynahinch, in great force, I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart of the 33rd regiment, Assistant-Quarter-Master-General, to proceed from hence to Blaris, to take the command of the Argyle Fencibles, with one battalion gun, together with what dragoons Major-General Goldie could spare from Lisburn and Hillisborough, and to proceed to Ballynahinch to dislodge any force of the rebels he should find there, take post near that place, and wait for any further orders. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart reports that on his arrival within two miles of Ballynahinch, about four o'clock in the morning of the 10th instant, he received information, that

the rebels, about 700 strong, were in possession of the town, and had taken some yeomanry prisoners, who had been stationed there. Finding that he could not get on soon enough with the infantry and guns, he proceeded with small parties of cavalry in different directions, and entered the town; but the rebels had been informed of his approach, and were flying in large parties towards Saintfield; about 700 of them took to the close woods in front of Lord Moira's house, and near the river. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart ordered the dragoons to surround the wood, which they effected completely: and on the arrival of the infantry, he sent two companies of the Argyle Fencibles and some yeomanry into the wood, who killed between 40 and 50 of them, and the others were cut down by the dragoons in attempting to escape. The rebels left the yeomanry prisoners taken by them in the town. After Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart had reconnoitred the country, and sent strong patroles towards the enemy's camp at Saintfield, he took a strong position near Ballynahinch. At two o'clock P.M. he received my orders to proceed to Downpatrick, and secure that post, and he arrived there with his detachment at seven o'clock in the evening. The Lieutenant-Colonel having made the necessary arrangements for the security of Downpatrick, waited my further orders, which he received at half-past ten o'clock A.M. of the 12th instant, to co-operate with me in an attack on Saintfield, &c., at twelve o'clock on that day. For this purpose I moved from Belfast at nine o'clock A.M. with the Monaghan militia and Fife fencibles, with 60 of the 22nd light dragoons, and a detachment of the Royal Artillery with 6 six-pounders, and 2 howitzers. On our approach to Saintfield, I found the rebels had destroyed several of the bridges, which occasioned a considerable delay; on our arrival at Saintfield, I found that the rebels had fled to a strong post on the Windmill Hill, near Ballynahinch. On my leaving Belfast, I had ordered Colonel Stapylton, with the York fencibles, 100 of the Monaghan militia, 40 of the 22nd light dragoons, and one field-piece, to take post at Cumber to cut off the retreat of the rebels to the Ardes if they had stood at their camp at Saintfield: and he reports that he cut off and destroyed a great number of them when endeavouring to make their escape that way. I halted a short time at Saintfield to obtain information, and finding that all the inhabitants in and about this place had quitted their houses, and had joined the rebels, I ordered the town of Saintfield to be burnt. I then proceeded towards Ballynahinch, and finding the intelligence I had received to be true, I formed the Monaghan regiment in line fronting the Windmill Hill, to wait for Lieutenant-Colonel

Stewart's detachment. The rebels were in such numbers that I was apprehensive of their turning my right flank, which they indeed attempted, and which induced me to form the Fife fencibles *en potence* with the Monaghan militia. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, with his detachment, strengthened by 100 of the York fencibles, and some yeomanry infantry, from the garrison of Downpatrick, now joined me, and received orders to form on the left of the Monaghan militia, and to drive the rebels from their post on Windmill Hill, which they accomplished with great gallantry, and the rebels fled through the town of Ballynahinch, to the strong post in Lord Moira's domain. The artillery, under the command of Major-General Barber, now commenced a cannonade on the rebels in the town and on the hill beyond it, which continued till it became dark. Two positions were taken on the right and on the left of our post to cover Downpatrick and Hillisborough, as well as to prevent the rebels from making their retreat by any other route, than to the mountains in their rear. At day break of the 13th, I detached Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart with the Argyle fencibles, three companies of yeomanry, part of the 22nd light dragoons, and yeomanry cavalry, with 1 six-pounder, and 1 howitzer, to take post on the rebels' right flank; which having effected, he began a cannonade on them, and drove in their out-posts, who retreated to the table of the hill. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart now advanced within 200 yards of the main body of the rebels, when they made three different attempts with their musketry, supported by a very great number of the pikemen, to dislodge him, but were completely beat back by the steadiness and firmness of the Argyle fencibles, and the yeomanry, covered by the gun and howitzer, served with grape, which killed a great number of rebels, many of whom they carried off notwithstanding our heavy fire. To favour Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart's attack, I detached the Monaghan militia, with two field pieces, some yeomanry infantry, and a few of the 22nd dragoons through the town, to enter Lord Moira's demesne, to attack the rebels in front, at the same time I ordered a strong party of cavalry to watch their motions on the right: by these movements, together with a cannonade in front and on their right flank, the rebels began to retreat, and it soon became general, for they fled in all directions; parties of dragoons were sent out, and killed great numbers in the retreat, whilst Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart took possession of their strong post on the hill, where he found eight guns with a great quantity of ammunition, their colours, cars, provisions, &c. A very considerable number of the rebels were found concealed in the plantations

near Lord Moira's house, who were killed there. The troops having been fired upon from the houses in the town of Ballynahinch, it was set fire to, and a considerable part of it consumed. Having halted two hours to collect the troops, I gave the necessary directions for marching to Belfast, &c. through Saintfield. I return my best thanks to Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart for his able advice and assistance throughout the operations contained in this letter, as well as to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of his corps. I also return my best thanks to Major-General Barber, Captains Lindsey and Coulson, Lieutenants Teesdale and Shearman, of the Royal Artillery, Colonel Leslie and Lieutenant-Colonel Kerr of the Monaghan Militia, Lieutenant-Colonel Durham of the Fife Fencibles, Major Smith of the 22nd Light Dragoons, and to all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the corps who marched with me from Belfast. I also return my best thanks to Lieutenant Colonel-Peacocke, my Aid-de-camp, Major of Brigade, McKinnon, and Captian Owen, Assistant-Adjutant-General, for their great attention and ready assistance on every occasion.

(*Signed*) GEORGE NUGENT, Major-General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LAKE,
Commanding-in-Chief, &c. &c. &c.

Sir George represented the Borough of Buckingham in Parliament since 1790, and in 1796 was returned for Buckingham again and for St. Mawes, having been appointed Captain and Keeper of St. Mawes' Castle. He sat for Buckingham until the dissolution of the first Parliament of the United Kingdom in December 1800. On June 4, 1813, he became a full General, and in 1815 was made G.C.B. In 1816 he was made an honorary D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, and in the same year was once more returned for Buckingham, which he continued to represent until the passing of the Reform Bill in 1882. In 1846 he was made a Field-Marshal, and on March 11, three years afterwards, died at his seat, Waddesdon House, Little Marlow, Berkshire, aged 92. He had married at Belfast on November 16, 1797, Maria, ninth daughter of Courtland Skinner, Attorney-General of New Jersey, North America, and by her had three sons and two daughters. She died in 1834.

Naples, December the 6th, 1815.

My Dear George,

By a letter I just receiv'd from Lady W. Bentinck, I have the certainty of Your being in England and that both You and Lady Nugent are well. I shall be happy to hear the confirmation of the latter from Yourself, and request You will remember me most affectionately to Lady Nugent. I am longing to see You, but my present Employment will prevent that for some time. I have the command of the Austrian forces in this Kingdom which is in itself a post of cause quem, and may become more so.

I have at length followed your example my Dear Sir George and am married since the 26th of last month. I have written to Lord Buckingham the circumstances and have every reason to think I have made an excellent choice. She is niece to the King of Naples, and what is better of a most amiable character. I wish she could make Lady Nugent's acquaintance, and as soon as my present employment is at an end I shall bring her to England.

I don't write to Lord Nugent, pray give him my Compliments and inform him of the change of my state.

Believe me, my Dear Sir George, most faithfully Yours

Nugent.

I have written to Sir Hugh by the post, but as that is less secure than this opportunity, I beg You will remember me to him. Allow me to request You will forward the inclos'd to Bath to my mother.

My Dear Nugent,

I return you my most sincere thanks for your kind attention and congratulations and to assure you that I am most happy to learn that you and Lady Nugent are so well.

I have no thoughts at present of visiting Plymouth, but if I should be obliged to do so Be assur'd that I will with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction take up my abode with you for a few days.

With best regards to Lady Nugent, believe me ever,

My dear Nugent,

Most truly yours,

Lake.

Bond Street, October 1st, 1817.

Dunsany Castle, 11 Nov. 1815.

My Dear Sir George,

I have had the pleasure to receive this day, yr letter of the 3rd Inst. relative to Mrs. Byrne's wish to send her Daughters to be under yr care and Lady Nugent's. In this she acts a wise part, as they could not possibly be in better hands. As to myself, I have seen Mrs. Byrne but once since her return from Portugal, when she had the goodness to bring her Daughters to see Lady Dunsany and me, and that is I think near two years ago, during wch time I have not been in Dublin but once or twice. Her health I fear is very bad, as Mr. Alen, whom you mention, writes to me. He had been detained a Prisoner in France for twelve years, untill Bonaparte's Exile to Elba, when he got his liberty, and returned to Dublin, where he now lives, in Mount Joy Square. He has a Coppy of the Will, and I will immediately write to him to send you a Coppy of the one he has. I saw the Will after poor Robert Byrnes' death but am as Ignorant of it as yourselfe. I know the Eldest Daughter will, when she is of Age, possess the whole Estate, and the second will have at least Twenty thousand Pounds. At the period that the Marquis of Buckinghamshire was Lord Lieutt here, he wished to give up the Guardianship of the Children and Propperty to the Lord Chancellor in wch you joined, Alen and I did the same; and since that period I never medled in their Affairs. The Miss Byrnes seem to be very amiable girls, rather low of stature, particularly the Eldest, who is I should think twenty yrs. She is the picture of her Father, with his large Eyes. The younger Girl has a Superior fine voice, Equal to Catalani. They are of course allow'd handsomely for their Support; and I have no doubt Lord Manners will not have the smallest objection to their going to you. He must no doubt be consulted on the Subject, wch I shall do to-morrow, as I have the honor of being known to him. I think the Affairs of the Miss Byrnes' must be so aranged, as not to require yr presence here, and if Cabantuly should be to let, it wd be by the Chancellor untill she is of age; so that I think it wd not interfere in the smallest degree with any plan you may have formed, of going to the Continent, &c. anything I can do for you here, You may freely command. Lord Fingall has just called on me, he is much Obliged by yr kind remembrance of him. He desires his best regards. He has just returned from Dublin and saw Mr. Devereux, Mrs. Byrnes' Brother, who told him she was rather mending, wch gives me much pleasure. I forgot to mention that when Mrs. Byrne was here, she talked of going abroad for 3 years to shew her Daughters the World; well

said I, if yo do, both yourselfe and yr Daughters, will maray Frenchmen I think you wd do better to marry yr Eldest to Lord Kilham, who is a very good Young Man—this I know not why, she did not approve of—but mentioned Lord Kenmare, who certainly is by farr the first Catholic match in Ireland—he has no thoughts of Marriage. Lady D. and my Daughter unite with me in best Compts &c. to you and Lady Nugent and believe me to be

My dear Sir George,
Most truly and sincerely
Yours
DUNSANY.

SIR G. NUGENT, Bart., etc. etc.

Daylesford house, 22d March, 1808.

MY MUCH LOVED FRIEND,

Your letter has relieved me from a long and anxious state of suspense; but substituted much worse feeling in its stead. I grieve exceedingly for your vexation; and while I relinquish without a moment's consideration, and almost without regret, that which I should otherwise feel being totally absorbed by my superior regard to your interest and peace, I hope you will not suffer any other duty, or temptation, to draw you from the care of this suit, till it has closed, as I hope and trust it will, in your favor.

My letter to you was written on the instant of the receipt of one from L. J. Impey to Mrs. Hastings apprising her that you were going or gone to London. I have been in a peck of troubles since, not knowing in what corner of the globe to seek you. At length I wrote to Sir Elijah, on last Sunday; and on the supposition of your having returned to Brighton, or of not having quitted it, proposed to recur to our first engagement, in the hopes, and almost assurance, of meeting you and dear Mrs. Osborne at Newick. I suspect that my letter will have puzzled him, as much as I have been puzzled; and will write to him again to morrow, to unpuzzle him, and apprise him of the day on which we may fulfill our long engagement to him and Lady Impey. We shall necessarily bait, not probably beyond a week, in London. Mrs. Hastings' health will require it, even for repose, though I verily believe that if she could pass the ensuing six months in friendly residences, & intermediate movements upon the road, she would gain more health from it, than even from the prescriptions of Dr. Vaughan, and the equal efficacy of her confidence in his medical skill. I will let you know, as soon as we have

decidedly formed our plan : and I pray you, let me hear from you sometimes, that I may not again have to make hue & cry after you. When your mind is at ease, and you have no longer any litigation to disturb it, We shall be most happy to see you and dear Mrs. Osborne at Daylesford in Summer, Autumn or Winter. I am affraid I must of necessity restrict our hopes of visiting Melchet to the mild seasons of the year, as Mrs. Hastings is most liable to the recurrences of sickness in the winter, and feels every impending shower of snow with the certainty of a barometer. We both desire you to accept and to present to your dear Lady the assurance of our best wishes and unalterable regard.

Y. ever affectionate
WARREN HASTINGS.

London, June 19, 1830.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I have received Your Letter and I assure you that I know nothing more painful than it is to receive Applications daily and not to have it in my Power to comply with any of them.

I have nothing to say to the Selection of officers to be appointed to any of the great Governments excepting a Negative.

In this Case of the Vacancy occasioned by the Death of Lord Harcourt I know that the King has desired that a Promise should be made to a particular officer.

Believe me ever yours most sincerely,
WELLINGTON.

Isle of Man,
Janry 4th, 1812.

SIR,

Give me leave to Express the Obligation I feel by your very kind Attention to the Interests of my Son in Law Lieut. Col. M. Murray, of which be assured I shall ever retain a gratefull remembrance.

I have the honour to remain
Your most Obt
& Obliged Humble Servt.,
Bt. ATHOLL.

SIR G. NUGENT,
&c. &c. &c.

Gosford,
April 27th, 1800.

My Dear General,

Accept my warmest Thanks for this additional instance of your Friendship. the morning I received yours my son went with a young Party to Tandragee. he is not yet returned, so have not had an opportunity of communicating the contents of your Letter to him. I can therefore only answer such parts as concern myself.

You know I have in this important question left my son to act as his Judgment dictated—motives such as I think no Father could oppose, directed him to take an opposite part to mine, and tho' I should have been well pleased had we on this as on every occasion gone hand in hand together, yet must I feel highly gratified by the honorable principles that induced him to forego the advantages that would probably have resulted from our having acted in conjunction rather than deviate from that sense of rectitude that was always my ambition to inculcate in him. I must still leave him to himself, I find it impossible to urge him on this subject. as soon as I know his sentiments I will impart them to you.

Give me leave my Good Friend to state that tho' I have not in this instance exerted an influence that might have been useful to Government in Parliament, yet it has in no other instance been neglected, and I conceive that the strenuous support I have given to the measure in question has enabled me to have been essentially serviceable in this County, which otherways would have been nearly unanimous in opposition to Governt., & would have beyond a doubt have returned a representative that would have added another County Member to the opposition Lists—in this I do not assert more than every impartial man in this County must acknowledge.

I never mentioned the subject you allude to, to His Excellency 'till a few days before I left town, when I requested to know whither He intended to honor me with His recommendation as one of the Twenty Eight. His Ex: replied that there would be difficulty in answering the many claimants, but that I had His good wishes.

My Ideas upon this matter are, that should His Excellency honor me with this mark of his favor, I should esteem it as it deserves, & feel highly flattered—but if I could only expect it in consequence of urging my son to take a part that might in future create an unpleasant reflection in his mind, I would rather relinquish the flattering Idea that the repeated proofs I have given of

Fidelity & attachment to my King and His Government might have made me an object worthy of Their consideration.

I must rest satisfied with a retirement very congenial to my nature, which nothing but the wish of being serviceable to my Family could induce me to forego.

I write this sitting up in my Bed where I have been confined with a billious attack but would not longer delay acknowledging the receipt of your Letter.

I should apologize, my Good General, for taking up so much of your time.

Believe me with great regard and esteem
Most Truly Yours,
GOSFORD.

SIR GEO. NUGENT.

Horseguards,
July 12th, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have to offer many Apologies to you for not having earlier replied to Your Letter of the 20th June enclosing one from Lord Charles Somerset which I return. Why he should have written to you on the Subject of the 6th Regt. I really cannot understand as neither Your Name or Colonel Napier's were mentioned in any Communication from me. I wrote to him on the 18th Feby. & again on 30th August 1824, and in both Instances referred to the Return of the Regt. as the Source of the Information received by H. R. H. of the Dispersion of the Corps and its Field Officers, as indeed the Return was the Record consulted.

I now enclose for your private Information a Copy of my last Letter to Lord Charles (that of 30th August I mean), as it will serve to explain to you the real ground of His Soreness and when I add that it has since been removed by the re-appointment of Lt. Col. Somerset to the Cape Corps, I may observe that a very short answer from you will answer my purpose, nor is it at all necessary that you should saddle Yourself or Colonel Napier with the question.

Believe me to be ever
My dear Sir George,
Most sincerely Yours
C. H. TAYLOR.

General SIR GEORGE NUGENT, Bart., G.C.B.

Camp beyond the Ford of the
Ganges at Asophghur,
Decr. 22d. 1814.

My dear Sir George,

It has been already explained to you that a prior engagement prevented my gratifying myself in confirming your nomination of Lieut. Davidson to the command of the Sylhet Battalion. I had promised Mr. Seton that the first Corps of that nature which became dispensable should be bestowed on Sir Robert Colquhoun. The latter eagerly accepted the offer of the Sylhet Corps, tho' I was doubtful as to its being on a footing that would be agreeable. Of course I was obliged to let him have it: and I request that you will have the kindness to cause the appointment to be rectified accordingly. Lt. Davidson has been assured that your wishes for his advantage shall not be unfruitful.

Herewith I send to you the copy of a Letter from Lord Buckinghamshire, & an extract from a letter of Governor Farquhar's to me. They both relate to public points, & are in their way satisfactory. As a kind of supplement to them, I will transcribe two or three Passages from a confidential letter of Mr. Elphinstone, the Chairman's, to me. "Peace is now made, & the terms ratified "two days ago. A King's Ship will be sent to give you the "details as they respect India. These with Holland are not yet "settled but will be very soon; so that as soon as they have been "submitted to Parliament we may expect the Ship to be de-"spatched." "The expense of the Judicial System is enormous "and by no means answers. It requires much amendment." "I "wish you had not sent home the treasure. We once thought of "sending it back; which indeed we may yet do, for we are richer "at home than you are, the Investments have sold so well."

Now, as to this treasure; the remitting it was the thing of all others upon me. Had not the Peace taken place, the Directors would have made £150,000 by the sale of that gold.

The evacuation of Nahun speaks intelligibly the formidable impressions made by the sufferings of the Garrison of Kalinga by our Shells. The abandonment of so strong a Position, after it had been fortified with such labor, will produce great effect on the minds of the People throughout that Country. It is a confession of alarm which will dispel the extravagant notion entertained of the prowess of the Gorkhas. All now looks well in that quarter. The whole of Kamaoon would have been ours at this moment had I had only one Battalion to send thither. I am making Colonel Gardner raise Alligoles for the purpose, but it is wretched

to be driven to such substitutes for the disposable force which we ought to possess.

Adieu, my Dear George. I have the Honor to remain with high regard

Your Excellency's
Very faithful Servt,
MOIRA.

H. E. SIR G. NUGENT, &c. &c. &c.

Richmond Park,
April ye 15th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I am persuaded you will excuse the Liberty I take in introducing to your notice Captn. Pester, who will, I hope, have the Honor of delivering to you this Letter. He is in the Service of the East India Company, & on the Bengal Establishment. Lord Lake, under whom He serv'd in two Campaigns, had, I know, a very high opinion of Him; & He possess'd the Friendship of Col. Lake, who fell at Vimeira. His Talents are considerable, & I am convinced that He would prove worthy of any Confidence that might be reposed in him. Unfortunately his State of Health obliged Him to leave India, & He is now on the Point of returning, before it is reestablish'd. There is accordingly too much Reason to fear that He will be unequal to those active Exertions, to which He would be impell'd by the Zeal and Ardour of his mind. The Interest I take in his Wellfare has overcome my Unwillingness to trouble you, & I therefore venture to recommend Captn. Pester very earnestly to your Favor, & Protection.

Accept my best Wishes for your Health, & Success in the honourable Situation in which you are deservedly placed, & believe me to be, with sincere esteem, Dear Sir,

Your faithful & obedient humble Servt.,
SIDMOUTH.

Fife House,
21st July, 1819.

SIR,

I have had the honour of receiving your Letter together with the Inclosures contained in it. The latter I return, being fully satisfied of the honorable Testimony they bear to your former Services.

With respect to the appointment of Commander in Chief in

Ireland, which you solicit, it has always been filled up in consequence of Communications between the first Lord of the Treasury, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, & the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with the Commander in Chief;—being considered an appointment not purely of a military nature, but connected necessarily with Political Duties, which rendered the concurrence of the Civil Government both in England and Ireland of considerable importance.

I cannot under any circumstances, say more than that if the vacancy to which you allude should occur, your application shall be considered together with those of others.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your very obedient humble Servant,
LIVERPOOL.

General SIR GEORGE NUGENT, Bt., G.C.B.

Stable Yard,
March 4, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging Letter and I trust it is unnecessary for me to assure you of the sincere satisfaction with which I learnt the Prince Regent's approval of your Nomination to the Chief Command in India, when I feared that General Brownrigg could not succeed to it.

Aware as I am of its importance at all times and particularly at a period when the interests of the Army in that Quarter seemed suffered to meet from various unfortunate causes and occurrences, I could not but feel anxious upon every ground civil and military that the Direction of it should be placed in the hands of an officer whose able and zealous exertions had been manifested upon former occasions and whose honourable character and habit of Business should inspire confidence to the Government, while they promised to afford satisfaction to and to conciliate those placed under their direction. I am confident that you will not disappoint their expectations although I fear that you will have to surmount many difficulties and embarrassments.

I am very sensible of the friendly manner in which you express your feelings in regard to myself, and upon this subject I can only say that the Impression which had been left on my mind by the Persecution directed against me has not been a little softened by the gratifying assurances of regard and continued good opinion

which I have received from many of my Brother Soldiers to whose favourable sentiments I must ever attach the greatest value.

Believe me ever,
Dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
FREDERICK.

Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE NUGENT, Bart.

Stowe,
May 18th, 1812.

MY DEAR LADY NUGENT,

The ring enclosed in this note belonged to one whom I am sure you will never cease to regret. Pray wear it for her sake & think with kindness sometimes on your very faithful & affectionate

NUGENT BUCKINGHAM.

P.S. I rejoice that your children are all well & promising all you could wish & while Providence spares me in this world I will not lose sight of them.

L'an 1775, le 18 Septembre est morte à Spa la Noble Demoiselle de Neugent, irlandaise, agée de 19 ans.

Elle est enterrée dans le Choeur de l'église paroissielle de Spa, à Côté droit en entrant Sous le pilier pres du Maître autel, par permission de l'archidiacre du Diocese de Liège.

L'interrement Se fit le 19 Septembre, à 8 heures du Soir, avec toutes les Ceremonies possibles, dix prêtres, en chapes et Surplis ont accompagné de la Defuncte de meme que 18 flambeaux, la bierre étoit portée par 12 hommes en Manteaux noirs, 3 Cerceuils renfermoient la defuncte: deux de bois & un autre de plomb, une Couronne de fleurs, entre Ses armes, étoit posée Sur la bierre, le de profundis & le libera me Suivi du Miserere furent chantés à l'enterrement, toute la Noblesse presente, les orgues accompagnoient le chant lugubre.

Le lendemain, à 10 heures du matin, on fit les obseques, très Solonelles, toute la Noblesse y assista, le Maître-autel étoit Couvert en Noir garni d'un grand luminaire de Cierges blancs & de Blaisons funebres.

extrait du Registre des Morts.

Une Messe Solenelle fondée à perpetuité Se chante tous les ans avec Diacre, Sous-diacre, chape & orgues.

Requiem eternam Dona Ancillae tuae, Domine et lux perpetua luceat ci.

Antonius Jehia, aedituus ecclesiae Spadae.

9 Aout, 1822.

London, June 20th, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I am very much flattered by and obliged to you for your kindness in sending me the Bakerville Bible which evidently belonged to my family. I conclude that it was sold with Lord Wellesley's Library. I accept it with great pleasure and shall preserve it as a token of your kindness towards me.

Ever, my dear Sir George,

Yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

Daylesford house,
17th July, 1811.

SIR,

My excellent friend, Mr. Osborne, has informed me of the promise which you have given him of your patronage of Mr. Chapmett, the nephew of Mrs. Hastings. For this intended kindness, though such as we had no right to solicit, we share largely in the obligation, and I beg leave to assure you of it.

I think myself better entitled to join my testimony to that of my friend, to the merits of General Palmer; whom, if I stood in that relation of acquaintance with you which would justify me in introducing him to your notice, I should not do it on the footing of a recommendation, unless for that of reciprocal benefit, believing that you will find few men equal to him in official talents, political experience, general information, or integrity of character.

Mrs. Hastings unites with me in compliments to Lady Nugent and yourself, and in fervent wishes for your health and prosperity.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient
humble servant

WARREN HASTINGS.

Horse Guards,
September 6, 1806.

SIR,

I have to acknowledge your letter, requesting that I would recommend you to His Majesty's Government for the dignity of a Baronet, and I have to assure you that I have had great pleasure in meeting your wishes on this occasion, and have not failed to express to Lord Granville the high sense I entertain of your merit and services, and my wish that his Lordship would take an early opportunity of recommending you to His Majesty for the mark of favor you have solicited.

I am, Sir,
Yours,
FREDERICK.

LIEUTT. GENERAL NUGENT,
Stowe, Bucks.

Horse Guards,
22d October, 1819.

SIR,

I take the earliest opportunity in my power to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter of the 17th instant, and to acquaint you that The Prince Regent has been pleased to confer the Government of Plymouth upon The Duke of Wellington :—But I shall be well disposed to bring your claims, with those of other General officers, under His Royal Highness's consideration as future opportunities offer.

I am,
Sir,
Yours,
FREDERICK,
Commander in Chief.

General SIR GEORGE NUGENT, G.C.B.

Mivart's Hotel,
Lower Braak St,
Saturday.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I received your letter yesterday, which gave me very great pleasure ; and I heartily congratulate you on the approaching Marriage of your Daughter Louisa. With two Thousand pounds yearly income and prudent Management, a young couple may live

very comfortably. I do not think that those are the happiest who have the largest Fortunes; they are too often tempted to enter into scenes of dissipation which so frequently lead ultimately to much misfortune, and as far as my experience goes, I am led to think that more true happiness is found amongst the middle ranks of life whose Incomes are moderate. Your Tour must have been delightful, the Weather having been something like Summer, which we can scarcely say has been the case for two or three years past. Remember me kindly.

Ever, my dear George, your affectionate Brother,

C. E. NUGENT.

APPENDIX II

'THE NAVAL CHRONICLE,' 1803.

(Vol. x., pp. 442—468.)

CHARLES EDMUND NUGENT, ESQ.

OUR officer (Vice-Admiral Nugent) has been a sailor from his earliest youth. He was born about the year 1760; and in 1771, at the very tender age of eleven years, he entered the service in the Scorpion Sloop of War, under the protection of the Hon. George Keith Elphinstone, now Lord Keith. The Scorpion shortly afterwards joined Sir Peter Dennis's flag-ship, the Trident, in the Mediterranean, on board of which Mr. Nugent went, and remained in her till the year 1774.

At the commencement of the year 1775, the perturbed state of North America became a subject of very serious attention on the part of the British Government; and in the month of April, the rebellious provinces were guilty of some open acts of hostility. Preparations, offensive as well as defensive, were made by both parties; several actions ensued; and, in the course of the summer, the ravages of war extended over the greater part of the western continent. Towards the end of the year, Commodore Sir Peter Parker sailed from Cork, in the Bristol, a fifty-gun ship, with a squadron of ships of war, and a fleet of transports, on board of which were a large body of troops, under the command of Earl Cornwallis, destined to act against the rebels in North America. Mr. Nugent sailed in the Bristol, as Third Lieutenant, and, in the whole, remained under the command of Sir Peter Parker the period of seven years.

Early in May 1776, Sir Peter Parker's squadron arrived off Cape Fear; and being joined by General Clinton, with a reinforcement of troops, immediately proceeded to the attack of Charlestown in South Carolina.

At this period Mr. Nugent was only sixteen years old, an age at which very few young men destined for public stations have quitted their academical studies. It was his fortune, however, to enter very early on his professional pursuits, and in his youthful years, to participate in much service under the command of experienced Officers.

The high opinion which Sir Peter Parker entertained of Mr. Nugent's exertions during the attack upon Sullivan's Island, is handsomely expressed in his official dispatches to the Admiralty on that occasion. From these dispatches we take the liberty of making the following extract—

"The fleet[1] sailed from Cape Fear on the 1st of June, and on the 4th anchored off Charles-Town bar. The 5th, sounded the bar, and laid down buoys preparatory to the intended entrance of the harbour. The 7th, all the frigates, and most of the transports, got over the bar into five fathom hole. The 9th, General Clinton landed on Long Island, with about 400 or 500 men. The 10th, the Bristol got over the bar with some difficulty. The 15th, gave the Captains of the squadron my arrangement, for the attack of the batteries on Sullivan's Island, and the next day acquainted General Clinton that the ships were ready. The General fixed on the 23rd for our joint attack, but the wind proving unfavourable, prevented its taking effect. The 25th, the Experiment arrived, and next day came over the bar, when a new arrangement was made for the new attack. The 28th, at half an hour after nine in the morning, informed General Clinton by signal, that I should go on the attack. At half an

[1] The following ships composed the squadron under the command of Commodore Sir Peter Parker, at the attack of Sullivan's Island, on the 28th July, 1776.

Ships.	*Guns.*	*Commanders.*
Bristol	50	Commodore Sir Peter Parker. Captain J. Morris.
Experiment ...	50	„ Scott.
Solebay	28	„ John Symonds.
Actæon	28	„ Christopher Atkins.
Active	28	„ William Williams.
Syren	28	„ Furneaux.
Sphynx	20	„ Anthony Hunt.
Ranger (A. S.) ...	22	„ Roger Willis.
Friendship (A. S.)	12	„ Charles Hope.
Thunder, bomb ...	8	„ James Read.
Carcass, bomb ...	8	„ T. Dring. (*Vide* Schomberg.)

hour after ten, I made the signal to weigh; and about a quarter after eleven, the Bristol, Experiment, Active, and Solebay, brought up against the Fort. The Thunder bomb, covered by the Friendship armed vessel, brought the salient angle of the east bastion to bear N.W. by N., and Colonel James (who has, ever since our arrival, been very anxious to give the best assistance) threw several shells, a little before, and during the engagement, in a very good direction. The Sphynx, Actæon, and Syren were to have been to the westward, to prevent fire-ships or other vessels from annoying the ships engaged, to enfilade the works, and, if the rebels should be driven from them, to cut off their retreat, if possible. This last service was not performed, owing to the ignorance of the pilot, who run the three frigates aground. The Sphynx and Syren got off in a few hours, but the Actæon remained fast till the next morning, when the Captain and Officers thought proper to scuttle and set her on fire. I ordered a Court Martial on the Captain, Officers and Company, and they have been honourably acquitted. Captain Hope made his armed ship as useful as he could on the occasion, and he merits every thing that can be said in his favour. During the time of our being abreast of the fort, which was near ten hours, a brisk fire was kept up by the ships, with intervals; and we had the satisfaction, after being engaged two hours, to oblige the rebels to slacken their fire very much. We drove large parties several times out of the fort, which were replaced by others from the main. About half an hour after three, a considerable reinforcement from Mount Pleasant hung a man on a tree at the back of the fort, and we imagine that the same party ran away about an hour after, for the fort was totally silenced, and evacuated for near an hour and a half; but the rebels finding that our army could not take possession, about six o'clock a considerable body of people re-entered the fort, and renewed the firing from two or three guns; the rest being, I suppose, dismounted. About nine o'clock, it being very dark, great part of our ammunition expended, the people fatigued, the tide of ebb almost done, no prospect from the eastward, and no possibility of our being of any further service, I ordered the ships to withdraw to their former moorings. Their Lordships will see plainly by this account, that if the troops could have co-operated on this attack, his Majesty would have been in possession of Sullivan's Island. But I must beg here to be fully understood, lest it should be imagined that I mean to throw the most distant reflection on our army: I should not discharge my conscience, were I not to acknowledge, that such was my opinion of his Majesty's troops, from the General

down to the private Soldier, that after I had been engaged some hours, and perceived that the troops had not got a footing on the north end of Sullivan's Island, I was perfectly satisfied that the landing was impracticable, and that the attempt would have been the destruction of many brave men, without the least probability of success; and this, I am certain, will appear to be the case, when General Clinton represents his situation. The Bristol had 40 men killed, and 71 wounded; the Experiment, 23 killed, and 56 wounded, and both of them suffered much in their hulls, masts, and rigging; the Active had Lieutenant Pike killed, and six men wounded; and the Solebay eight men wounded. Not one man who was quartered at the beginning of the action on the Bristol's quarter-deck, escaped being killed or wounded. Captain Morris lost his right arm, and received other wounds, and is since dead; the Master is wounded in his right arm, but will recover the use of it. I received several contusions at different times, but as none of them are on any part where the least danger can be apprehended, they are not worth mentioning. Lieutenants Caulfield, Molloy, and Nugent, were the Lieutenants of the Bristol in the action; they behaved so remarkably well, that it is impossible to say to whom the preference is due; and so indeed I may say of all the petty officers, ship's company, and volunteers. At the head of the latter I must place Lord William Campbell, who was so condescending as to accept of the direction of some guns on the lower gun-deck. His Lordship received a contusion on the left side, but I have the happiness to inform their Lordships that it has not proved of much consequence. Captain Scott, of the Experiment, lost his left arm, and is otherwise so much wounded, that I fear he will not recover. I cannot conclude this letter without remarking, that when it was known that we had many men too weak to come to quarters, almost all the seamen belonging to the transports offered their services with a truly British spirit, and a just sense of the cause we are engaged in. I accepted of upwards of 50 to supply the place of our sick. The Masters of many of the transports attended with their boats; but particular thanks are certainly due to Mr. Chambers, the Master of the Mercury."

After this action, a promotion of the officers taking place, Mr. Nugent was made Second Lieutenant of the Bristol. Subsequently to the affair at Sullivan's Island, Sir Peter Parker repassed the bar, and sailed to New York, for the purpose of joining Lord Howe.

To facilitate the reduction of New York, a number of flat-boats, galleys, and *batteaux* were employed, from which the

troops under the command of General Howe, Clinton, and Lord Cornwallis, effected a landing; the ultimate result of which was, that the Americans were expelled from the town. In this service, Mr. Nugent was very actively engaged.

In December, Commodore Sir Peter Parker having shifted his flag to the Chatham, of fifty guns, proceeded with his squadron, accompanied by General Clinton and a body of land forces, to reduce Rhode Island, which was taken possession of without the loss of a man.

In April 1777, Letters of Marque and Reprisal were granted against the Thirteen United Provinces of America; and, in the May following, Sir Peter Parker was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral.—Mr. Nugent, as we have before stated, continued with Sir Peter Parker, who remained at Rhode Island with his squadron, until his appointment to Jamaica, where he arrived on the 3rd of March, 1778. Mr. Nugent was here made Master and Commander; and soon after was appointed Post Captain to the Pomona, of twenty-eight guns.

In the autumn of 1779, Sir Peter Parker, who had attained the rank of Vice-Admiral, and now commanded his Majesty's ships on the Jamaica station, was informed that the Spaniards had landed at St. George's Quay, which place they had plundered, treating the inhabitants with great cruelty; and that the bay men, on the Musquito and the bay of Honduras shores, were in great danger of an attack from them. To protect the settlement, Sir Peter dispatched the Porcupine sloop of war, commanded by Captain Pakenham, to co-operate with a detachment of troops sent by the Governor of Jamaica, under the command of Captain Dalrymple. About the same time, the Admiral also dispatched Commodore, the Hon. John Luttrell, with a small squadron,[1] of which the Pomona, Captain Nugent's ship, formed a part, for the purpose of intercepting some register ships, in the Gulf of Dulce, and which were afterwards taken in the capture of Omoa.

In this expedition, Captain Nugent was sent by Commodore Luttrell to procure pilots in the bay of Honduras, at St. George's Quay, with orders to leave the Pomona at anchor, at Quay Boquel, and to proceed in the Racehorse schooner. On anchoring as directed, Captain Nugent perceived a brig of fourteen guns at anchor, with English colours flying. He immediately put off in his barge, to proceed to the Quay, when, it being now dark, the

[1] The Charon, of 44 guns, Commodore Luttrell; Lowestoffe, 28, Captain Parker; Pomona, 28, Captain Nugent; and Racehorse, 10, Lieutenant Trott.

barge was surrounded by a number of Spanish launches, and a schooner of eight guns, that had been concealed under the lee of the brig, which it now appeared had been taken and was aground. Having secured the barge, in which was Captain Nugent, the launches proceeded to board the Racehorse; which however, having been alarmed by the firing at the barge, gave them so warm a reception, that four of them were sunk, and the remainder, with the eight-gun schooner, obliged to sheer off with great slaughter. Lieutenant Trott then returned to Quay Boquel, to alarm the Pomona. In the mean time, Captain Nugent, with his barge's crew, was put into confinement, with a guard placed over him. After having been stripped to his shirt, and subjected to every indignity, he was taken on shore, where there was a platform, with a guard before it; and it subsequently appeared, that the Governor of Bacular, a town of the province of Yucatan, who headed the expedition against the logwood cutters at the town of Quay Casine, had given orders to execute all who made resistance. From this fate, Captain Nugent with difficulty escaped, by explaining, that he was a Captain of a British frigate. Of this they were convinced, by taking from his coat, of which he had been stripped, some orders from Commodore Luttrel. Captain Nugent was then handcuffed and blindfolded, and conveyed in a canoe alongside the eight-gun schooner, on board of which was the Commander of the expedition. He was then examined by some person who spoke English; and, the Commander being satisfied, he was re-conducted on shore, and confined with the rest of the crew, and the Purser of the Pomona, who had accompanied him. There was a great number of wounded men, both in the schooner and in the boats, as Captain Nugent distinctly heard their cries when alongside of the former. Of this, too, he was afterwards assured by the inhabitants of the town. In the morning, soon after sun-rise, he was told by one of the townspeople, that the Spaniards were retiring in great consternation; on which Captain Nugent, with his barge's crew, then broke out of prison. They found a number of the inhabitants collected together, many of them armed, and the Spanish launches making the best of their way from the island. In such haste were they to get off, that they suffered several of their men to be taken prisoners, although one or two of their boats were just putting off from the shore, and the Pomona, which was coming from Quay Boquel, was at least three leagues off.

Captain Nugent then launched the barge, which had been left half full of water, and retook the brig, which was on shore with two or three men on board at the entrance of the harbour. Captain Nugent got on board of the Pomona just as she was

coming to an anchor. He was obliged to return as soon as possible to Glover's Reef, the rendezvous appointed by Commodore Luttrell, with the pilots which he had been directed to obtain; but, before he went, he fitted out the fourteen-gun brig found at the Quay, and left a Mate and ten men in her, with arms and ammunition for several more, that she might be completed in her crew by the inhabitants of the town, for whose protection she was left, in case of the return of the Spaniards. By this means, most of the negroes, from the settlements up the rivers Belez, Sherboon, and the New River, and as much of the property of the inhabitants as could be collected together, were embarked in the different craft in the Settlement, and transported to the Island of Rattan, where they settled during the continuance of the war. Three hundred of these Bay men were assembled at that island, and served at the capture of Omoa, where they rendered essential service, both during the siege and at the storm.

In order that the whole of this interesting business may be more completely understood, we present the following official dispatches respecting it:—

Whitehall, Dec. 18, 1779.

"*Extract of a Letter from Captain Dalrymple, Commander of the Loyal Irish Volunteers, to the Right Honourable Lord George Germaine, One of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, received Yesterday by Lieut. Garden, of the 60th Regiment.*

"*St. Fernando de Omoa, Oct. 21, 1779.*

"Your Lordship would be informed, that General Dalling had dispatched me to the Musquitto shore to collect a force, and that he had also sent arms, artillery, and ammunition, for St. George's Quay, being the principal settlement of the Bay men.

"On the 27th of September, the day of our arrival at Black River, on the Musquitto shore, an advice-boat came up from the Bay, with certain intelligence, that the Spaniards had, on the 15th of September, taken possession of St. George's Quay, having a number of armed petitaguas, and about 600 men. On this notice, having collected sixty Indians, and enlisted some volunteers on the shore, we sailed in the Porcupine sloop of war with three transports, or the relief and re-establishment of the Bay men. On the evening of our departure from Black River, we fell in with Commodore Luttrell, in the Charon, accompanied by the Lowestoffe and Pomona frigates, when we were informed that St. George's

Quay had been retaken by his Majesty's armed schooner Racehorse, and that the remaining inhabitants, with their slaves, had retired to Truxillo and Rattan. I intended to have consulted the Bay men on resettling Honduras, when I was informed that his Majesty's ships had been at the Gulph of Dulce, and not finding the register-ships there, had proceeded to St. Fernando de Omoa, where they discovered them: that they had entered the Bay, where some shot were exchanged between them and the fort; but not having a sufficient land-force to attack on shore, they were obliged to leave it. Judging this a happy opportunity of adding lustre to his Majesty's arms, I waited upon Commodore Luttrell, and offered to attack on the land side with the Indians and the detachment of the Loyal Irish, if he would reinforce me with the marines and musketry-men from the ships. The Commodore agreeing in opinion that the fort might be taken by attacking by sea and land at the same time, it was accordingly determined on, and Truxillo was appointed as the rendezvous to collect the Bay men, with their slaves; where we met some people from the Musquitto shore, who had been on an expedition against the register-ships. The Commodore immediately had the Bay men collected, as I suggested it, who were dispersed about the islands of Rattan and Bonaccoa; they were formed by me into four companies, being invested with powers by General Dalling for that purpose: the slaves I officered by their proprietors. With this reinforcement of 250 men, added to the Loyal Irish, marine musketry-men from the ships, and Indians, our force amounted to upwards of 500 men. The Commodore having got in readiness, at my request, scaling-ladders, issued out 200 stand of arms, exclusive of seventy stand issued by me of the regimental arms, and 150 sent down by General Dalling, which were intended for the Bay. We sailed from the Bay of Truxillo on the 10th instant, and landed on the 16th about eight o'clock at night, at Porto Cavallo. We were informed by our guides, that Port Omoa was only three leagues distant, and our intention was to have marched directly on, in the night, to surprise and escalade the fort; but the distance proving greater than was imagined, and the roads very bad which they passed, such as I may venture to affirm no European troops ever marched before in this climate, being at times obliged to walk (on account of impenetrable mangroves), out into the sea, which damaged their cartouches; and at other times through lagoons, morasses, and narrow footpaths, over mountains rendered almost impassable from the late rains, having precipices on each side, and forced to grope our way by lights made from cabbage-trees. We were not arrived within two leagues of the fort at day break, having lost our rear,

some lying down through fatigue, and others losing the line of march, from the darkness of the night, and the difficulty of keeping up in paths only passable by Indians. In the morning the rear line was brought up by Captain Cardan, of the 60th regiment of foot; and having refreshed the troops for two hours, we proceeded again through passes and defiles, the same as in the night before, the Indians skirmishing along the paths. We had taken two look-outs, from which some of the soldiers escaped, and carried intelligence that an enemy was advancing; and as they had seen our squadron the night before, and the Musquitto crafts, imagined that Indians (only), landed from them, were the enemy on shore, not thinking that Europeans would undertake such a march; and in order to favour this deception, the Indians were advanced in front, and dislodged them from their look-outs, which prevented them from occupying the defiles and passes, until we arrived near the town, where they had placed an ambuscade. The Indians, who are extremely sharp as scouts, perceived them: they represented that the Spaniards were drawn up in force. A disposition of attack was immediately framed for the Loyal Irish and marines to force the pass in front in column, and to advance rapidly with the grenadiers march, supported by the second line drawn up: and the Pomona's musketry-men, of the first line, were detached to gain a hill on the left, covered with woods, which commanded the pass. These orders being instantly executed, the defile was forced. We received a scattering ill-directed fire from fifty or sixty Spaniards, which killed one soldier only of the Loyal Irish, and wounded a marine; and so great was their panic, that they fled on all quarters to the fort, woods, and town, evacuating the Governor's house, built with battlements, and terassed on the top; a post which, if defended by twenty British regulars, would have stopped our whole force. The gaining this hill, and that which the Pomona's men had ascended, gave the entire view of the fort, commanding it and the town in the bottom, the fort distant half a mile, and the town close under the hill. The skirmishing continued from the town, and galled us a little. Being unwilling to set fire to it, I desisted upwards of an hour; but finding that I could not permit an enemy on my flank, the town forming a crescent under the hill, orders were given for its being consumed, which were carried into execution, the inhabitants flying to the fort and the woods. The property consumed in the town was estimated at 100,000 piastres. The squadron came into the Bay while the town was in flames, and supposing it a proper time to batter the fort, went in abreast of it. A diversion was made by the land forces in their favour from the hill. The scaling-ladders

were carried by the Honduras fusileers; but their eagerness to engage in skirmishing made them drop the ladders, and hasten to get up to the head of the column, which prevented the land-forces from co-operating with the squadron (by storming), so heartily that day as could have been wished. The Lowestoffe having got aground, and the other ships, as I imagined, observing the signal was displayed that the land forces could not co-operate, desisted firing. The Lowestoffe was much wounded, but got off.

"The day following we passed in skirmishing, in securing the roads round the fort, and driving in cattle for the land forces. On the 18th, the squadron landed some guns to the westward: two four-pounders were got up that night, and a battery was immediately opened on them.

"The battery incommoded them much, but never could have made any impression on the walls of the parapet, as they were eighteen feet thick.

"The Spaniards pointed that evening three guns more towards the land side, and in the morning dismounted one of our's. Observing there were some houses near the fort which the Spaniards had neglected to burn, parties of marines, Bay men, and Indians, occupied them, and kept up so incessant a fire on the embrazures of the fort, that the Spaniards' fire from the guns was often silenced for hours, and we observed them throwing over the dead. This day six guns more were got up by the seamen and Bay men, one of which General Dalling had sent for the Bay men, three others being swamped coming on shore. Captain Cardan opened a battery of four six-pounders, from the hill which the Pomona's men had gained in the first skirmish at the defile which also commanded the fort.

"Foreseeing that by a seige of this nature, before approaches could be made in a regular way, and a breach effected, a vast train of artillery would be required, and a length of time, after which we would be obliged to storm, having also the enemy in our rear all round, and having maturely weighed all these circumstances, and the disadvantage inevitably attending a siege, it was therefore determined to escalade the fort, as the ditch was found to be dry; and having consulted with the Commodore on the mode of attack, it was resolved that the Pomona should be towed close in, the heavier ships co-operating. The attack being determined on, the Europeans were formed in four columns in line; four men advanced with guides at the head of each column; in each column followed eight men, carrying the ladders, who were followed by a few hand-grenade men. Two columns consisted of seamen, and two of marines, with a few Loyal Irish. At three in the morning

the disposition being made, and our force consisting of 150, we moved down the hill, and lay there waiting for the signal of the Charon, which was to denote she had got under weigh, and would attack in twenty minutes. The signal being made a little after four o'clock in the morning of the 20th, we advanced under fire of our own batteries, and were encouraged by observing that the Spaniards did not perceive our march, by the direction of their shot over us, pointed at our batteries on the hills.

"The Pomona, and fleet also, attracted their notice by the fire from the sea-side. By this fortunate co-operation in profound silence, arms trailed, and in order to animate the troops, the parole was changed to *Bayonette*, and the countersign *Britons, strike home*. We advanced undiscovered under the Spanish sentries, who were every two or three minutes passing the word *alerto*. At the entrance into the ditch were two guns, pointed from the flank of the bastion to scour it. We were perceived by their sentries, and their drum beat to the alarm-posts. Our columns were staggered, and stept back; but instantly recovering themselves, they advanced to the wall, in height twenty-eight feet, on which was a battery of five guns. They reared one ladder, a second, and a third. The first ladder was broke by the flank guns of another bastion, killing a midshipman, and badly wounding five men; the other two ladders were also wounded, but not broken. Two seamen got up first by one ladder, and obeyed their orders in not firing; they presented at sixty Spaniards drawn up, but retained their fire until others ascended; and so great was the consternation of the enemy, that it seemed as if they had lost the power of their arms, although their officers were at their head encouraging them.

"The seamen scrambling up the ladders, down off the parapets they went, and being reinforced by marines and seamen, the Spaniards fled to the casements, but they could not recover their panic, notwithstanding every exertion of their officers. About 100 Spaniards escaped over the walls on the opposite side, and out of a sally-port. The Governor and principal Officers then came and delivered up to me their swords, the garrison, and register-ships, with the keys of the fort, and saved their lives. Inclosed is a list of the Spanish Officers, with the troop of the garrison, also a list of our killed and wounded, which is very inconsiderable. We found eleven Spaniards wounded, some of which are since dead. They will not acknowledge the number they have lost, but it is thought it exceeds thirty.

"As to the behaviour of the officers and men under my command, the British displayed that bravery which is their known

characteristic. The Bay men and Indians were also of the utmost service in all duties of fatigue, in skirmishing and dragging up the cannon.

"Your Lordship will pardon my mentioning an instance of an elevated mind in a British tar, which amazed the Spaniards, and gave them a very high idea of English valour. Not contented with one cutlass, he had scrambled up the walls with two, and meeting a Spanish Officer without arms, who had been roused out of his sleep, had the generosity not to take any advantage, but presented him one of his cutlasses, and told him, 'You are now on a footing with me.'[1] The orders were not to spare while they resisted, but to grant quarter to all who requested it. Only two Spaniards were wounded by the bayonet by resisting, nor was any person pillaged or plundered.

"I have the pleasure to inform your Lordship, that the greatest harmony subsisted between the sea and land forces during the whole of this expedition; and that Commodore Luttrell, and the Captains of the Navy, have on every occasion made the greatest exertions to forward the service on shore; and all underwent the most severe fatigue, in this hot climate, with uncommon alacrity.

"Of this fortification your Lordship will judge of the importance, from the incredible expense the Crown of Spain has been at in erecting it, as the stone of which it is built is raised out of the sea, and brought twenty leagues.

"The outworks are not finished notwithstanding they have employed constantly 1000 men at work for twenty years. It is the key to the Bay of Honduras, and where the register-ships and treasure are sent from Guatimala in time of war. The morning of our arrival the treasure was conveyed into the country, so that what we have found in the military chest, and what belonged to the public, does not exceed 8000 piastres; but the register-ships must be very valuable, if they arrive in safety in England.

"I send these dispatches, with the colours of Omoa, and also

[1] The astonishment of the officer at such an act of generosity, and the facility with which a friendly parley took place, when he expected nothing else but (from the hostile appearance of his foe) to be cut to pieces, could only be rivalled by the admiration which his relating the story excited in his countrymen. From this circumstance being mentioned to Sir Peter Parker, at the return of the squadron, he appointed this intrepid fellow to be Boatswain of a sloop of war. A few years after, either in a fit of madness or intoxication, he forgot his situation, and struck the Lieutenant of the Ferret sloop of war, for which he was tried by a Court Martial, condemned to suffer death, and executed. —*Vide* Schomberg's *Chronology*, vol. i. p. 476.

plans of the fortification, by Lieutenant Cardan, of the 60th regiment, whom I appointed to act as Captain of Artillery, and Engineer to this expedition, and humbly beg he may be permitted to lay them at his Majesty's feet.

"*Return of killed and wounded acting on Shore at the Siege and Attack of Fort St. Fernando de Omoa, October* 20, 1779.

"One Midshipman, three seamen, killed; seven seamen wounded.
"One Subaltern, and four marines, wounded.
"*Loyal Irish.*—One private killed.
"*Bay Fusileers.*—One private wounded.
"*Musquitto Indians.*—One killed, one wounded.
"Total.—One midshipman, five men, killed; one Subaltern, thirteen men, wounded.

"*Names of Officers killed and wounded.*

"Mr. Lloyd, Midshipman of the Lowestoffe, killed. Second Lieutenant Wightman, of the Chatham division of marines, wounded.

"(*signed*) W. Dalrymple,
"*Commander in Chief of the Land Forces.*"

The following extract, which particularly relates to Captain Nugent, will be perused with much interest:—

"Admiralty Office, December 18, 1779.

"*Captain Pakenham arrived at this office yesterday Afternoon, with a Letter from the Honourable John Luttrell, Captain of his Majesty's Ship the Charon, to Mr. Stevens, dated at Omoa, the* 27*th of October,* 1779, *of which the following is an Extract:*—

"*Charon, in the Harbour of Omga,*
October 27*th,* 1779.

"Sir,

"I am to request you will be pleased to acquaint their Lordships, that, in obedience to orders I received from Sir Peter Parker, I sailed from Port Royal early in the morning of the 8th of September last, and being joined in a few hours after by the Pomona, Lowestoffe, and Racehorse schooner, bore away for the Spanish main; which, however, I was not able to reach, owing to calms and baffling winds, until the 15th. The next day we got

to Rattan; and being apprehensive that the enemy's register-ships might pass to windward, and along their own shore, in case I carried all the squadron towards George's Quay, I ordered Captain Nugent, who was well acquainted at that place, to take the Racehorse up to George's Quay, to procure as expeditiously as possible the most skilful pilots for Omoa and Gulph of Dulce. Having so done, he was directed to join his ship at Quay Boquel, then to repair to Glovers Reef, where I waited his arrival, having anchored the Charon and Lowestoffe there on the 19th instant. The Monday morning following, I had the mortification to learn, by a boat that had escaped from George's Quay, that it had been taken by the Spaniards five days, which made me very doubtful respecting the safety of Captain Nugent; but I was relieved from that anxiety a few hours afterwards by the Pomona and Racehorse schooner appearing in sight. Upon their joining me with the pilots, I bore away for the Gulph of Dulce, where we arrived in the evening of the 22nd. There was no vessel of any nation to be seen in the Gulph. I therefore, attended by Captains Parker and Nugent, with the marines of the squadron, and a party of seamen in the boats, pushed up the river, and landed at the Spanish warehouses before twelve that night, but found them totally abandoned and empty, except the remains of a few provisions, which seemed to indicate that the people had not been long gone. On the 23rd, in the morning, I lent a number of men from the ships to the Racehorse, and directed Lieutenant Trott to make the best of his way to Omoa, to reconnoitre the strength of the place, and to look for the ships that had sailed from Dulce, concluding that they would be found at that port. The next morning the Racehorse joined me at sea; from her I learned that the three ships were at anchor under the fort; two of them were all on end, and the third with her yards and top-masts struck; and the fortification did not appear to be a very strong one. Elated at the information, I made sail for Omoa, and getting close off the port by twelve o'clock at night, would have persuaded the pilot to have carried us in, but he luckily refused; for the next day, when we came to approach the fortification, I found it was much too formidable an aspect to promise success by an attempt to force it; nor, indeed, would it have answered any good end, for the ships had all their yards and top-masts struck, and were lying up a creek, where we could not get at them, had we even silenced near forty pieces of cannon, which presented themselves to our view from the different batteries. The only hope, therefore, which remained of our being masters of those ships, arose from a chance that we might catch them off Cape Antonio before our cruise terminated, which, in the possibility of

events, I thought might happen; and I was making the best of my way with the ships to that station, stopping only three or four days to complete my water in the Bay of Truxillo, and to learn a further state of the English inhabitants in the Bay of Honduras.

"I have now the pleasure to inform you of the fortunate escape of Captain Nugent out of the hands of the Spaniards, and of the subsequent services performed by him at George's Quay, where he arrived in the Racehorse on the evening of the 19th, having left the Pomona, as I directed, at Quay Boquel. Captain Nugent approached the shore in his boat, without the least suspicion that the Quay was in the hands of the enemy; but before he could land, the boat was attacked by a number of *batteaux*, and when taken possession of by the Spaniards, was nearly sinking, having received three shots through her, luckily without hurting any body; but Captain Nugent and his people were made prisoners; and when he got on shore, there was a parade for execution, such as a scaffold and a guard of soldiers; for it was understood to be the orders with which the Spaniards came to attack the settlement, that every body that was conquered, and had made resistance, should be put to death; but when they inquired, and found Captain Nugent, who had no arms in his boat, and did not resist, they contented themselves with blindfolding, stripping, and handcuffing him. He was confined, with his boat's crew, in a close prison. During their operations, a great number of *batteaux*, assisted by an armed schooner, attacked the Racehorse, and attempted to board her; but she was so gallantly and obstinately defended by Lieutenant Trott, his Officers, and people, that the Spaniards were repulsed with great slaughter. On board the Racehorse, two men only were killed, and three wounded. When the Racehorse had beaten off the Spaniards, she repaired immediately to bring up the Pomona from Quay Boquel; and as soon as the frigate appeared in sight, the Spaniards, to the amount of 500, took to their craft, and quitted the Quay with great precipitation, leaving Captain Nugent, his people, and the inhabitants, in close confinement, from which they released themselves; and Captain Nugent, in his boat, retook possession of a brig, which was aground, and the Spaniards had captured when they came into the harbour. This brig, at the solicitation of the inhabitants, who had furnished her with seamen, Captain Nugent armed, and sent to the river Belez, to cover the embarkation of the property there belonging to the English settlers, with directions that she should, after performing that service, repair in quest of the ships under my command, and in case of not meeting with us, make the best of their way to

Jamaica. Thinking this information too incomplete to dispatch the Racehorse with to Jamaica, I directed Lieutenant Trott, as soon as he quitted Omoa, to go in quest of the brig to the river Belez, and afterwards to repair to George's Quay, and land the people who had served as pilots, and were desirous of being put on shore there; and after making such other enquiries as I thought necessary to direct him to do, I ordered her to join the squadron in the bay of Truxillo, where she arrived the 4th of October, and informed me that the brig armed by Captain Nugent had nearly collected the different settlers in the bay; that 70 of them were on board, and more than 200 under escort in small craft; and that he had directed them to Truxillo, on their way to Black River. They, however, did not appear while I was there; and the King's ships being wooded and watered, I put to sea with them, having directed Lieutenant Trott to give every assistance in his power towards forwarding the brig with the Bay men to Black River, in the Musquitto shore, if they arrived at Truxillo while he was taking in his water. The pilots the Racehorse carried to George's Quay, finding no King's vessel there, or security for their persons, left it; and the inhabitants of every settlement we claimed in the Bay relinquished their property, not thinking it tenable against the superior numbers of the Spaniards, and were removing as fast as possible, some to Jamaica, but the major part of them to Black River, on the Musquitto shore. In this disagreeable situation were things in the Bay of Honduras, when I left it upon the 4th of October; but on the 7th fortune changed her face upon us, and presented to our view the Porcupine sloop of war, having under her convoy a detachment of troops belonging to the Loyal Irish, and some Musquitto Indians, under the command of Capt. Commandant Dalrymple, who was as desirous as myself of making a land and sea attack upon the garrison of Omoa and the Spanish galleons: I therefore took immediate measures to secure the services of these people who had been driven from St. George's Quay, by making sail myself for Truxillo, and dispatching the frigates to Bonaccoa and Utilla, in quest of our vessels with the Bay men; Lieutenant Trott, of the Racehorse, I sent to Rattan on the same service. They all returned to me with expedition and success, bringing a reinforcement of 250 men. We forthwith set to work, made escalading ladders, fascines, sand-bags, and every other requisite in our power, for carrying on a siege: having settled the plan of attack, gave full instructions to the Captains and Officers who were to carry it into execution; and on the morning of the 10th of October, I sailed with the Lowestoffe, Pomona, Porcupine, Racehorse, three schooners, and a number of small

craft, for Porto Cavallo Bay, and anchored the fleet there close in shore.

"On the evening of the 16th, Captain Pakenham, to whom I entrusted the command of landing the troops, executed my orders in so officer-like and expeditious a manner, that the whole was formed and marched from the beach before eleven o'clock that night. From the intricacy of the roads, and other circumstances, our troops were prevented from making any great progress before the next morning, when they pushed forward with alacrity to gain the commanding ground on the Governor's house; and having driven away the Spaniards who contended for the possession of it, we occupied that very important post, but were so annoyed by the enemy's musketry from the town, as to compel our troops to set fire to it. In the midst of the flame I arrived off the harbour of Omoa; and the wind, I flattered myself, would have carried us close to the enemy's batteries. I therefore made the signal for the Lowestoffe to lead us to action; it was obeyed by Captain Parker with alacrity and spirit. When we opened the eastern point, the enemy began to fire at the Lowestoffe, Charon, Pomona, and Porcupine; but no shots were returned till their guns had so lulled the wind as to leave us little prospect of getting nearer to them; so that rather to cover ourselves from the aim by smoke, than to look for success from a distant cannonade, the Charon and Lowestoffe began to fire; the Pomona was not able to get within reach of her guns; and as soon as I had the power, I laid the ship's head to the offing; a breeze springing up soon after to the northward, I made the signal to tack, thinking we should certainly fetch where we wished to do; in this, however, we were disappointed, the wind baffling and forsaking us. The Lowestoffe ran ashore, and received a heavy fire from the enemy, but she paid off again; before our boats could get to their assistance, their hulls, masts, and yards were so much disabled as to oblige me to send her to anchor to leeward, and there to refit. The Charon's rudder was choaked by a shot, which filled the space between it and the stern-post with splinters; part of her wheel was shot away, and the mizzen-mast badly wounded.

"On the 18th, Captain Dalrymple being anxious for artillery being sent up to a battery he was constructing on Governor's Hill, I ordered the guns from the Porcupine to be landed; they were drawn up by the sailors through a heavy road, and up a deep ascent, to a spot where they did remarkable execution; but our time being precious, from various considerations, and the heat of the climate making this duty more fatiguing to our people, it was

concluded on between Captain Dalrymple and myself, to attempt an escalade the following morning; and the King's ships to co-operate, by cannonading the wall against the sea.

"I made the signal settled for the attack; I weighed anchor at three o'clock, the Pomona and Lowestoffe standing for the eastern, and the Charon for the western angle of the fort, which I began to cannonade, when Captain Dalrymple, in a most gallant and exemplary manner, stormed on the land side with the seamen and marines, and subdued the enemy with the loss of little blood. We took immediate possession of two register ships richly laden, which, with the cargoes of other vessels of less note, will amount to the sum of three millions of piastres or dollars.

"The fort is an amazing pile of buildings; the greatest part of it is an admirable sort of stone; the remainder is brick. It has cost the Spaniards twenty-four years labour, and the lives of thousands of their subjects. Since it has been taken, we are astonished, from the strength of it, that it was so easily vanquished. The Spanish Governor is very solicitous to ransom the fort, and has offered 300,000 dollars for it. The 250 quintals of quicksilver which came from Old Spain, and we have now taken, the Spaniards would have bought at any price, saying, they would give double its value, because they should have no other means to work any of the valuable mines in the province. Their reasons for wishing it determined me not to part with a single ounce of the quicksilver, nor would I consent to ransom the fort. The number of prisoners in the enemy's fort far exceeded the troops that stormed it, and whose undaunted behaviour has added so much lustre to the British arms. Their humanity has not been less conspicuous than their bravery; nor can there be a greater contrast than between the treatment received by the King's subjects at George's Quay, which surrendered at discretion, and the Spanish garrison of Omoa, though taken by storm; Captain Dalrymple's orders and my wishes have been punctually obeyed, even by the Musquitto men, and those of Honduras that received such ill-treatment. Proper respect has been shewn to the Governor, Spanish officers, soldiers, and inhabitants; neither clothes, watches, pocket-money, nor other effects have been taken from these prisoners. The ornaments of the church the captors have agreed to give back, if the Spanish Court does punctually comply with the agreement respecting the exchange of prisoners. The uniform bravery and good conduct of all the officers and seamen under my command, may make it appear ungracious to mark particular people; but the services rendered by Captain Pakenham and Lieutenant Trott, call for my most earnest

recommendation of them to their Lordships' favour. The former gentleman, who is the bearer of these dispatches, can give more perfect information respecting the reduction of this fort and settlement. Captain Nugent has exerted himself upon every point of duty in a distinguished manner. I am not particularly acquainted with the merits of individuals who served on shore, except that Commandant Dalrymple is entitled to infinite honour and praise for the gallant manner in which he led the troops to the escalade. Captain Cardan exhibited many proofs of his abilities as an engineer and a soldier. I must leave it with Captain Commandant Dalrymple to give due praise to all those whose services on shore call for it; he will, I am sure, take notice of Lieutenant Wightman, of the marines, who was wounded under the enemy's walls, and of those who have deserved it at his hands. I have the pleasure to assure your Lordships, that the most perfect harmony and co-operation have subsisted between the King's troops employed at sea and on shore. Such services as have been in my power to render my country, I trust will prove agreeable to his Majesty.

"I am, Sir
"Your very humble servant,
"JOHN LUTTRELL."

A Return of the killed and wounded on board his Majesty's Ships, Charon, Lowestoffe, and Porcupine, in an Action against the Catholic King's Fort of St. Fernando de Omoa, on the 17th of October, 1779.

	Killed.	*Wounded.*
Charon	1	6
Lowestoffe . . .	3	5
Porcupine	1	0

A Return of the killed and wounded on board the Racehorse armed vessel, at George's Quay, in the Bay of Honduras, the 13th of Sept. 1779.

	Killed.	*Wounded.*
Racehorse . . .	2	3

Captain Nugent remained cruising on the Jamaica station until the year 1781. In the summer of 1782 he accompanied Sir Peter Parker to England, in his Majesty's ship the Pomona, who, at the end of July, arrived at Spithead in the Sandwich, with the

Comte de Grasse, and several other French officers of rank, who had been taken prisoners on April 12.

It will be recollected that, at the close of 1782, negotiations were commenced by the belligerent powers for the restoration of a general peace, which was ratified in the course of the succeeding year; consequently the naval services of our officer were no longer requisite, and he was allowed a breathing time from the toils of war and the severe duties of his profession. Captain Nugent, however, did not remain wholly inactive; for, shortly after his return to England, he had the honour of obtaining a seat in Parliament. He was to have been returned for the borough of St. Mawes, in Cornwall; but in consequence of a family arrangement between the Marquis of Buckingham, then Lord Temple, and the late Earl of Nugent, he became the representative for the town of Buckingham, and a friend of the Marquis was returned by Lord Nugent for St. Mawes. This event took place, we believe, in the year 1783, and Captain Nugent remained in the House during the whole Parliament.

It is related of Addison, that, though the most eloquent writer of his age, he never but once attempted to deliver his sentiments in the Senate, and that, so great was his confusion at that moment, so wholly did his confidence desert him, that he was compelled to resume his seat without completing a sentence. We know not whether a similar diffidence operated on the feelings of Captain Nugent; but it is worthy of remark, that during the seven years in which he held a seat in the House of Commons, he never once publicly addressed the Speaker of that Assembly. It is worthy of remark also, that, with one exception, Captain Nugent uniformly voted with the Ministry of that day. The exception to which we allude, was at the time when the Duke of Richmond's system of fortifications was rejected by the House. Captain Nugent, however, was still in the *majority;* for, the votes of the members being equal, the Speaker was necessitated to decide the question, which he did, by declaring against the system. Our officer's motive for this dereliction, we presume to have originated in his thinking, as we believe every honest tar does think, that the grand defence of our country is in its marine, and that an extensive system of fortifications would tend to a neglect of that important object. It is possible, too, that he might consider the measure to be contrary to the spirit of the constitution, as requiring a large standing army, and employing too great a portion of the force of the country in its defence.

We believe Captain Nugent remained unemployed till 1793, when the late war was commenced against the French Republic.

On December 26, in that year, Vice-Admiral Sir John Jervis sailed from Spithead, in the Boyne, of 98 guns, with a squadron of ships of war, having under his convoy a fleet of transports, with troops on board, commanded by General Sir Charles Grey, and destined for the West Indies. Captain Nugent sailed with this squadron, in the Veteran, a sixty-four gun ship. After a passage of nearly six weeks, the squadron arrived at Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, whence they obtained a considerable reinforcement, and on February 3, 1794, proceeded to the attack of Martinico. Before March 16, the whole island, excepting Forts Bourbon and Royal, was in possession of the English; and, it being determined to attempt the town and Fort Royal by assault, scaling-ladders were prepared, and the Asia [1] and Zebra [2] were appointed to hold themselves in readiness "to enter the careenage, in order to batter the fort and to cover the flat boats, barges, and pinnaces under the command of Commodore Thompson, supported by Captains Nugent and Riou, while the grenadiers and light infantry from the camp at Sourierre, advanced with field-pieces along the side of the hill under Fort Bourbon, towards the bridge, over the canal, at the back of Fort Royal." [3] The result of this plan, which was successful in every part, excepting that of the Asia getting into her station, will be seen by the following official letter from Commodore Thompson to Vice-Admiral Sir J. Jervis:—

"*Fort Royal, March* 20, 1794.

"SIR,

"I HAVE the pleasure to acquaint you, that the only loss we have sustained in the capture of Fort Royal, is the pilot of the Zebra killed, and four seamen belonging to the same wounded. So soon as I perceived she could fetch in, I gave orders to Captains Nugent and Riou, who commanded the flat-boats, which, with the men embarked in them, were laying upon their oars, to push in and mount the walls; when every exertion was made, and the boats seemed to fly towards the forts. Captain Faulkner, in the mean time, in a most spirited and gallant manner entered the harbour through the fire of all their batteries, and laid his sloop alongside the walls, there being deep water close to them; when the enemy, terrified at his audacity, the flat-boats full of seamen pulling towards them, and the appearance of the troops from all quarters, struck their colours to the Zebra. A well-directed and

[1] Of 64 guns, commanded by Captain Brown.
[2] Of 16 guns, commanded by Captain Faulkner.
[3] *Vide* Sir J. Jervis's dispatches on the occasion.

steady fire from the gun-boats under Lieutenant Bowen, as also from our batteries, was of great service. The alacrity and steadiness of the officers and seamen in general, under my command, was such, that I had not the least doubt of success against the whole force of the enemy, had they disputed our entrance.

"The fort is full of ammunition and stores of all sorts; but the buildings are in a miserable condition, from the effects of our bombs, the gun-boats, and batteries.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"C. THOMPSON."

M. Rochambeau, who commanded in Fort Bourbon, having witnessed the success of the British arms at Fort Royal, sent out his aide-de-camp with a flag, offering to surrender on capitulation. Had this not been the case, however, the place must immediately have fallen by storm. Captain Faulkner, we believe, was the first person on the walls, and Captain Nugent the second. The Lieutenant of the latter hauled down the hostile colours; and during the negotiation, Captain Nugent held the command of the fort. The terms of surrender were adjusted on the 22nd, and on the following day Captain Nugent, in conjunction with General Whyte, had the honour of hoisting the English colours, when the name of Fort Bourbon was changed to that of Fort George.

The whole of the loss sustained by the British Navy at Martinico amounted only to fifteen killed and thirty-two wounded.

To the reduction of Martinico immediately succeeded the capture of St. Lucia, without the loss of a single man.

The naval and military commanders having left a sufficient number of troops for the protection of St. Lucia, returned thence to Fort Royal Bay, where they arrived on the evening of April 5. On the morning of the 8th of the month, Sir John Jervis, with the squadron, troops, etc., sailed to the reduction of Guadaloupe. For a clear and spirited detail of the particulars of this expedition, we must refer our readers to the following extract from Sir Charles Grey's dispatch to the Secretary of State, dated Point à Petre, April 12, 1794; briefly observing, that in the very desperate and hazardous service of carrying Fort Fleur d'Epée by storm, Captain Nugent, who, with Captain Faulkner, commanded a battalion of seamen, very eminently distinguished himself.

"In my dispatch of the 4th instant, I had the honour to acquaint you with the success of his Majesty's arms in the conquest of the island of St. Lucia. Having left Sir C. Gordon to command in that island, I re-embarked the same day, and returned to

Martinique the 5th instant, where we shifted the troops from the King's ships to the transports, took on board during the 6th & 7th, heavy ordnance & stores, provisions, &c. I sailed again in the morning of the 8th following. The Admiral detaching Captain Rogers with the Quebec; Captain Faulkner, with the Blanche; Captain Incledon, with the Ceres; and Captain Scott, with the Rose, to attack the small island called the Saints, which they executed with infinite gallantry and good conduct. Having landed part of the seamen and marines, and carried them in the morning without loss, the Boyne, in which I sailed with the Admiral, and the Veteran, Captain Nugent, anchored off this place about noon, the 10th instant, & some more of the fleet, in the course of the afternoon; but a fresh wind & lee-current prevented most of the transports from getting in till yesterday, & some of them till this day. Without waiting, however, the arrival of all the troops, I made a landing at Grosier Bay at one o'clock in the morning of the 11th instant, under the fire of Fort Grosier & Fort Fleur d'Epée, with part of the first & second battalions of grenadiers, one company of the 43rd regiment, & 500 seamen & marines detached by the Admiral, under the command of Captain George Grey, of the Boyne; the whole under the command of that able & vigilant Officer Colonel Symms, who had infinite merit in the execution of it; and the landing was covered by Lord Garlies, in the Winchelsea, his Lordship having, with infinite judgment & intrepidity, placed his ship so well, & laid it so close to the batteries, that they could not stand to their guns, which were soon silenced. In effecting this essential service Lord Garlies was slightly wounded, and we did not suffer materially in any other respect. Some more of the troops arrived, & perceiving the enemy in considerable force & number at the strong situation of Fort Fleur d'Epée, I determined that no time should be lost in attacking them, and carried those posts by them at five o'clock this morning, under a heavy fire of cannon & musketry, although they were found infinitely strong, and changed the name of Fort d'Epée to Fort Prince of Wales; our troops being ordered, which was strictly obeyed, not to fire, but to execute every thing with the bayonet, having previously made the following disposition:—The first division under the command of his Royal Highness Prince Edward, consisting of the first & second battalions of grenadiers, & 100 of the naval battalion, to attack the Port in Morne Marigot. The second division, commanded by Major-General Dundas, consisting of the first & second battalion of light infantry, & 100 of the naval battalion, to attack the fort of Fleur d'Epée in the rear, & to cut off its com-

munication with Fort Louis and Point à Petre. The third, commanded by Colonel Symms, consisting of the third battalion of grenadiers, and the third battalion of light infantry, & the remainder of the naval battalion, to proceed by the road on the sea-side, & to co-operate with Major-General Dundas. The detachments of the naval battalion, who were of the most essential service in those brilliant actions, were very ably commanded by Captains Nugent & Faulkner. The signal for the whole to commence the attack, was a gun from the Boyne, by the Admiral, at five o'clock this morning. The several divisions having marched earlier, according to the distance they had to go, to be ready to combine & commence the attack at the same instant; & this service was perfected with much exactitude, superior ability, spirit & good conduct, by the officers who severally commanded these divisions, & every officer & soldier under them, as to do them more honour than I can find words to convey an adequate idea of, or to express the high sense I entertain of their extraordinary merit on this occasion. The success we have already had, put us in possession of Grand Terre, and we shall use our utmost exertions to get in possession of Basse Ferre; also, with all possible expedition to complete the conquest of this island. The return of the killed & wounded, & also a return of the killed & wounded and prisoners taken of the enemy, are transmitted herewith. The Commanding Officer of the Artillery has not brought the return of ordnance & ordnance stores taken, but they shall be transmitted by the next opportunity."

In this affair, the loss sustained by the English Army amounted to fifteen killed and forty-five wounded; by the Navy, two midshipmen and eleven seamen wounded. The loss of the enemy was sixty-seven killed, fifty-five wounded, and a hundred and ten prisoners.

The surrender of Basse Terre, by capitulation, comprehending the whole island of Guadaloupe, with its dependencies, immediately followed this successful achievement.

Captain Nugent was sent home with dispatches, announcing the above event. He arrived in London on the 20th of May. In the letter from Sir John Jervis, of which he was the bearer, he is thus mentioned—

"Captain Nugent, who carries this dispatch, will recite many parts of the detail, which, in the various operations I had to concert, have escaped my memory. He served with the naval battalions at Martinique, St. Lucia, and in this island, and was present at many of the most important strokes."

Some time after Captain Nugent's return home, Captain

Pakenham being extremely ill, and supposed to be dying, at Bath, he was appointed to his ship, the Gibraltar, of 80 guns; but about a fortnight after, to Captain Nugent's great surprise, Capt. Pakenham came on board, perfectly well, and resumed the command.

During the suspension, and previously to the trial of Captain Molly, in the spring of 1795, Captain Nugent commanded his ship, the Caesar, of 80 guns; after which, he was appointed to the Pompée, another eighty-gun ship, which had been taken from the French at Toulon.

He proceeded with the Pompée to Spithead; but after he had seen her completely fitted, and after the Court Martial on Captain Molloy had terminated, the First Lieutenant of the Caesar, in compliance with the wishes of her crew, waited upon Captain Nugent, and solicited him to apply for the command of that ship. A stronger proof than this, of high respect and esteem for an officer, can scarcely be given—a respect and esteem which Captain Nugent's conciliating conduct has ever entitled him to, and which he still holds in the service in an unabated degree. The flattering request was acceded to; Captain Nugent resigned the Pompée, and obtained the Caesar, in which ship he continued to be constantly employed in the Channel Fleet, until he received his flag, as Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

During this time Captain Nugent sailed in a detachment under Admiral Cornwallis, to block up the French squadron under the command of Richery, in the Harbour of Calais.

On the 8th of October, 1796, Spain declared war against Great Britain; and in the December following, Captain Nugent accompanied Rear-Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, with a cruising squadron, to the westward, in quest of the French Admiral Richery, who was then supposed to be returning from Newfoundland. In this cruise, Captain Nugent bore a distinguishing pendant in the Caesar.

We now draw to the close of our officer's professional services, as far as they have yet extended.

On the 20th of February, 1797, Captain Nugent was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue Squadron; on the 14th of February, 1799, he was made Rear-Admiral of the Red; and on the 1st of January, 1801, he was still farther promoted to the rank which he now holds, that of Vice-Admiral of the Blue Squadron.

In 1805 he was Captain of the Fleet off Brest under Cornwallis; after which he had no further service, but was promoted to be Admiral on 28 April, 1808, and Admiral of the Fleet on 24 April, 1833. On 12 March, 1834, he received the Grand Cross of the

Hanoverian Order, and died on 7 January, 1844, aged 85. He was married and left issue one daughter.

Not many years before his death Sir Charles was an inmate of Charing Cross Hospital, from having accidentally broken his leg by slipping off the kerb-stone near the Nelson Monument, from which accident however he perfectly recovered.

* * * * * * *

It is a remarkable coincidence, and the fact is of itself singular in the annals of the United Services, that while Sir Charles Nugent was the Senior Admiral of the Navy, his brother, Sir George, was at the time the oldest General Officer in the Army.

APPENDIX III

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBERT NUGENT, JUNIOR.

ROBERT, JUNIOR, whom we left with Father Lynch, remained with him for a few years, and was then removed from Galway to Dublin, and placed under Fagan's care in Wine Tavern Street, at the same Academy where his father and most of his family had been educated.

Nugent still continued the meagre allowance of ten pounds a year, which was a very inadequate sum to provide the requisite board, clothes, schooling and books: the boy was therefore subjected to very bad usage, being incessantly taunted with the insufficiency of such mean pay, his life moreover being rendered less happy on account of a misfortune which affected not only himself but his school-fellows in general, and which is described with a certain degree of unconscious humour by the boy himself as follows:—

"A certain person whose authority in the house was not little, being terribly addicted to drinking, hesitated not to make use of the basest means to attain the intoxicating juice; day after day our books, hats, buckles, and what not, went to wrack; for which, as no account could be given, we were sure to smart severely; at length the thief was detected, but in lieu of being relieved, our distress was only increased by the discovery; how dared the subtle young villains impose so gross a falsehood upon him? was he to be deceived by so shallow an artifice? in short, the blows were not only heavier, but more frequent, occasioned by numberless lies invented through a motive of revenge. But length of time produced so flagrant a proof that the most partial eyes could no longer be kept closed; a pair of new buckskin breeches, he had scarcely worn a week, were artfully conveyed away from under

his pillow, a theft of this nature would not long bear secrecy; an advertisement was published in the daily papers, which soon produced the breeches from a wardrobe in Plunket Street (a street where all sorts of old, and second-hand cloathes are bought and sold, being little inferior in business of that kind to Monmouth Street in London), and brought the thing so home to the Party we had so often accused in vain, as would admit of no excuse. The consequence was very severe reprimands from most of the boys' parents, and the decrease of his school by others taking theirs away; in short, so great was his vexation at his business declining together with the various intemperancies and irregularities he daily more and more experienced, as sometime afterwards to cut short the thread of his life, and force him to seek that peace in the grave, which he could not find on earth."

Nugent entirely neglected his son during the last two or three years of his being at the Academy, and the means of his support entirely proceeded from his mother's relations, though he was never allowed to see any of them: his father's sisters, however, took considerable notice of him, and sent for him on holidays to their house in Smithfield, and took him to plays and other amusements.

About this time Col. Michael Nugent fell seriously ill. He had always deeply regretted his son's unpardonable conduct which had led to a breach so irremediable between his family and the Nugents of Donore, and being an upright and humane man he strongly felt the importance of his son's fulfilling his duty towards the unhappy boy whom he had been the means of bringing into the world. Col. Nugent had moreover a great affection for the boy, and had often visited him whilst under the tuition of Father Lynch. "I still remember," writes the boy some years afterwards, "the frequent admonitions, the strict orders given by the good old gentleman to the priest, concerning me; and have seen the big tear overflow its banks, whilst he delivered the salutary charge." On his deathbed therefore Michael Nugent implored his son to do his duty, declaring that unless he would give his most solemn assurance to make the boy a suitable provision, he would do so himself. Robert gave the promise, and his father died without altering his will. Shortly after this his mother died, and upon her death-bed at Bath she extracted the same assurances which he promised most faithfully to fulfil.

Robert Nugent, junior, had up to this period been supported by his mother's relations; but when he had reached the age of ten, which was then considered old enough to be introduced to business of some kind, they determined to send him to his father in

England that he might reap the benefit of the solemn engagements he had entered into at the request of his dying parents. With that end in view they obtained from Mrs. O'Byrne a written statement declaring that the boy was the real son of Robert Nugent, Esq., of Gosfield.

Upon arriving in London the boy wrote to his father as he had been recommended, and awaited his reply at an inn called the 'Castle' in Aldersgate Street.

It will be seen that much of the foregoing narrative is taken almost textually from contemporary accounts. So far there is little reason to doubt, at all events, the general truth of the story.

Some years afterwards he himself describes the scene of his first meeting with his father, and of his subsequent experiences in a work which he dignifies with the title of an Historical Novel deduced from the distresses of real life called *The Oppressed Captive*, in which he professes to give an impartial and candid account of the unparalleled sufferings of Caius Silius Nugenius, by which he signifies himself, at the suit of an implacable and relentless parent, whom he names Tiberius Nugenius. How far his account is a true one it is impossible to conjecture, but it is probable that at least it is partly accurate, and as it is highly characteristic of the times I propose to allow him to tell his story in his own words.

"I was kept in suspense," he writes, "two or three days before I heard anything in return; when late one evening, a post chaise drove violently into the inn-yard, a lusty tall gentleman, wrapp'd up in a horseman's coat, immediately stepped out, and coming into the house, in a voice the tone of which, not being modulated in the mildest strain, conveyed no very favourable opinion of the speaker to the ideas of the standers by, thus addressed himself to the lord of the *Castle*, 'Have you got, friend, in your custody a white-headed boy from *Ireland?*' 'Yes.' 'Why then do you not bring him?' 'You never implied so much before,' was returned: 'If you was not stupid, friend, there could have been no necessity to explain myself any farther': 'You might speak a little civiler howsomever,' replied the landlord, 'but a horse as never eat oats, one cannot expect to——' he was proceeding, when the gentleman's wide coat turning aside accidentally discovered the blaze of a broad gold lace, which had hitherto been concealed, the sight of which had such an effect upon the Publican as to make him forget the remaining part of his coarse proverb, and elevating his voice a degree higher, 'Why, Tim, do you not light his honour upstairs, as you see he is in such a haste; what would your honour please to have brought up?'

'Bring a bottle of wine.' 'A bottle of wine to the rose this moment: Please your honour permit me to light you up.'

"Such was the dialogue, which with an aching heart I listened attentively to on the stair-head.

"Upon entering the room. 'Set down the wine, friend, and retire.' Which being complied with, he drew a chair, and calling me from the corner of the room where I was retired, and biting the ends of my fingers through fear—'well, my boy,' says he, 'you come from *Ireland*, I suppose?' 'Yes sir,' I replied, 'some days ago.' 'Ah, ah, your tongue betrays that sufficiently. Who is your father?' '*Tiberius Nugenius* of *Gosfield*, Sir': 'who told you that, boy? you must be mistaken, that gentleman informs me otherwise': 'I was always esteemed as such in *Ireland*, both by his relations and my mother's'; 'all lies, all lies,' said he with a smile, and pouring out a glass of wine, 'come drink, I suppose you can drink; if *Tiberius* is your father you can drink.'—after I had drank, 'if you are the person you say, and that I came to enquire after, you have the mark of a deep scar, occasion'd by a burn, on the left side your belly'; which was no sooner said, than pulling me to him, he took out my shirt, and having seen the distinguishing characteristic, 'it is all right,' said he; and after a considerable pause, ordered me to ring the bell.

"The landlord coming up, 'do you know me,' was asked? 'No, Sir,' 'what,' says he, 'dont you know esquire *Forbes* of *Dover-street?*' 'Though I know the street very well, I cannot say I have knowledge of any such gentleman'; 'well,' says he, calling him aside, in a whisper loud enough for me to hear, 'my name is *Nugenius*, but for some private reasons do not chose the youth should be made acquainted with it as just yet,' then raising his voice, and at the same time drawing out his purse, 'here, landlord,' said he, 'is some money, do you procure the youth some cloths, more suitable to appear in, than what are on his back; I shall call again in a few days, and satisfy you for your trouble, in the meantime as I have no further occasion for you, you are at liberty to go down stairs.'

"When left to ourselves, addressing himself to me, 'have you brought along with you no letters from your mother and friends in *Ireland?*' 'none, Sir,' I replied, 'excepting a certificate of my birth, wrote by my mother'; which I no sooner produced, than he snatched it from me, and with an air of seeming indifference, not without symptoms of anger, tore it to pieces, saying, 'as this idle paper will be of no use but to exasperate *Nugenius* against you, think me your friend in destroying it; be cautious what you

say, and expect to hear more in a little time'; which was no sooner said, than he went away, and left me to reflect upon my melancholy situation.

"Some days after this, one Mr. *Bristow*, a perriwig maker in St. *Alban's-Street*, came to the inn, with orders from my father to discharge the small arrears due to the landlord, and take me along with him to his own house: I soon found that it had been determined that this *Bristow* should take me as an apprentice; and was to receive as a premium at my being bound, fifty pounds, for initiating me in the profound art, and mysteries, of which he was a professor.

"Conscious my own abilities would never let me attain to the degree of an adept, in this noble science, and after some days spent at the powder tub, I with great difficulty prevail'd upon my father, to extricate me out of the suds, and rather than compel me to depend upon so mean a business for my future subsistence, a business so much inferior to the rank and character of both my parents, as well as my education; to give me the liberty of serving his majesty on board one of his ships of war, tho' it were in the meanest capacity, I was the more emboldened to ask this favour, as such a proposal had been made me some time before.

"This request of mine with seeming reluctance, at length was granted: the station procur'd me, though no greater than that of captain's servant, as it was the gift of my generous father, I cheerfully accepted of. In which capacity, I sometime afterwards embarked on board his majesty's ship the *Windsor* of sixty guns, capt. *Thomas Hannaway* commander, not in the least doubting from my father's affluent fortune I should in every respect be suitably equip'd for the service I was now engaged in.

"With this persuasion I took leave of my father, who as a fresh proof of his affection, sent me by the hands of his valet, one *Christopher Cannon*, a present of five shillings, no doubt to bear my expences down to *Plymouth* in the same proportion, he extended his liberality to my sea-chest, which not being stored with one half the compliment usual on such occasions, would have proved quite insufficient, had it not been for the generosity and kindness of the captain, who, out of compassion, ordered his own taylor to furnish me with what was wanting.

"During the short time I was on the watery element, I had twice the pleasure of seeing my country triumph in her native ocean, being present at the destruction of two *French* fleets in the same year, the first by those experienced commanders, Lord *Anson* and Sir *Peter Warren*, and the second, by the never too much esteemed and gallant admiral *Hawke*.

" As the defeat of those fleets, and the capture of so many fine ships, the distress of the *Gallich*, and the glory of the *British* flag, in that remarkable year, cannot be unknown to any of my readers, I shall set aside giving any account of those glorious actions, and proceed to myself.

" On my return to *England*, at the conclusion of the late general peace, being discharged from my ship, and desirous of giving the most early testimonies of my duty and obedience, I waited upon my father, and presented him with my letter of attorney, to receive my prize money, which amounted to a considerable sum, and frequently on my future visits, humbly entreated him to make some other provision for me.

" Some time after, my father informed me, he had procured me a berth, in the honourable *East-India* company, which he called a lieutenant of an *India* craft, and upon which station I was immediately to enter, but several circumstances which had lately occurred, giving me no small room to suspect the integrity of my father's intentions, and strongly pointing out to me, the necessity of the greatest circumspection: I had recourse to the advice of friends, who recommended it to me, to enquire into the nature of such a station, and the reality of my father's having procured it for me.

" According I made application to some gentleman in the *India House*, and quickly found the prudence of such precaution; being informed, I was to be enrolled by the fictitious name of *Thomas Plunkett*, and in no other station, than that of Captain's servant as before, the astonishment of so dark a design in my own father, I may justly say, needs no description; for what had I not to apprehend, from so suspicious a circumstance: but, alas! this was only the prologue to such scenes of inhumanity, as no christian ear can hear without amazement, or story parallel. The strange name of *Plunkett* occasion'd the greatest confusion in my breast, a name I had never assumed, but on the contrary was an utter stranger to, except so far as knowing it to be the maiden name of my father's first lady. However, I resolved to conceal my apprehensions as much as possible, and only express my aversion to the voyage, and in the most humble manner entreated, he would be pleased to make some other provision for me, but finding my father inflexible in his resolution, and that I could promise myself but small success from my intreaties, I plainly acquainted him with the discovery I had made at the *India-House*, and the information I had from thence received. Stung at the discovery, and looking upon his designs, at least for that time frustrated, he burst out into the extremist rage, denounced vengeance against me,

for my disobedience as he termed it, banished me his presence, and charged me to approach him, or his house no more at my peril!

"As soon as I was recover'd from the confusion this hard sentence plunged me in, I besought him to let me have part of my prize money, for my subsistance, but that, this inexorable parent also denied, alledging it was insuficient to repay the expences, he had been at, in bringing me up: thus in a moment surrounded with penury and distress, without parent, without friend, exposed to the wide world, beset with ills, covered with misfortunes, and drove by a torrent of despair; what could I do? I had heard that his late royal highness the *Prince of Wales*, tho' placed in too exalted a sphere to be acquainted with the common calamities and distresses of human nature, was possessed of a heart susceptible of every tender impression, and a ready hand always stretch'd out to raise up affliction from the dust, or succour with liberal bounty the pangs of unmerited distress; to him, my father being then steward of his household, I determined most humbly to address myself, and lay the detail of my sorrows at his feet, which I accordingly did, when his most royal highness, upon enquiry into the truth of my case, was most graciously pleased to order me an immediate supply, and also condescended to lay his commands on my father, to provide for me as in duty he ought. But my father was so greatly incensed at this application, that regardless of his royal injunctions, he was now resolved to set no bounds to his persecution.

"I lodged at the *George Inn* in the *Hay-Market*, when early one morning, who should pay me a visit but my *quondam* friend the perriwig-maker; a man dedicated to my father's purposes, and made use of by him, as an instrument to execute his unnatural designs upon his own child. This humane gentleman, covering his fraudulent intent under the cloak of friendship, after passing the common salutation, told me the purpose of his coming was to acquaint me, that *Tiberius* in person intended to call upon me at eleven, and that he certainly had something in view, very advantageous to my interest, which would then be communicated, so desired me not to be absent at the time appointed: highly animated with so uncommon a mark of my father's kindness, my bosom glowed with gratitude, and I ardently wished for the hour that would permit me at his feet to implore his pity, and ask his benediction; the long expected hour at length arrived, and every moment increased my anxiety; the rapturous tumult which agitated my mind, at the hopes of meeting, so unexpectedly meeting, a kind relenting parent, far exceeds the description of the most fervent pen, and nothing but the indelible characters which nature hath stamped upon the human soul, can possibly give a

true idea of. As I sat in my window, with a soul full of expectation, my heart rebounded at the sound of every coach, and my eyes were attentively fix'd upon the remotest chair in view; the sound of a person enquiring for *Nugenius* at length struck my ears: I hurried down stairs, and the sight of a great bluff fellow, with an iron countenance, struck an immediate damp all over me; 'where is the gentleman?' 'that is *Nugenius*,' was answered from the barr, 'then, Sir, I have some business with you, a letter, Sir;' and calling me into the entry; 'a gentleman whom you claim a near relation to,' says he, with a gastly smile, 'sends you this letter,' which drawing forth from a greasy pocket book, he added; 'is without farther ceremony neither more nor less than a warrant; you must go along with me this instant before justice *Fielding*'; incapable of answering, I was dragged through the publick streets in an inhuman manner, to the magistrates house in *Bow-street, Covent Garden;* the justice was no sooner informed of my being there, than a messenger was sent to acquaint my father, who immediately attended; on his arrival, I was directly ordered in, which order was countermanded till a conference was ended, which my father had desired; at length being ordered admittance, I was thus addressed by his worship:—

"'How come you, Sir, to be troublesome to this gentleman?' in the midst of my confusion I replied, 'he was my father, and hope he will be kind enough to do something for me, so far as to relieve me from my present distress'; whereupon my father turning short to the justice, he said, 'Sir, 'twill be better to send the fellow to *Bridewell*, than be troubled with his impertinence;' terrified with the dread of a prison, I fell on my knees and offered to comply with anything that should be proposed; my father then applying himself to Mr. *Fielding*, said, 'I am eternally teased both in public and in private about him; and never shall be at ease, till he is locked up;' adding in the most unbecoming language, 'those B—ch's of Quality, either feel for him, or pretend to do so, to such a degree that the perpetual laram now sounds in my ear'; the justice casting his eyes upon me, seeming to be mov'd, expressed some signs of lenity and compassion; and the whole tenour of my father's actions towards me, which encouraged by him, I gave a full account of, appearing perfectly cruel and inhuman, not only he, but several other gentlemen then present, generously became intercessors with my father in my behalf, whereupon he proposed giving me ten pounds, upon condition I should go instantly to *Ireland*, where he agreed to remit me the same sum annually, for four years to come, but that I should in their presence execute a bond for the whole fifty pounds; to this

I agreed, received the ten pounds, and executed the bond in the penalty of one hundred pounds, with a special covenant for my immediate departure, which when I signed *Nugenius*, he struck out, and obliged me to sign by the feigned name of *Thomas Plunkett*, though the justice was kind enough to remonstrate with him upon that head, by reason that the warrant had been filled up with *Nugenius*, but in vain.

"Being by this means delivered from the warrant; pursuant to the engagement in a few days I embarked for *Ireland*, comforting myself with the hopes of a better fortune, and that by my industry and application in some business or other, I might be able to secure a decent support, the aforesaid allowance had it been paid me, being barely sufficient to keep me from starving.

"On my arrival in *Ireland*, I immediately addressed myself to all those, from whose generosity or compassion I could hope the least favour or assistance, informed them of my earnest desire of entering into some business, and it was no small consolation to me, to find my intentions approved, and amongst others, the honourable colonel *MacGuire*, a relation of my mother's, assisted me in a particular manner, to get the better of my misfortunes, by procuring me a handsome largess from my mother; which out of his own bounty he increased to a sum of thirty pounds.

"I had likewise about this time, the happiness of meeting with my old friend, Mr. Bond, at the *Globe Coffee-House* in *Essex-street*, *Dublin*, whose humane regards to me I can never sufficiently acknowledge, to whom I related the barbarous treatment I had met with in *London*, which he heard not without amazement. By his advice, I made it my business to look for a shop, properly situated for the sale of groceries in *Dame-street*.

"I soon found one fit for the purpose. I acquainted Mr. *Bond* therewith, who was so kind as to recommend me to the notice of Mr. *Brennan*, a merchant in *Aungier-street:* the money I now was possessed of amounting through the bounty of Mr. *Bond*, to almost forty pounds, was laid out in repairing the shop, and the remaining part was expended in purchasing my stock, Mr. *Brennan* generously giving me credit for as much more.

"Being thus placed behind my compter, my thoughts began to stream in a different current: I flattered myself, by an assiduous application to my business, I might acquire a comfortable support, not doubting but absence, and the insignificant charge I should now be to my father, was he to perform his engagements in the annual allowance, might rid me of all apprehensions for the future, of farther cruelties from his hands; and who would not have entertained the same opinion? but how insatiable is a persecuting

spirit: no testimonies of an industrious disposition, nor the laudable desire of endeavouring, by assiduously prosecuting the business of my little shop, to be capable of supporting myself, could protect me from my father's restless malice, which now began its rapid progress.

"About three weeks after I was settled in business, two ill looking men came into my shop, and asking for some brandy, were no sooner served, than one of them said, 'I suppose, Sir, your name is *Nugenius*.' I answered in the affirmative. 'I shall make bold to change it then by virtue of a writ,' which being immediately produced, struck me with such amazement that I lost the use of speech for some time: 'You don't know one *Tiberius Magnus*,' continued he, at the same time pointing to where the name was wrote, 'nor you don't remember the fifty pounds you borrowed and then ran away with. No, no, you don't remember all this, to be sure;' I answered, 'I hope, gentlemen, my father did not order you to abuse me in the execution of your office;' 'arrah by my shoul, but you are not your father's son,' wisely returned the other, 'for your name is *Plunkett*, but what matters all this jaw, come along, come along to your new lodging.' I entreated earnestly for a few minutes to secure my books and shut up my shop, but was in most abusive language denied, one of the inhumane catchpoles seizing me by the collar, would not permit me even to take what little money I had in my till, but dragged me without ceremonie, to that mansion of wretchedness, the *Black Dog Prison;* the bond which I executed before the justice in *London*, being the instrument made use of to lodge me in this dismal place, it having been in *Dublin* as long as myself.

"Resolved to act with the utmost honour I directly sent an account to Mr. *Brennan* the merchant, of the sad reverse in my affairs, desiring he would sell all my effects, pay himself the sum he had so kindly gave me credit for, and return the balance to me; all which he performed, and justly accounted with me, nor did his favours stop here, for I daily experienced them during my confinement.

"Eight months did I pass away in this goal, liberty appearing in the same point of view as at first, abandoned by my relations, I had almost said by hope itself the last resource of wretchedness, and in the most destitute and abject condition; when it pleased Almighty Goodness to look down upon my distress, and to take away from the weight of my oppression, by inspiring the hearts of a noble earl, and an honourable lady, to compassionate my sufferings, and extricate me from this abyss of misery; in short,

they most generously enabled me to give bail for the action, of which intention, I no sooner gave notice of, according to the due course of the law, to Mr. *Brady* the attorney, culled out by my father as most proper to conduct these proceedings, O might the gain of such honour be the only reward of such pains: but he the more effectually to recommend himself to his employer, by further oppressing the oppressed, charged me with a second action, of one hundred pounds, being the penalty of the said bond, wickedly imagining though I might find bail for fifty, I could not for a hundred and fifty; but this was too flagrant an instance of cruelty to deter my generous friends from their charitable design, who persisting in their compassionate resolutions, I was at length by their means, once more restored to liberty.

"About two days after my release from confinement, I accidentally met my father's agent at the *Globe Coffee-House* in *Dublin*, with whom I remonstrated on my father's proceedings against me, the unparalell'd cruelty of barbarously and unjustly throwing me into a goal, when I was in a capacity genteely to have supported myself, without any further application to him; and by being then, though out of prison, still destitute of every means of support.

"This gentleman, seeing me at liberty, and sensible should I contest that bond, on which I had been detained, I should certainly succeed, and imagining he could not more easily gain my father's esteem (being no stranger to his cruel disposition) than by displaying his art in contriving some further means of oppressing me, hit upon the following method; he affected a great concern at my sufferings, and made a voluntary offer of his utmost services, confessed the treatment I had met with was realy very hard, and expressed an inclination to assist me with a sum of money, could he but form to himself a probability of being repaid, and at length said he would venture to advance me ten pounds, and run the risque. But I replied, that sum would be of no service to me; that I owed some small matters which I was desirous of paying, and intended to embark for Bristol, in order to entreat the advice and assistance of my brother *Tiberinus Nugenius*,[1] who I heard was then there; I was likewise in great want of aparrel; therefore less than twenty pounds would not answer my ends; with little persuasion, this generous and humane gentleman complied, instigated by the father of hypocrisy and lies, artfully to conceal under the cloak of humanity, designs of the blackest

[1] Col. Edmund Nugent, Robert Nugent's son by Emilia, daughter of the Earl of Fingal.

nature; not suspecting his diabolical intentions, and labouring under the greatest anxiety of mind, as well as the most pinching necessity, I was induced to accept this pernicious offer, and executed a bond for the same, in which was inserted a penalty of one thousand pounds; this bond he immediately transmitted to my father in *England*, to be ready for the intended purpose of immuring me again in prison at his pleasure.

"Having received this money, paid my few debts, and provided myself with some necessaries, I embarked for the city of *Bristol*, and on my arrival there, I waited on my brother, to whom I related my sufferings, and intreated his good offices with my father, for obtaining me a restoration to his favour, not being conscious of having forfeited it any otherwise, than by declining his proposal to go to the *East Indies*, and by petitioning his royal highness, the *Prince* of *Wales*, in my great distress, and if these were crimes, they were such only as real distress had occasioned, though I had been persecuted for them with relentless fury; therefore earnestly hoped a brother's sufferings would meet pity, —but alas! how greatly was I disappointed; pity and compassion were banished his breast, and his behaviour proved him an intire stranger to the common principles of humanity.

"Our first meeting was attended with pretty high words; however, he at length condescended so far as to bid me call on him the next day; accordingly in the morning I waited upon him.

"He sent for me up stairs, being yet in bed, though the sun had already gained his highest ascent; he threw open the curtains, and I was immediately complimented with 'how come you, Sir, to be troublesome so early?' 'I thought, Sir, you ordered me to wait upon you this morning;' 'what if I did,' says he, 'is that a reason why you should hunt me before I am out of bed, what do you want, what do you plague me for?' 'Sir,' I replied, 'setting aside the ties of affinity, which you are pleased to deny, though all the rhetorick you are master of will never be able to overpower truth, or persuade the world one man is not our father; let the force of humanity plead for me, stand betwixt me and my father's anger, mitigate his wrath, and let me not be tost about the world destitute of support, and have no place to lay my head; if not to me, be just at least to your father and yourself; prevent the world from censuring.' I was proceeding in this manner, but was interrupted with, 'no methodist sermon, no preaching: Oon's, what would the man have?' 'What is not, Sir, in your power to give, humane usage;' 'I think I am overstocked both with humanity and patience, to hear a detail of such stuff; but I suppose the truth is you come upon the old errand

you have so often seized my father with; money, friend, money: now for a modest request, how much want you?' 'Sir, it is too true, I have no money to carry me up to *London*, what you think proper for that purpose, will do me at present the greatest service.' '*Tom*, give him pen and ink; write a receipt, friend;' 'for what sum, Sir?' 'stay now, I think better of it, I will do it myself, give me the paper;' he wrote upon the pillow, and delivered it to me to sign; I read as follows, 'I promise to pay to *Tiberinus Nugenius*, or order, on demand, the sum of one guinea for value received:' I took no notice of this amazing sum, but cooly taking up the pen, set my name to the paper, then taking up the piece betwixt my finger and thumb, I said, 'this, sir, I shall take care to preserve as a perpetual memorandum of paternal affection, and to what an excess of liberality the force of humanity is capable of urging such a tender hearted man as my brother *Tiberinus*;' I said no more, but turning short, left the room without any further ceremony.

"He wrote an account to my father in *London*, by the next post, of my being in *Bristol*, and the usage he had met with from me, the bond he had received from *Ireland* was immediately transmitted to *Tiberinus*, with a writ thereupon against me in the penalty of one thousand pounds, on non payment; and the cup of my afflictions not being by him thought full enough, another goal was now to be my portion; but as if by being conducted to prison in the ordinary manner was not enough to satisfy the most implacable malice, my good brother, willing to recommend himself to my father by some distinguishing act of inhumanity, condescended to perform the office of a bailiff's setter, in the following manner: a few mornings after our aforesaid conference; as I was walking solitarily towards the *Hot-Wells*, musing upon my melancholy situation, I unexpectedly met in the road my evil genius; he checked his reins upon sight of me, and called me to him. 'Hark you, Sir,' says he, 'meet me at the breakfasting room, about ten o'clock to-morrow, and you shall hear something to your advantage; be sure you fail not being there at the time, because I am obliged to attend business in another place before eleven;' I promised to be punctual, and he spurred on.

"The next morning I failed not my appointment, where I met him according to promise; he retired along with me into a private room, and called for two dishes of coffee; the discourse at length setling upon the old affair, his base innuendoes, and indecent reflections on my mother, compelled some warm words from me; seeming stung with the smartness of one of my answers, he took the opportunity of rising up, and striking the table with great

violence, in an elevated voice, said, 'then, you rascal, if nothing can tame you, but confinement, you shall have sufficient of it,' at which instant the door opening, Mr. *Rhodes* the bailiff attended by one of his followers came in, and laid hold of me; several gentlemen who were in the adjacent rooms, upon hearing the bustle we now made, entered our apartment, and enquiring into the cause of the disturbance, my brother replied, 'an insolent rascal I have laid by the heels for a small action of a thousand pounds, is become obstreperous; take the fellow away, officer, take him away.' 'Fye fye,' said a gentleman, which if I rightly remember, was Mr. *Crosby* addressing himself to my brother, 'if you won't relieve the poor young fellow, don't use him in this barbarous manner;' 'tell me not, Sir, of barbarity, the villain ought to be gibbited alive, for imposing himself upon the public as my brother;' 'brother or not brother, he is your very picture by G—d,' returned Mr. *Crosby*, 'and I would at least have so much regard for a glass that represented me in such perfection, as not to destroy it;' 'you are at will to jest, Mr. *Crosby*, as much as you please, but I have my father's express commands for what I do, and sink me, but to goal he shall go, should all the world interceed for him;' 'but in what light must the public look upon you, *Nugenius*, if you descend so low as to personate the vile character of a bailiff's follower?' said one Mr. *Lynch*, who was now one of the crowd, 'retrieve this false step, and let the young man go about his business; let him go, officer;' 'that, Sir, I cannot do,' said Mr. *Rhodes*, who had hold of me still, 'but if *Nugenius* says the word, in presence of all these worthy gentlemen, I will with the greatest pleasure release him, and ask nothing for my trouble, for by G—d the writ would have laid dormant in my pocket these seven years had not he compelled me to do my office, by setting the man himself:' 'you are an insolent rascal,' replied my brother, 'and deserve to be well caned,'—'the rascal you may take to yourself, and as to the caning part, I wish you had courage to attempt it;' during this altercation, I sat drowned in tears, confused, and even stupefied at the sudden stroke; when one of the gentlemen coming to me, kindly asked me if I had any money, which I answering in the negative, he applied himself to my compassionate kinsman, in this manner; '*Nugenius*, the unhappy young fellow is destitute of cash, I hope you intend not to add to your inhumanity, by sending him pennyless to so dismal a place; Mr. *Rhodes*, be so good as to inform the young gentleman, what money will be wanted to keep the poor man from starving;' 'let him starve and be damn'd,' was returned,—'and without money,' replies the officer, 'starve he must, and worse damn'd he cannot be,

than when he finds himself at his entrance into prison, surrounded by a group of meagre wretches, demanding the tribute of five shillings for what they call garnish, it being customary to make a deposite of that directly, part of which is applied to the purchase of coals, and the remainder to allay the drought of throats seldom gratified with any thing superior to simple element; if the money is not paid, he certainly undergoes the ceremony of stripping, and is left to starve without pity, and without redress; neither is there in this place any allowance of bread, so usual in other prisons.'

"The standers by were all affected with a sense of the miseries I was doomed to suffer: no entreaties were wanting, but all in vain; for the boisterous sea in the rage of hurricanes might sooner be supplicated to listen to the prayers of sinking navigators than this inhuman composition of pride, cruelty and malice be persuaded to turn an ear, to the dictates of pity and compassion; the gentlemen, to crown all their favours, generously made a collection for me, to which this humane officer, who had me *in* his charge, contributed half a guinea; I mention this with more pleasure, as there are but few instances of such humanity to be found in people of his station: we set out soon after for Gloucester, where I was resigned up the following evening to the care of Mr. *Benjamin Hemmings*, keeper of the castle.

"Thus the reader finds me once more plunged in the horrors of a goal, and surrounded with circumstances of the deepest distress; for after the consumption of the small sum I had received from the benevolence of the gentleman at the *Hot-Wells*, I must inevitably have perished for want, had not the report of such unprecedented cruelties spread itself abroad, and excited the compassion of the benevolent and humane, for whose benign regards, I here must humbly beg leave to return my most grateful acknowledgments; impelled by a sense of the greatest duty, in silent respect, I forbear to mention here, whose elevated rank and dignity strikes with awe, and whose innumerable virtues attract at once the love and respect of all mankind; not under the same embarassment to the rest of my generous benefactors *Rowland Pitt*, Esq; of the city of *Gloucester*, for his frequent favours, and likewise to Mrs. *Owen*, a lady of fortune in the same city, who not only cloathed me, when I was almost naked, and preserved me from the fangs of pinching necessity, but became a generous intercessor with my father, in my behalf, though to little purpose.

"The eight months of melancholy wretchedness I spent in this place, would have been equal in distress, to what I experienced during my confinement in the *Black-Dog prison* in *Dublin*,

had not an accident happened, which ingratiated me to Mr. *Hemmings* the keeper; the felons in this prison, by some remisness in the legislature, too frequent in most of the country goals in this kingdom, are permitted the same liberty with the unhappy people confined for debt, and the benefit of the same yard is promiscuously enjoyed by both in the day-time, and not till nine in the evening are they locked up in their distinct ward; at which time a great brindled mastiff, a constant attendant of the turnkey, marches in a stately manner before him, with the massy keys, that command the entrance of those infernal mansions held in his fatal jaws, which his master, armed with a great oak sapling, when arrived at the ponderous door, demands the suppliant minister to deliver up; the necessary duty being performed, *Cerberus* immediately retires to his den, and his master to rest.

"It happened one evening, the felons under sentence of transportation, having concerted a scheme to make their escape, were then about to put it in execution, to which purpose several had freed themselves from their fetters: their intent was when *Bedal* the turnkey came at the lock-up hour to secure them, to knock him down with the billets, (made use of for firing) and seize upon the keys; a dispute arising amongst them, just at the critical moment, and increasing to high words, was luckily overheard by some of the debtors, who on the instant came and acquainted Mr. *Bedal* of the same; he called immediately three or four of us to his assistance, and armed with cutlasses and bludgeons, *Cerberus* alias *Lion* leading the van, we soon quelled the desperate villains, though not till several wounds were distributed amongst them, and the dog seizing one, had very nigh tore out his throat.

"My behaviour in this action recommended me to the favour of Mr. *Hemmings*, who industriously applied himself to do me all the service in his power, would frequently indulge me with a walk in his bowling-green, gained me the notice of several people of quality, and whenever greatly distressed, would freely advance me small sums of money.

"The general election of the city of *Bristol* now approaching, my father, who intended to appear a candidate, apprehending such a scene of continued tyranny to his own son, would by no means be favourable to him, in so critical a juncture; and not caring to have his unnatural proceedings laid open to the world, thought it necessary to change his plan, and instead of starving me in a prison, designed now to transport me.

"This black design, through the merciful interposition of providence, was rendered abortive by my timely escape at the very juncture, when all things were in readiness to put it into execution.

"A bond with a warrant of attorney, to confess a judgment in the penalty of six hundred and twenty pounds payable to my father, with a special covenant to indent myself to go abroad for several years, was transmitted by Mr. *Cox* my father's *London* solicitor to *Gloucester*, and forwarded to me in that castle of famine, with a generous offer of my liberty once more, provided I would execute the same, by the favourite fictitious name of *Thomas Plunkett*.

"This was but cold comfort, being still uncertain as to my destined fate, but conscious of my inabilities to cope with so powerful an adversary, and wearied of being thus immured in goals, I determined to get my liberty at any rate, and as soon as possible embrace the first opportunity of making my escape to *France*, where I was in hopes of getting introduced to a near relation of my mother's, *Ignatius Nugenius*, who at that time commanded in the *French* king's service, as a general of horse, to whom I proposed relating my sufferings, and doubted not finding a kind reception, or at least an asylum from the persecuting hand of a barbarous parent.

"Accordingly, I acquiesced with the proposal, and was promised to be fitted out with apparel to the amount of £25, though the only articles I received was a coat and a pair of breeches, but as it was judged proper to have an attorney present on my part, in order to render their proceedings the more effectual in law, one Mr. *Driver*, a gentleman of fair character in that profession, was pitched upon, to act for me in this affair, which he at first strenuously opposed, declaring, from his knowledge, it was a transaction of the basest kind.

"But the agent on behalf of my father, urging my consent, and putting the best face on this bad cause, at length found means to prevail upon him to do it, though Mr. *Benjamin Hemmings* the goaler could by no means be prevailed upon to witness what he called so iniquitous a proceeding.

"By this means, I once more turned my back on a prison, though with a mind totally confused, from the information I had received, of the plot laid for me, from which I earnestly besought the merciful disposer of all events to deliver me.

"My design of going to *Ignatius Nugenius*, I had inadvertently communicated to my brother, who from the malignity of his heart, had carefully sent word of it to my father, and he, sensible how greatly all my mother's family resented the dishonour he had brought upon her and them, which had expelled him *Ireland*, could by no means relish that thought, and therefore *Irenius Arrus*, of *Bristol*, being then a superior magistrate of the county, was

commissioned to prevent my intentions, by conducting the new scheme as follows.

"After I had signed the indenture, in which I bound myself for several years to serve one capt. *MacKenzie*, who was only master of a little *Maryland* trader, and being possessed of no property in *America*, could not have any other view of making me turn out to his profit, than by exposing me to public sale; conscious of this, I made it my study to elude the wicked design.

"As soon as I was discharged, three men were employed to escort me to *Bristol*, where the moment I arrived, I was to be put on board, and without farther delay conveyed abroad; these ruffians were, a servant belonging to *Irenius Arrus*, one of Mr. *Wade's*, my father's attorney in *Bristol*, and to compleat the triumvirate, a bailiff's follower: attended by these my honourable guardians, I set out from *Gloucester*.

"I took particular care that my behaviour on the road might be such as to give no suspicion, that the villains might not entertain any apprehensions whatever. When arrived near our journey's end, I thought it proper to execute my design: strict orders, as I had been informed by some friends in *Gloucester*, had been given to this diabolical crew, to encourage me in drinking as much as possible; aware of this design, I made it my endeavours to turn the scales upon them, which with a little art I affected.

"At our entrance into *Bristol*, feigning myself very sick, this served me as an excuse for calling at the *Edinburgh Castle*, a house I had formerly been acquainted with; as soon as I alighted, I made it my care to compleat their dose; my sickness encreasing, I desired the favour of laying down for an hour or two, which they, having no suspicion of my design, readily granted: when retired to my chamber, I called up the landlord, and related to him my unfortunate situation; he was so honest, though employ'd at this time in keeping open house for my father, on account of the ensuing election, as to say, 'Sir, I have no charge over you, so consequently it would be illegal in me to offer to detain you, my doors are open.'—I took the hint, and slipping down stairs, left my guard in the lurch, and with the utmost expedition, made the best of my way to Mr. *Charles Gordon*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Wine-Street*, where I had been directed.

"Here I was inform'd, that at a certain attorney's house in *Wine-Street*, where it had been concerted my trusty overseers should conduct me, a party of sea lambs, belonging to one *Green*, a purveyor of transports, whose vessel was prepared to give me due reception, that very evening were lying in wait.

"Overjoy'd at this eminent escape, I looked upon my present

situation as an asylum, to secure me from surrounding dangers, and retired with great satisfaction to repose: *Irenius Arrus*, to reward his servant for his over abundant care and circumspection, discharged him the following day, and the fellow lives now at *Bath*.

"How far this magistrate, or any of his friends, can reconcile these proceedings to the character of a good man, I leave the world to judge. But it is certain, by these means he thought the more effectually to gain the affection of my oppressor, for whose interest he was a great stickler: here I would advise this gentleman, if he has any regard for his future welfare, in the most conspicuous part of his house, to have wrote in large *Capitals*, the saying of a truly wise man, *viz. Innocence, though connected with misery, is infinitely preferable to* guilt *and* grandeur.—This being perpetually in his eye, might one time or other strike his attention, when the parallel, so obvious betwixt *him* and *me* in that golden sentence, would perhaps be a means to point out his errors, and reclaim a lost sheep to its native fold.

"But to proceed, the better to secure myself from any future attempts, and induced with the hopes of raising some friend, who might be able to protect me against their iniquitous schemes, I determined immediately publishing the hardships of my case; being urged the more to this last resource, upon account of writs having been absolutely issued out, and dispatched to all the sea port towns to prevent my getting away.

"Here, methinks, I see the reader in amazement lift up his hands: was ever implacable anger carried before to such industrious lengths! is this the anger of a father to his child?—no, it seems rather relentless justice persecuting with iron hands, in the severest manner, rapes, murders, felony, and treason; it is not, it cannot be that ever parental ire, should be carried to such extreams against the issue of his own bowels—compelled by famine to commit the few errors he is charged with; but say, generous reader, how great the error? how weighty the crime? to look up to the authors of our being for subsistance, how aggravating the guilt, to ask support, from a parent whose innumerable servants sit round tables of plenty, the crumbs of which are denied to his own child? and yet, that this is the sole fault for which I have hitherto suffered, bewitness persecution, and malice in spite of thyself give evidence to.

"My mother's family at this time were so highly incensed at my father's most ungenerous treatment of her, they would by no means permit her to countenance, what they looked upon as a living monument of their disgrace; and indeed, she being now connected to the interest of another family by marriage, it was

not to be expected she should much more concern herself about me; knowing at the same time, how far my father's abilities were capable of advancing me, without either prejudice to himself, or any one else of his family; thus I fell a sacrifice to the carelessness of the one, and the tyranny of the other.

"In short, I make no doubt, it will appear to the public, as well as myself, my father's sole intention was, and is nothing less than my destruction; otherwise, as he knew my design to go over to *France*, what reason can be assigned for his taking so much pains to obstruct me; but hitherto by the signal interposition of providence, I have escaped the fatal snare, preserved as yet from the secret perils of salt-water, the ravenous hunger of destroying sharks, and worse than these the shackles of endless slavery.

"I was obliged during my stay at *Bristol*, to confine myself to my room, officers of all denominations being employ'd to watch the door day and night, and all the avenues round, were kept secretly, though strictly guarded, as I found any attempt towards an escape was impracticable, I never endeavoured it; but made myself as easy as my present melancholy circumstances would permit.

"As I had no other choice now, I set about writing an abstract of my case, with a fixed resolution to publish it without delay: my father being informed of my intentions, and not choosing the world should at this critical time, when every art is made use of, and the complicated force of bribes and flattery are thought insufficient to gain the unsteady multitude, be acquainted with his unnatural proceedings, and conscious it would give the opposite party the greatest satisfaction to expose his barbarity, and open the eyes of the public, in regard to a man they had fixed upon, as the most proper to execute an office of the highest trust, which likewise at the same time is one of the greatest honours capable of being conferred upon a subject; being conscious, I say, of the difficulties he must lie under, should this dreaded case be published, he contrived every artifice, that subtility and invention could put in practice to prevent it; menaces and flattery were alternately made use of: to-day his emissaries breathed out the language of persecution, and nothing less than *Newgate* was to be my perpetual doom; to-morrow the scene was changed, and mountains were promised, which the successive day saw dwindle into molehills.

"One day a certain gentleman of the broad-brim fraternity, vulgarly called quakers, was ushered into my chamber, and being seated; 'friend,' says he, 'humanity and a desire to bring into the path of life a stray sheep, induceth me to call upon thee, that if

possible I might open the ears of thy understanding, to the end that the light of the spirit might be admitted to operate upon thee, and thou shouldest become a new man :'—admiring so uncommon an introduction, with great civility I desired him to proceed,—'rebellion and disobedience to our superiors, will be punished in the regions of darkness; in the regions of darkness will they be chastised, where is weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and though thou deckest thy face in smiles, such as the prophane smileth, yet it behoveth me, to say unto thee, as *Nathan* said unto *David*, thou art the man'—after a sigh was continued, 'friend, thou hast abused the ears of this city, moved thereunto by the father of lies, the ears of this city hast thou abused; thou hast sounded the trumpet of sedition, and division is scattered abroad, be no more as one of the wicked, take not thee part with the sons of *Belial*, but let the spirit hatch the seeds of truth, and thou shalt flourish, as flourisheth the godly.'—'I am afraid, Sir,' said I, 'it is the spirit of gold, not the spirit of godliness, to which I am indebted for this charitable visit.'—'Friend, friend, be not thou as the prophane one is, who stoppeth his ears to council, and sitteth in the chair of folly; for verily it is said, thou hast rebelled against thy father, who begot thee, yea, thou hast set thyself up against thy own flesh and blood, and evil, I say unto thee, evil must proceed therefrom.' Here a considerable pause ensuing, 'Sir,' said I, 'if compelled by hunger, my asking for bread may be termed rebellion, then have I rebelled, if endeavouring to fly from an implacable parent, to avoid the efforts of relentless tyranny, by seeking an asylum in a foreign country is disobedience, then I have disobeyed, but without farther prolixity, pray what have I to expect from a visit introduced in so uncommon a manner?' to which was answered, 'I visit thee as *Noah's* dove visited the ark, verily I bring an olive branch as an overture of peace,'—here drawing a green purse from his pocket, he seemed to eye it attentively, though his looks denoted at the same time no great propensity to part with it. 'I will not say, friend, but I have orders,' continued he, 'to offer thee some pieces, wouldest thou hearken to proposals intended solely for thy benefit; four guineas will carry thee to the great city, and thou wilt have sufficient thereof remaining to answer all thy purposes until time shall come, when thou shalt be amply provided for; yea, and I say unto thee, that time is nearer at hand than thou devisest.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I am not willing to be an instrument employed to prejudice my father in any scheme he is bent to execute, but what security have I to depend upon, should I accept of your offer, which you may be certain I will not, or for your performance of what you promise, nay, what is it you promise,

or how shall I be provided for?' to which, after some time spent in rectifying his starch band, *Aminadab* answered, 'friend, thou art as one of the unthinking ones are, thou shuttest thine ears to reason; O! may the thick darkness thou art involved in be dispersed, and the light internal shine upon thy understanding, and direct thee to walk in the right way; haddest thou been attentive to what I said, thy intellects must have told thee, the rod of chastisement is withdrawn, and rebuke shall no more frown upon thee; here is three times more than sufficient to defray thy road expences, a great deal of money, friend, verily a great deal, if thou makest proper use of it;' telling out at the same time five guineas very deliberately upon the table, —'what remaineth in thy pocket, will keep thee handsomely till thy father cometh up, who will without delay, he promises by me, procure thee some profitable employment under the government; yea verily, and something within whispereth me thou shalt in a little time become a great man.'

"In short, not to fatigue the reader any more with a dull recital of what passed betwixt the sanctified surgeon and myself, the following day he agreed to make me a present of six guineas, to discharge whatever I owed to the landlord of the house, to give me security I should not be molested in any shape whatever, provided I would depart the city of *Bristol* the next day, and leave an instrument along with him, testifying my resolution to prosecute the author or authors of any pamphlet, bold enough to prefix my name thereto.

"I blush to record my weakness, flattering myself with the hopes that my father would be pleased, at my entering so readily into his proposals, and fulfill the promise made by his agent, I accepted the terms, and once more fell into the snare prepared for me some time before: the next morning early, I set out for *London* on foot, being determined to spin out my money to the greatest length, where in four days I arrived, nothing remarkable intervening during my journey.

"In this manner having regained my liberty, and reflecting upon the danger I had escaped, my father's restless cruelty, and my brother's base behaviour; I found there was still no little reason to suspect the promises lately made, of procuring me a place in some of the public offices, so I resolved to keep myself as secure as possible, from any plot which now might be hatching against me: till I had determined how to proceed, I procured lodgings in the most secret manner, at an *Irish* house in *Princess-street, Leicester-Fields*, the master of which I had formerly known, and knew I could confide in.

"What little money I had to spare, was expended in purchasing upon some decent aparrel, which I now greatly wanted, intending my father's arrival in town, to address him in the most dutiful and submissive manner, my design being to remind him of his promise made by the quaker; and by testifying with the utmost humility my filial duty and respect, endeavour, if not to gain his esteem, at least to soften his resentment; if I should fail in that, my resolution was to retire without loss of time to *France*, being assisted in that design by a gentleman, whose sincere regard, and tender affection, will always be imprinted within my breast; gratitude for the kind reception, and generous assistance, I met with from his hands, compels me to cast a veil over that dear name, the beloved owner of which might tyrannically be persecuted upon my account.

"I was not only furnished by him with ten guineas, and cloths to appear before the great man I now intended to seek relief from, but also provided with letters of recommendation, necessary for my introduction; to be brief, I looked upon the eve of my happiness to be as now arrived, a seat in the *Dover* coach was already took, and I scarcely imagined myself upon *English* ground; but alas! how soon were all my golden hopes blasted.

"The morning before my intended departure, I was dodged from a friends house in *Leicester Fields* to the *George-Inn* in the *Hay-market*, by a couple of hell-hounds, attended by the clerk of an honest lawyer in *Pater-noster-row*, together with a servant of my humane father's, and was now apprehended by virtue of the last bond of six hundred and twenty pounds, with an execution tacked to the back of it; and being thrusted immediately into a hackney coach, away jumble I and the fiends to the catch-pole's den in the *Strand*.

"O reader, if ever thou was't unhappy enough to be involved in misfortunes, no doubt thou must have heard of this insatiable harpy, who had me now in his clutches, but to give thee at once a just idea of him, his name will be sufficient, and that is *Randal*.

"The vicissitudes of human life, and the sudden transitions from wealth to poverty, from plenty to penury, make it not unreasonable in this place to entertain the public with a brief description of that infernal mansion, called a spunging house.

"Whoever thou art that runs over these pages, may peace, plenty and happiness still wait upon thy steps, may'st thou enjoy a perpetual elysium in the arms of a faithful consort, and thy blooming off-spring live upon thy smiles, O may never a reverse of fortune snatch thee from every domestick joy, to this den of woe, whose fatal threshold pass'd, O! for a draught of *Lethe* to sink past

scenes in oblivion, and deprive thee of all sensation; here, here, is the touchstone of friendship; ye time-serving crew, who feasted at my table, whose wine it was that nightly deprived you of your cares, when the festal bowl went gayly round, how lavish were ye, your fortunes and yourselves were freely offered, why suddenly so parsimonious; thou possessed of twice ten thousand, who hast experienced my liberal purse, more than once in time of almost need; my substance is abroad, till that returns, be my bail for this three hundred? grant me patience! am I refused, monstrous villain!—be not amazed, try others,—deceived again!—The circle which but just now appeared crowded with friends, by applying the magnet of adversity is suddenly vanished.

"The coach in which the unhappy wretch is carried to this house of slaughter, being ordered to draw up, he is pushed headlong out into a room, the doors and windows of which are trebly guarded with iron bars, here in all probability he is received by three or four brothers of misfortune, and after having for a while stupidly gazed at each other, he is perhaps invited to sit down, silence and sorrow swell up the short interval betwixt this and dinner, which though none of the most delicate, is introduced by the great bashaw himself, who, big with his own superior worth, in great dignity seats himself at the head; the wife, as next in authority, places herself at his right hand, and a couple of hawk-ey'd setters take their degrees at his left.

"And now if the unhappy sufferer hath any appetite, let him sit down and partake of the unsanctified meal, if not, expect the she tyrant to growl; 'marry come up, some folks are hard to please, though may be such a table of their own never called them master; and though I say it, as should not say it, the best lord in the land does not provide better, for I carries the ready to market, and no one can say as I owe them a single farthing, no no, I'm not the body that runs in debt, and gives honest folk the trouble to come at their own;'—'but my dear,' answers old dignity from his elbow chair, 'what signifies being so hard on the gentleman, when his gall is broke he will be more chearful; come, *Mary*, fill him up a glass of wine;' which if refused, as most likely it may, is immediately swallowed up, by some of this unfeeling crew, who seldom leave the table till four or five bottles are added to the reckoning, which when night arrives must be discharged; at which time all credit expires; and if the bill comes within the limits of eight, nine, or ten shillings, think it compleatly moderate.

"The goaler now waits to see each to his separate apartment, where scarcely time is permitted to undress, before the light is

rudely took away, and the harmonious clangor of massy bolts and bars conclude the scene.

"Left thus to meditate on the dismal change, grief and anxiety banish sleep, which otherwise might seal the drowsy eyelids in spight of *Bugs*, and a flock bed: the painful hours at length bring on the opening day, that with much difficulty penetrates through the numberless barrs, which endeavour to obstruct it's grateful entrance; starting from the couch of misery, tattered curtains, dusty hangings, half a table, and a broken chair, greet the eye; the damp walls here and there adorned with an old ballad, the babes in the wood, or perhaps a quaker sermon; the ten foot room with unwearied step is now from side to side alternately measured; day advances, and the attentive ears listen to every noise, whilst the eye reckons up the iron studs, which chequer in geometrical squares the impenetrable door.

"An hour short of noon, liberty is permitted to descend, when the morose tyrant, the muscles of his face contracted in the sternest manner, thus at the stair foot salutes you; 'well, Sir, the twenty four hours allowed by act of parliament is expired, I am told there is no prospect of making your affair up, the debt is large, and for my own security, I must call a coach and conduct you to *Newgate*.' Be not astonished at the terrifying sound, but cross the monster's venal palm with half a piece, instantly the features relax, and the tone of his voice is soften'd: 'why, sir,' says he, 'I am a gentleman as scorns to use a man ill; so be as you think to make matters up, stay here in god's name, and let me tell you, many a great man whose name's shall be hush, has spent a merry hour in my house; for though I say it a bottle of better wine is not to be found in *London*.'

"With this *item* he leaves you assiduously to follow his daily destructive occupation, and now if neither bail or money can't be procured, nor the relentless creditors give an ear to composition, take without delay the benefit of the *habeas Corpus* act, which at the expence of about four pounds, will remove you from this den of perdition, to whatever commodious prison you think proper to choose, the fleet, and the king's bench, being in such cases the sad alternative.

"Give no ear to the catch-pole, or any of his emissaries, who as long as you spend profusely will use all their art to detain you, will daily flatter you with hopes of compromising your affairs, and invent a thousand lies to deceive you; but when your money is gone, the cloven hoof discovers itself, most base and injurious language is made use of, and the very first bill of extortion you are incapable to pay, sends you indeed to *Newgate*.

"This was my unhappy case, the artful villain soon found I had money, which he resolved should in a little time revert to him; in consequence of which, I was kept in perpetual suspense; hopes were given me to-day, which alass! the following day proved false; three or four shillings were added every night to my bill, for porters that were never employ'd, and as much for liquor I never drank; in the space of ten or twelve days my pocket began to ebb, and I found myself reduced to a single guinea, with which when the subtle demon was acquainted, 'ay,' says he, 'to-morrow I will carry you to Mr. *Cox*, your father's attorney in *Paternoster-row*, and make no doubt but we shall compleat your business.'

"The next morning a coach was called, which big with the sanguine thoughts of liberty, I immediately entered; when the coach stopped, this inhumane monster, who had by various artifices received near ten guineas from me, stepped out, and giving me his hand; 'now, Sir,' says he, 'let me congratulate you upon your arrival to this famous and celebrated castle, where you will receive more strict attendance than my poor hut was capable of giving you.'—*Newgate* with all it's horrors presented itself to my eyes, and I was now for a third time plunged into the inhospitable mansions of a goal, and surrounded with anguish and despair.

"A subscription was open'd for me, by means of which, I not only bade a-dieu to the horrors of *Newgate*, and was preserved from perishing, but for my future support, was enabled to lay before the publick a full account of all my sufferings, the publication of which, my father, and his subtle agents strenuously endeavoured to prevent: threats, menaces, and all the vengeance of future law, was employed to deter the printers, publishers, &c., from daring to print or publish a single sheet in my favour, yet all in vain, the unfinished pamphlet found its way to the press, and though composed in the utmost hurry, and favourably received by the nobility and gentry, to whom for their generous reception of such a trifle, I return my sincerest acknowledgments, and my bosom glowing with gratitude, daily supplicates almighty goodness ten thousand fold, to reward those my generous benefactors, without whose humane assistance, the grave before now, must have put a period to my miseries.

"By the advice of several friends I was now brought up to *Guildhall* to take the benefit of the late act of insolvency, but my father's inhumanity was now arrived at so great a pitch, nothing could deter him from appearing against me in the face of the whole court. As the day was uncertain, he had the

displeasure of attending three or four different times, being determined not to miss his opportunity, yet in case the court should grant me liberty, which was unhappily for me, not in their power, and to put a finishing stroke to his barbarities, a gang of sailors were planted at the doors of the *Hall* to seize me as I should come out, and with the utmost expedition carry me on board a tender.

"My schedule when called for being produced contained nothing but a list of two hundred books and pamphlets, intitled the unnatural father, and which indeed was the sum total of all my effects, the court now fixed their eyes upon this persecuting parent, whose blood mounted in his cheek, and for once his assurance failed him. Several knotty points were now discussed, but the bond which I had been so artfully induced to execute in *Gloucester-Castle*, exceeding the sum mentioned by act of parliament,[1] it was with the greatest reluctance, that the court remanded me back to prison, giving me the full allowance permitted by the act, which is seven shillings and six pence per week.

"To the recorder and lord mayor, I am under the greatest obligations for the pity and compassion they were pleased to shew my hard case, and think it no less than my duty to return my sincerest thanks in this place for such their benign regards.

"How I found myself for life fixed in a prison, and shut out from the most distant hopes of ever attaining future liberty, as my

[1] "This clause in the act of Insolvency, which detains me now in prison, may not be disagreeable to the reader.—Provided always that this act shall not extend to discharge any persons out of prison, taking his or her discharge under this act, with respect to any debt which he or she shall stand charged at the suit of the crown, or shall be indebted to any body politick or corporate, or to any one person, in any sum exceeding the sum of £500. besides interest and cost, unless such body politick or corporate, or creditor, shall consent thereto, and if any such body politick or corporate, or creditor, to whom a sum exceeding £500. shall be owing, shall oppose the discharge of such prisoner, and shall insist that such prisoner be continued in goal; that then in such case, such body politick, or corporate, or creditor, opposing the said prisoner's discharge as aforesaid, shall at his, her or their proper cost and charges, allow, and pay such a weekly maintenance, to the said prisoner, not exceeding three shillings and six-pence *per* week, in such manner, as the justices in their general or quarter sessions shall order, and upon non payment of the same, for the space of six weeks, the said prisoner, upon application to the said justices in their general or quarter sessions as aforesaid, shall be discharged pursuant to the meaning and intent of this act."

injust action will for life detain me in durance and my misery only be encreased, should my fellow sufferers, by the intervening mercy of any future act be admitted to partake of those blessings, which through the means of parental tyranny, are alas! for ever denied to me.

"My father having thus compleated my misery, things remained for a while in a state of inaction untill some months ago, proposals were again made for sending me abroad. The first mover of which, like a snake in the grass artfully kept himself concealed, to the end, he might the more effectually seize his prey.

"A certain gentleman a namesake, and as he says a relation of my mother's, who has had the honour of bearing a militia colonel's commission in some part of the *West Indies*, where I am informed he is possessed of a considerable estate, came in person to the *Fleet*, and applying himself to a gentleman conversant in the law, who had some small acquaintance with me; under the sanction of humanity and goodwill, introduced himself in the following manner, 'Sir, I am informed an unhappy young fellow, the son of a near relation of mine, whose name is *Nugenius*, has been for sometime confined in this place; as I have the greatest regard for his mother, my endeavours shall not be wanting to get him out, my proposals I shall leave with you, to whom I have been particularly recommended, which you at leisure may communicate to him; tell him if he agrees thereto, I will out of my own pocket discharge his debt of six hundred and twenty pounds, together with costs, and according to his behaviour he may expect future favours.'

"After he was gone the counsellor sent for me into the *Coffee-room*, the uncommon news gave me no small transports, but how was that chilled, when I was acquainted with the heads of the proposals, and the unartful mask fell at my feet. I was in the first plan to indent myself for four years, to serve him upon a plantation of his, in the island of *Santa Cruz*; which by the by is a *Danish* settlement, my salary to be twenty pounds *per annum*, I was to enter into a bond with a thousands penalty, never to use the name, which by the laws of my country I am entitled to, nor to return during the space of four years to *England*, nor ever be any more troublesome to *Tiberius* or his family; I was not to have either money or cloaths till they had got me on board.

"In consideration of agreeing to these articles, I was to receive fifty pounds when arrived in the *West Indies*, he, the colonel, was to pay my debts in the prison which might amount to about fifteen or twenty pounds; and likewise to provide me with all

the suitable apparel, but observe the money which he laid out to pay my debts contracted in prison, and to furnish me with cloaths was to be deducted from the fifty pounds; and I was only to receive the ballance, if any, in *Santa Cruz:* my passage etc. he would also pay, but I was still to be his debtor, and pay that when I should be rich; I make use of the express words as they stood in the proposals.

"Such were the conditions proposed by this gentleman, to which the world will suppose I made several objections, a respectful and humble remonstrance he received from me a day or two after was productive of the following concise answer wrote upon a small scrap of paper: 'I find you begin to rebel before your enlargement, if you do not think proper to accept the terms, I wash my hands of you.'

"In short this negotiation held off and on near three months, but hard as the conditions were I accepted of all even to the taking upon me the name of *Plunkett* or *Farrell*, an other name which the colonel advised me to assume, rather than that of *Plunkett*, for what reason he only knows, yet as I would not be bound publicly to deny my real name, it dropt, and no more have since been heard from that quarter."

Thus ends the story of Robert Nugent, Junior. The Pamphlet to which he has referred was called 'The Unnatural Father, and the Persecuted Son.' That and 'The Oppressed Captive' was no doubt circulated in the hope that Public opinion would be too strong to allow his Father to disregard it, and that he would once more obtain his freedom. In the *denouement* of the Novel he makes a spirited appeal to the Public, and expresses himself transported beyond the bounds of reason at the most distant prospect of liberty. "Methinks," he says, "I stand on the banks of the *Ohio! George's* royal commission in my panting bosom, and *Britannia's* streamer in my hand.——Behold the pointed raveling owns the superior force of destructive cannon. The breach is storm'd, and Gallic veterans sink beneath the sword of liberty: In the Glorious hour when honour bears the soul aloft, and the purple stream pours from unfelt wounds; then ye Generous benefactors, then shall ye be remembered; and the honourable trust reposed in me, nothing shall discharge but death or Conquest."

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